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FIFTY FAMOUS PAINTERS

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MONA LISA (From painting by Leonardo da Vinci. The Louvre)

FIFTY FAMOUS PAINTERS

HENRIETTA GERWIG

EDITOR OF
"Crowell's Handbook for Readers and Writers"

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PREFACE

INCE the days when Vasari first set down his famous Lives of the Painters, the struggles and achievements of great artists have held a perennial interest for readers in many times and places. A

volume offering brief biographies of fifty world-famous painters can, it goes without saying, contribute nothing essentially new to this field but must confess at the outset its thoroughgoing indebtedness to other books. But for the general reader to whom the subject is unexplored—the reader whose interest lies in human rather than technical aspects of great men's careers—this volume may perhaps be a welcome introduction to a field opening up many avenues of interest and pleasure. The historical summaries at the beginning of each section are intended not as formal criticism but merely to indicate the interweaving threads of a pattern in which the individual artists appear in some semblance of perspective. The bibliography lists many important books and refers to fuller bibliographies comprising critical as well as biographical sources.

HENRIETTA GERWIG.

New York
June 1, 1926.



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INTRODUCTION

EVER before nor since, perhaps, have any people cared so deeply about the pictures their artists painted for them as the Italians of the Middle Ages and the Renaissance. In the long centuries before the invention of printing, the painted saints and madonnas and Biblical scenes in Catholic churches made real to the common folk the teachings of their religion as nothing else could. No artist in medieval Italy could complain of an indifferent public. But these church paintings reflected scrupulously the ascetic ideals of the period. Lank figures with angular, morbid-looking faces emerging from long shapeless robes were to be seen in every altarpiece and fresco. Drawing was held to be of little value; the spirit and not the flesh must be exalted. The artist worked for a single patron, the Church, and his patron expected him neither to copy nature nor to express his own individuality

In the early years of the fourteenth century, however, Giotto, the first of the world's great painters, without breaking with this tradition except by a few simple devices, invested the old religious scenes with a spirit of vigorous reality. Instead of the conventional type-forms, his began to be real men and women, portrayed in attitudes instinct with human drama. Giotto was a pioneer whose genius enabled him to revolutionize the art of painting. But not for another hundred years did artists really begin to work

but only to follow after his predecessors in a tradition de-

rived largely from Byzantine art.

out in their technique the principles that he had intuitively

grasped.

Meantime the city states into which medieval Italy had broken up were gaining steadily in wealth and power. Florence under the rule of the great merchant prince Cosimo de Medici, and his grandson Lorenzo the Magnificent, was the most brilliant art center of the transition period, but there were many other city states each contributing something noteworthy to Italian painting. Gradually artists commenced to draw much of their inspiration from the natural world that had been so long regarded as taboo. In Florence, in the fifteenth century, the brief-lived Masaccio painted a remarkable series of frescoes that reflected what Florentine sculptors had been learning of the human form; Fra Angelico's convent paintings, though in spirit reminiscent of medieval otherworldliness, showed many advances in technique; Fra Filippo Lippi's bespoke the poetry of actual existence, even when most ostensibly in praise of an ascetic life. Lippi's pupil, Botticelli, painted not only madonnas but charming classic allegories expressive of the passionate interest in Greco-Roman culture that was bringing about the "new birth." This was the period, also, when Verrocchio and Ghirlandajo were painting in Florence, when Mantegna was at work in Padua, when the elder Bellini was founding the Venetian school and the Umbrians, Signorelli, Perugino and Pinturicchio, were winning their fame—that fascinating period extolled by the English Pre-Raphaelites of a later day as unique in the history of art.

But the Italian Renaissance came to its full glory a generation later in the work of the three great artists whom Cellini called "the book of the world"—Leonardo da Vinci, Michelangelo and Raphael. Probably the most versatile genius of all times was Leonardo, a careful student, an engineer, a scientist far in advance of his age, yet painting his

few masterpieces with an imaginative art that transcended science. Michelangelo, "the Prophet of the Renaissance," as he is sometimes called, was, like Leonardo, a Florentine and like him, too, a painter only by second choice. Primarily he was a sculptor, a giant among artists, whose characteristic terribilità, as his contemporaries termed it, found outlet not only in sculpture but in his sonnets and perhaps most of all in the stupendous frescoes which, against his will, he painted in the Sistine Chapel in Rome. Of this great trio Raphael alone was chiefly a painter. His was a genius for assimilation, and coming as he did at the very peak of the Renaissance, he gathered in the best he found to admire in his predecessors and contemporaries and gave it out again in a serene, objective, harmonious art that won him lasting fame.

In Florence during these same years that rounded out the fifteenth and began the sixteenth century, Andrea del Sarto, "the Faultless Painter," was at work, and in and near Correggio an obscure artist known to posterity by the name of that little town was painting classic and Christian subjects alike with such playful exuberance of spirits as to bring him, in later ages, the title of "the Faun of the Renaissance." In Venice, under the Bellinis, there had arisen a school of art that found its inspiration in the magnificent pageantry of the great lagoon city whose commerce was her pride. Titian, who lived far into the second half of the sixteenth century, was the outstanding genius of the school. His majestic art, glowing with color that has never been surpassed, celebrated the dignity and splendor of life, whether in portraits of contemporary notables or in religious paintings. Giorgione, Tintoretto, whose impetuous art won him the nickname of "Il Furioso," Veronese, and to a lesser degree Del Piombo and Palma Vecchio, added fame to the brilliant art of Venice.

After the passing of the Renaissance, Italy was content to cherish her memories and to provide a school for the rest of the world through the generations. There have been many Italian artists since, but none that have rivaled the men of the Renaissance in fame.

GIOTTO DI BONDONE



HE first of the world's great painters, Giotto, must have been a man of great personal charm. Tradition has much to say of the affection and pride in which he was held by men of his own day.

Most of all, perhaps, they loved in him a certain sturdy simplicity. He was a close friend of the poet Dante, whose Inferno reflects the medieval world of feverish passion and intrigue in which they both lived. But unlike Dante, Giotto regarded his world with a serene spirit. This extraordinary man completely revolutionized the art of painting, yet never broke with the traditions of the past, nor failed to hold the high regard of his contemporaries.

What we know of Giotto comes down to us largely through legend, with only a meager groundwork of authenticated facts. He was born in 1267 in the village of Vespignano, about fourteen miles north of Florence, where his father was a peasant farmer, an owner of land, though referred to in contemporary records as extremely poor. Very pleasant is the picture tradition has handed down of ten-year-old Giotto watching his father's sheep. One day, so the story goes, the Florentine artist Cimabue, traveling through the countryside, came by chance upon this small boy bent in utter absorption over a smooth stone or slate, with a pointed stone in his hand. He was drawing a picture of one of his lambs. Cimabue stopped to talk and after a time

the two went home to the little farmhouse and persuaded the father to allow Giotto to accompany his new friend back to Florence.

At Florence, then, in the last years of the thirteenth century, Giotto was caught up in the swiftly moving current of contemporary life. Cimabue was the outstanding artist of the city. We think of him as the painter of a great altarpiece that was borne in triumph from his studio to its place in one of the churches by a procession of almost all Florence, with blare of trumpets and shouts of popular acclaim. To his new pupil Cimabue gave the best that was in him. Giotto, on his part, learned very readily; legend pictures him, soon after his arrival in the studio, irreverently painting a fly on the nose of one of his master's figures with such skill that Cimabue tried more than once to brush it off. In time the boy and some of his fellows went with their master to Assisi, where they helped with fresco painting in the nave of the Church of St. Francis—that church which was to be so indelibly associated with Giotto's name for centuries to come.

How long the young artist stayed at Assisi, how many times he went away and returned to his task through the years, how much of the work on these frescoes was done by his master and how much in a later period by his own assistants are questions that baffle the critics. We have little record of the steps by which Giotto became the leading artist of his day. But the Assisi frescoes, painted over a period of many years, were such a magnificent achievement that Giotto is best known today as the painter of St. Francis of Assisi. In these wall paintings he showed himself a pioneer, a great reformer who at one stride freed Italian painting from the fetters of ascetic tradition. For as the faithful servant of the Church, medieval art had for centuries been exalting the spirit by mortifying the flesh. Even if the

artists of the Dark Ages had known how to make their saints and madonnas look like human beings, they would not have wished to do so—and had they wished, they would hardly have dared. But Giotto accomplished this feat, and the marvel is that he did it in such a simple, natural fashion. He crowned his figures with aureoles; he discovered little or nothing of perspective; his drawing was almost as stiff and archaic as his predecessors. In his pictures he spoke the language of his own day, only spoke it with surprising ease and eloquence and with inflections that others had not dreamed of. Technically his innovations were all very simple. The garments that draped his figures began to reveal the posture of the body instead of hiding it; feet were no longer covered by those long unshapely garments; arms were extended in gestures that told of human drama; faces were drawn not according to the distorted, angular type-face of previous art but from actual, living men and women. By such means Giotto made the life of St. Francis seem very real-very human and appealing.

Surely no one else could have interpreted so simply and nobly the life of that strange monk, who took poverty as his bride, preached his mystic gospel to the birds and lived the gentleness of Christ with such contagious passion that the whole medieval world caught something of his spirit. But it was Giotto's own broad human sympathy that guided his brush, rather than the pious devotion of the Franciscan monk. Giotto was no religious mystic. He once wrote an ode on poverty in half-humorous vein which shows that he was well aware of the absurdities and inconsistencies of his friends the Franciscans when they came to put their ideals into practice in a workaday world. Yet somehow the ode that satirizes and the frescoes that exalt are not inconsistent—they are both Giotto, phases of the same extraordinary man.

Meantime almost nothing is known of Giotto's personal affairs during all these years. He had married sometime early in life and records testify that in course of time he had at least three sons and three daughters. Records show, also, that at his father's death he inherited the old farm at Vespignano and from time to time added pieces of adjoining land. But in spite of his growing fame there is little trustworthy account of actual events—all is legend—until in the beginning of the new century he appears suddenly, with his friend Dante, in the midst of a drama that sets off in sharp relief the personalities of the two greatest Italians of their day.

That turbulent and bitter chapter of Florentine history can only be touched on here. The city had been in a disturbed state for a number of years. So violent had the dissensions become between the two political factions of the Whites and the Blacks that it was hardly safe for any Florentine to walk the streets. At last, in 1302, a special delegate from the Pope succeeded in bringing about a truce, but the measures taken to secure it were extremely drastic. A number of Florentines active in the quarrel were doomed to perpetual exile, among them Dante, who had played a prominent rôle as a member of the White government.

Giotto, on the other hand, was invited to decorate the Bargello in honor of the peace. Apparently he had taken little or no part in the political intrigues of the day. Yet he was independent enough to introduce a portrait of Dante into the *Paradise* which he painted in the Bargello. He painted there also a *Hell* and a number of Biblical scenes, all very famous in their day and kept record of by tradition long after they had disappeared. Great was the excitement, therefore, when in 1841, after centuries under whitewash, these wall paintings of the Bargello were recovered

and the portrait of Dante recognized. It is disillusioning to have to record that modern critics are inclined to think the existing frescoes are not Giotto's own work but that of a follower who, perhaps, repainted them from his after a fire.

Four years after Dante's sentence of exile, the two friends met at Padua where Giotto had been summoned by a certain Enrico Scrovegni. This wealthy Paduan was, it seems, bent on turning to a good purpose some of the illgotten gains of his father, a notorious usurer whom Dante assigned to the seventh pit of his Inferno. It is on record that Dante was Giotto's guest at Padua and legend adds that he helped choose the subjects for the great series of frescoes which Giotto painted in Scrovegni's newly erected chapel—some Vices and Virtues and many Biblical scenes including a Last Judgment. Much interest attaches to the meeting of these two men of genius-Dante who in the bitterness of exile was pouring his whole tormented soul into an Inferno, a Purgatory and a Paradise; Giotto who painted that other Paradise and Hell with a brush so frequently described by the word serene.

Characteristic of Giotto's imperturbable serenity, whether true to the facts or not, is the legend of his famous "O" related by Vasari. One of the Popes, so the story goes, had decided to sponsor some great work of art, and sent his envoy out to a number of Italian artists asking for specimens of their skill. When Giotto was approached, he took a sheet of paper and without moving his elbow, drew free-hand in red ink a perfect "O," which he courteously presented to the papal envoy. Thinking he was being ridiculed the man protested vigorously, but Giotto calmly refused to send anything but this single piece of paper, saying, "This is enough and too much. Send it with the others and see if it will be understood." His faith in the Pope's discernment

was not disappointed, for in due time he was summoned to Avignon, where the papal court was being held in those days

of the "Babylonian Captivity."

The events of Giotto's later years are again lost in obscure hearsay. Tradition tells of almost incredibly extensive travels, and fame and good fortune certainly continued to be his lot. When next we hear of him, a few years before his death, he is at the court of King Robert of Naples, enrolled as guest and member of the household by a royal decree of January, 1330. Giotto's visit to Naples came about through the influence of King Robert's son, who had admired his work in Florence. According to Vasari, "Giotto, hearing himself called by a king so famous and so much praised, went very willingly to serve him, and did many works which pleased the king greatly. And he was so much beloved by him that the king would often visit him, and took pleasure in watching him and listening to his conversation, and Giotto, who had always some jest or some witty answer ready, would converse with him while going on with his painting. So one day the king saying to him that he would make him the first man in Naples, Giotto answered, 'And that is why I am lodged at the Porta Reale, that I may be the first man in Naples.' And another time the king saying to him, 'Giotto, if I were you, now that it is hot, I would give up painting a little,' he answered, 'And so would I, certainly, if I were you."

In Naples, Giotto's artistic powers and his fame were both at their height. But there remained for him one crowning honor. By a decree of 1334, he was appointed architect of the city walls of Florence and of the towns within her territory, and master of the works of her great Cathedral. In this capacity he designed the famous Campanile, or detached bell tower, of the Cathedral, the cornerstone of which was laid with great ceremony in July of



Alinari

ST. JOACHIM AND HIS FLOCKS IN THE WILDERNESS

From the painting by Giotto, in Padua



that year. Though he died two years later, in 1336, before the work was more than started, the tower was finished largely as he had planned it. Today it stands as a monument to his genius in architecture, as the frescoes at Assisi and Padua testify to his genius in the art of painting.

FRA ANGELICO

F there be paintings in heaven," said Théophile Gautier, "surely they must resemble those of Fra Angelico." Il Beato Fra Giovanni Angelico da Fiesole, or more briefly, Fra Angelico, was born in 1387 at Vicchio, in Tuscany. But none of the names by which he won fame as monk and artist were his by birth. He was baptized Guido, but no one so much as knows the name of his parents or anything certain about his early life. Doubtless he served an apprenticeship to some local artist. Legend says, too, that he worked much as an illuminator, decorating manuscripts for the monasteries with the most painstaking devotion. His brother Benedetto was also a Dominican monk and an illuminator.

Angelico's story is very simply told. At twenty he entered the Dominican convent at Fiesole, where his talents were discovered and he was encouraged to paint for the glory of God. The few sudden breaks in the uneventful serenity of his life were caused, usually, by the exigencies of the order to which he belonged. Shortly after he entered the convent, the Dominicans were forced to leave Fiesole because they had given their support to a rival of the recently elected pope and Angelico was sent to the convent of Cortona in Umbria. After some years the Dominicans returned to Fiesole, he with them, and later, at the instigation of Cosimo de Medici they removed to the convent of San Marco in Florence. Angelico painted in all of these convents, but particularly the last. He was a great favorite with Cosimo de Medici, that great merchant prince under



THE ENTOMBMENT (After the fresco by Fra Angelico in the Convent of S. Mark at Florence)



whose patronage Florence was just then entering upon the period of her glory; indeed it was due chiefly to Cosimo's patronage that the artist was able to devote so many years to the frescoes of the Florentine convent.

To wear a monk's robes in those days was in itself no sign of a retiring spirit, and many a man in Fra Angelico's place would have been seething with passions and enthusiasms the reverse of spiritual. But there are no dramatic episodes, no nerve-racking jealousies and ambitions, no external struggles to report of this man—instead only a simple otherworldliness that by its very existence shut out the cares of this world. Vasari, summing up an opinion to which one hears no dissenting voice, says of the artist monk:

He would not follow the ways of the world, but lived purely and holily, and was a great friend of the poor. He painted constantly, and would never represent anything but the saints. He might have been rich, but did not care about it, saving that true riches are nothing else than being content with little. He might have governed many, and would not, saying it was less troublesome to obey, and one was less liable to err in obeying. It was in his power to hold dignities among the friars and elsewhere, but he did not esteem them, affirming that he sought no other dignity than to escape Hell and attain to Paradise. He was most kind and sober, keeping himself free from all worldly ties, often saying that he who practised art had need of quiet and to be able to live without cares, and that he who represents the things of Christ should always live with Christ. He was never seen in anger by the friars, which is a great thing, and seems to me almost impossible to believe; and he had a way of admonishing his friends with smiles. . . . To sum up, this father, who can never be enough praised, was in all his works and words most humble and modest, and in his paintings facile and devout; and the saints whom he painted have more the air and likeness of saints than those of any one else. It was his habit never to retouch or alter any of his paintings, but to leave them as they came the first time, believing, as he said, that such was the will of God. Some say he would never take up his pencil until he had first made supplication, and he never made a crucifix but he was bathed in tears.

It is difficult to say whether monk or artist predominated in Angelico, so inextricably were the two blended in one man. As the years brought him fame, his life became, of necessity, less and less secluded, less that of the simple Dominican friar and more of the great artist. Pupils came to his studio to be taught the technique of painting. The great and worldly merchant prince, Cosimo de Medici, the popes, Eugenius IV and Nicholas V, delighted to honor him. But though he responded to these responsibilities and courtesies with simple dignity, he refused to be drawn into anything that would really take him from his old way of life. Once, it is said, the Pope offered him the archbishopric of Florence, but he refused and suggested another Dominican, a certain Fra Antonino, who received the appointment instead. On another occasion, when Angelico was being entertained by Pope Nicholas at Rome with all the pomp and ceremony of the papal court, sitting at table with His Holiness himself, the black-robed friar hesitated to eat the meat that was set before him because he had not secured permission from the prior of his own convent. The incident shows a touching, almost naïve serious-mindedness that seems somehow to bring the man himself within reach of our twentiethcentury understanding as few things told about him do. In spirit Angelico seems far more remote, more medieval than Giotto, though he lived a century after, and his art, technically at least, is spoken of as a link between Giotto and the painters of the Renaissance. His is a world created by his own devout and gentle spirit-a world of saints and madonnas, angels who have never known the temptations of the flesh and human men and women happily escaping or soon to escape from those temptations.

A half century after Fra Angelico painted his frescoes in Florence, the fiery reformer Savonarola, prior of this same Dominican convent, called upon the people of that city



ADORATION OF THE MAGI

From the painting by Botticelli, in the Uffizi Gallery, Florence



to burn the new works of art that were leading them astray and return to the simplicity and purity of Angelico. Michelangelo and Botticelli listened to the Friar, profoundly affected. But it was too late. Though Fra Angelico's frescoes remained for men to marvel at, there was no holding back the Renaissance.

Angelico, however, did not live to see the new period and probably remained happily unconscious of the growing signs of its approach. Ten years before his death, he left Florence for Rome, on the invitation of Pope Eugenius IV. There he painted in the Vatican and when Nicholas V succeeded to the papacy, decorated a chapel for him. Both popes treated the gentle artist friar with the utmost courtesy and reverence. He died in 1455, at the age of sixty-eight, and was buried in the church of the Minerva in Rome.

BOTTICELLI

(Alessandro Filipepi)

S well as any mere date can, historians tell us, the year 1453 marks the end of the Middle Ages and the advent of the Renaissance. In that year Constantinople fell before the Saracens, and Greek

scholars began to make their way from the captured city westward to Italy where the times were ripe for the "new birth." Botticelli was then a schoolboy of nine. He was to grow up in the intoxicating Renaissance atmosphere, under the rule of the Medici, in Florence, most intellectual of Italian cities. With all the ardor of a genuinely poetic temperament he was to draw inspiration for his art from each successive rediscovery of the pagan world. Yet in the end, in an age he had so eagerly heralded but could no longer endure, he renounced his painting and spent his last years in obscurity as an adherent of the reformer Savonarola. Of Botticelli's art Faure says that it is "painful and abortive, the saddest in the history of painting. And yet one of the most noble."

Botticelli's real name was Alessandro Filipepi. He was born in 1444 in a substantial Florentine house which was to be his home and workshop for practically all of his life. Doubtless his hard-working father, a tanner by trade, had troubles enough, what with the large family that in course of time overflowed into the house next door. At any rate he

was everlastingly complaining of poverty. But to judge from a few extant denunzia dei beni, or income tax returns, the family was never half so poverty-stricken as the worthy tanner would have had his friends believe. His oldest son, a well-to-do leather merchant, seems to have helped him out when it came to providing for Sandro, and it was from this brother, who was for some reason or other known as "botticello" or "the little cask" that the boy got his nickname of Botticelli. Vasari has it that young Sandro was too idle and mischievous to be kept in school and so was taught the trade of goldsmith. At any rate, by the time he was fourteen he had become an apprentice painter in the studio of Fra Filippo Lippi, then at the height of his fame.

This impulsive, full-blooded artist monk, who had escaped from the restraints of the Carmelite convent to which as an orphan of eight he had sworn allegiance, who had torn up the sheets and let himself out of the window when his great patron, Cosimo de Medici, thought to keep him at work by mere locking of doors, was alive in every fiber of his being. He was perhaps past his prime now, but not too old for adventure, since it was about this time that he carried off the nun who became the mother of his son Filippino Lippi. But for all his escapades, no one ever questioned Filippo's devotion to his art. It was a very thorough training that pupils received in his studio. Botticelli became the Friar's favorite and must have caught a deal of his spirit-something, perhaps, of that same delight in the charm and poetry of the external world which Browning has expressed when he imagines the miscreant old Friar as saying:

> Or say there's beauty with no soul at all— (I never saw it—put the case the same—) If you get simple beauty and naught else You get about the best thing God invents.

Even if Botticelli had not caught this new and thrilling sense of life from the Friar, all Florence was intoxicated with it. He must have felt it in his fellow students, breathed it in with the very air. One of his acquaintances was the young Leonardo, then a pupil in the bottega of Verrocchio. Years later when Leonardo wrote his famous Treatise on Painting "our Botticelli" was the only painter he mentioned by name—a doubtful compliment for he coupled the reference with a mocking allusion to Botticelli's landscapes which he intimated might just as well have been made by throwing a wet sponge at the canvas.

As Filippo's favorite student, Botticelli met, also, the brilliant men and women of the Medici court circle, who were his master's patrons and would in time be his. Life was opening up to the young apprentice in very wonderful fashion. After the Friar left Florence, he sought no other master, but a happy chance brought him under the influence of the Pollajuoli, two remarkable brothers skilled in the crafts, particularly the craft of goldsmith, but gifted painters as well. In their stimulating company he became more and more imbued with the new spirit of realism. These two brothers took the keenest interest in the portrayal of anatomy; indeed, so vigorously did they attempt to set down the truth about human bodies that their work is often spoken of as brutal. Botticelli put himself to school to them and gained immeasurably from his study of their fine draughtsmanship-though he remained at heart the poet, not the realist.

Florence was now in her full glory under Lorenzo de Medici—Lorenzo the Magnificent. At his court this great merchant prince had gathered about him scholars, poets, artists, philosophers, men of talent and culture, all afire with enthusiasm for the Greece and Rome that were being rediscovered after centuries of neglect. Botticelli was al-

ready known to this little group, for he had done some painting to the Magnificent's order and made connections with that other Lorenzo who was to be his own special patron-Lorenzo di Pierfrancesco, head of the younger branch of the Medici house. So when, not long after he opened his own studio on his return from a few months' work in Pisa, a great tournament was held at court, the young artist was commissioned to prepare a banner-a wondrous affair that brought him great renown. On its device appeared Pallas Athene, Medusa and Cupid, Botticelli's first important handling of classic legend. The banner was borne aloft in the tournament by Giuliano de Medici, the younger brother of Lorenzo the Magnificent and the idol of all Florence. He it was who had planned the whole picturesque affair, in honor of the lovely Simonetta Vespucci, wife of one of his friends at court. Giuliano's assassination four years later, Simonetta's premature death of tuberculosis, have made these two Florentines the subject of a tragic legend which links their names as lovers doomed by fate, and a good deal of ingenuity has been exercised by certain art critics in finding in many of Botticelli's paintings idealized portraits of this unhappy pair.

However that may be, Giuliano's death brought the artist a commission less congenial than a memorial in the vein of classic allegory. With no warning, this handsome, lovable young Medici was murdered on the steps of the Duomo Choir and Lorenzo the Magnificent escaped with his life only by taking refuge in the sacristy in the nick of time. Florence rose up in fury against these Pazzi conspirators, for ominous as the affair was of a growing discontent with Medici rule, it had the support of only a small group of citizens. Botticelli's task—the painting of horrible effigies in the public building from the windows of which the men went to their death—was as characteristic of his

times as was the culture and magnificence within the Medici

palace.

So this artist painted for the Medici of Florence—painted for them in their moods of extravagant gayety and of gruesome fury—and in many another mood that was finer than these extremes. Among the little group at the Medici palace was the brilliant Poliziano, the "Homeric youth" who had created such a sensation by translating the *Iliad*. His ardent love for the classics was now inspiring him to write poems in which his own fancy played about the old Greek legends. All the court waited for his works and discussed them with the utmost enthusiasm. It was from passages in one of these poems by Poliziano that Botticelli painted, to the order of Lorenzo di Pierfrancesco, his famous *Spring* and *The Birth of Venus*, classic allegories which depict the old Greek legends with hint of new meaning.

Critics speak of the poetry of the conceptions, of the marvelous linear draftsmanship with which Botticelli uses his characteristic curves and double curves, of a certain haunting wistfulness in the expressions and attitudes that gives the whole a spirit of unattainment—of profound melancholy. It is as though the artist had been receptive to all the divergent impulses of his times, unable to shut out one, yet had fallen short of creating harmony among them within himself. Yet Spring is perhaps spoken of more often than any other single painting as expressing the glory of the

early Renaissance.

Meantime, Botticelli's personal life, so far as we know it, was strangely uneventful. The struggles of the inner drama—the flow and ebb of these currents of the Renaissance in his life, are only to be guessed at. Vasari, on his part, calls him an "amusing person" and has much to say of his high-spirited practical jokes. Once this ingenious artist decked out all the angels in one of his student's paint-

ings with red paper night-caps. Another time he grew so annoyed at the racket from his next door neighbor's looms that he set up a huge stone on his own high wall so that every time the wall shook from the looms, the stone seemed about to fall on his neighbor's house. Gaddiano tells an entertaining anecdote of how Soderini, one of the prominent officials of Florence, gave Botticelli a great scare by trying to find him a wife. The artist retorted, telling how he had dreamed, once, that he was married and had been so wretched for fear he should have the same dream again that he got up and ran about the city all night as though he were a madman. "After that sally," adds Gaddiano, "Messr Tommaso saw that this was not the kind of soil to plant a vineyard in."

Botticelli was still living in the old family residence. An income tax return of 1480, when he was thirty-six, shows his father, Mariano, in his eighty-seventh year, the head of a large household numbering twenty souls. The old man was fairly prosperous and now rented the house next door, in addition, to accommodate some of his relatives. In the report of the age and income of each individual in the family, it is said of Sandro that he "works in the house when he chooses." A year or so later he was one of four artists summoned to Rome by Pope Sixtus IV to paint Biblical frescoes in the newly finished chapel in the Vatican. These frescoes were perhaps his most pretentious undertaking, though now regarded as far from his greatest. The Pope, however, was delighted with the work and paid him well, but according to Vasari, the money was "soon consumed by living improvidently, as was his custom," and it was not long before the artist was back in Florence at work on commissions for his Medici patrons.

But some profound change had now begun to take place in Botticelli's attitude toward his work. Even before he went to Rome he had become absorbed in a series of illustrations for Dante's Divine Comedy and he devoted years of his best effort to these drawings. He continued, meanwhile, to work for the Medici—to decorate their wedding chambers and summer villas and paint for them mythological canvases of great charm. But the beautiful curves in his work became exaggerated, distorted, and seem to modern critics to speak clearly enough of growing distress of mind.

The city of Florence was now entering upon the strangest, most stirring period in all her history. In Lent of the year 1491 the Dominican monk Savonarola began to preach in the Duomo his powerful sermons against the wickedness of the age. So overwhelming was his eloquence that the Florentines, many of them, made public bonfires of their "pagan" books and works of art. Botticelli, like Poliziano and the young Michelangelo, was deeply affected. He could not shake off the effects of the Friar's sermons. The following year when Lorenzo the Magnificent died and his weak son began to rule in his stead, hostility to the Medici broke all bounds. Botticelli saw his patron of years, Lorenzo di Pierfrancesco, with others of the family, forced to escape from the city. Thus his relations with the Medici came abruptly to an end, for although Lorenzo returned to Florence, his favorite artist never painted for him again.

Instead of the Medici princes, the fiery Savonarola now ruled the city of Florence. Botticelli was not one of the *Piagnoni*, or weepers, as the inner circle of disciples were called, but his brother Simone was. This Simone had spent most of his life away from Florence, but shortly after the Magnificent's death he came back to work for the reformer. A simple *Chronicle* kept by him is one of the best sources of information in existence regarding the period. Through all the strange drama of the Friar's rise and fall from power,

Botticelli held aloof. But in 1498, after Savonarola lost the support of the fickle Florentine public and was sent to a shameful death, Sandro at last cast in his lot with the *Piagnoni*. No halfway measure was this, no mere regard for popular opinion. For although he was then only fifty-four, he painted few pictures afterward and almost none that were not religious in theme.

Almost all we know of the last years of Botticelli's life comes from Vasari. Himself a painter of the next generation, that worthy biographer quite evidently resents this defection from the ranks of art. According to his story, Botticelli had always been in financial straits because of his willful and reckless extravagance, and now in his old age was such an obstinate disciple of Savonarola that he would have starved to death if his friends had not come to his aid. But such a state of actual want seems most unlikely in view of the substantial character of the Filipepi family. After Simone's return to Florence the two brothers had bought a country place outside of the city, where they went frequently, although they continued to live in the hospitable old family residence. Vasari tells us, also, that the artist became very feeble and had to go about on crutches. He died in 1510 at the age of sixty-six.

LEONARDO DA VINCI



N a remarkable document of about 1482 in which a young Florentine offered his services to the ruler of Milan as a military and civil engineer, there appeared a tenth and final clause, a post-

script as it were to the important discussion of catapults and engines of war, which reads as follows: "In time of peace I believe I could equal any other as regards works in architecture both public and private. I can likewise conduct water from one place to another. Furthermore I can execute works in sculpture, marble, bronze or terra-cotta. In painting also I can do what can be done as well as any other, be he who he may. Moreover, I can undertake the making of the bronze horse, which is a monument which will be to the perpetual glory and immortal honor of my lord your father, of happy memory, and the illustrious house of Sforza."

These were no idle boasts, for the genius that set Leonardo da Vinci apart from his fellows enabled him to "equal any other" in a dozen diverse fields. If he painted The Last Supper and Mona Lisa, he also constructed great pioneer irrigation works for the fields of Lombardy; if he wrote the most notable single book on the theory of painting ever penned, he left behind him, too, personal notebooks filled with scientific speculations centuries in advance of his age. He was architect, sculptor and painter, but he was also inventor and engineer, musician and master

of ceremonies. In a lifetime devoted to such varied pursuits Leonardo scattered his energies and failed of achievements commensurate with his genius, yet he stands, by common agreement, one of the greatest painters, as one of the most extraordinary men, that ever lived.

Leonardo was a natural child of a certain Ser Piero da Vinci and was born, as his name indicates, in the little town of Vinci, about twenty miles from Florence, probably in 1452. He grew up among his half-brothers in his father's house in Florence, where Ser Piero was notary to many of the great families of the city, among them the Medici, and later notary to the Signory. One day, so legend relates, Leonardo's father brought home from his country place a wooden shield, which a simple-minded peasant had asked him to have decorated, and laughingly handed it to his son. What should the boy do but shut himself up in his room with a great lot of insects and reptiles brought in from the field and dissect and draw these stinking things until at last he had combined their most horrible features into a monster of his own invention calculated to strike terror to the bravest heart. Even Ser Piero was frightened when he saw it-but also greatly delighted with his son's skill. He bought the peasant another piece of wood, decorated with a simple heart pierced by an arrow, and sold the wonderful monster for a hundred ducats.

More than likely this tale is pure legend, yet it gives a good deal of insight into the mind of the young Leonardo. Even then, he must have felt the two overpowering impulses—the desire to take apart and analyze, the desire to build up, to create—which in their interworkings made his life so rich in interest and in a sense, too, so singularly meager in attainment.

Ser Piero shortly after took his son to the studio of Verrocchio and there, for many years, Leonardo served an apprenticeship at painting. To the growing boy the world was teeming with interest. When he saw a man with an unusual face or beard, he would follow him about for hours, in the hope of putting his exact counterpart into a picture. He was always experimenting with the problems of his art. But he also loved music and was an adept at improvising on the lute; he loved horses and other animals and would even buy birds on the street corner for the sheer joy of setting them free and watching them fly away into the heavens. Often, too, he spent days making a model of some machine or other that would perform wonders, he was convinced, if only it were given a trial. He would grow so eloquent over the possibility of tunneling through a mountain, or turning the course of a river aside, or lifting up a church and putting a foundation under it, Vasari tells us, that those who listened would be completely carried away. Only after he had gone would they begin to tell one another such things were impossible.

Absorbed in schemes of this seemingly impractical sort, Leonardo grew from boy to man and his twenties passed with nothing but a few scattered achievements to his credit. Yet this was the very period in Florence when Lorenzo de Medici, surrounded by his princely court of poets and artists and philosophers, was most generous as a patron of great works. Leonardo was well known at the Medici palace and might naturally have been expected to find adequate scope for his talents there. But he never shared the intoxication with the rediscovered culture of Greece and Rome that was at the heart of the Medici régime; it was nature herself that fascinated him, not nature seen at second hand through classic art. At the Medici court he seems to have been looked upon as a brilliant youth wasting away his talents. It was Lorenzo de Medici, however, who recommended him to Ludovico, then regent and afterward duke of Milan, send-



CARTOON OF THE HEAD OF CHRIST FOR THE FRESCO OF THE LAST SUPPER.

(Pastel drawing.) Brera, Milan. Leonardo da Vinci.



ing as a present a wonderful silver lute which Leonardo had constructed in the shape of a horse's head.

Leonardo was thirty when, on the strength of the Magnificent's good offices and his own letter of application, he was summoned to Milan. Before him stretched out a future rich with promise, for Ludovico was eager to construct great works that should redound to his own and Milan's fame. He had conceived the idea of erecting in the public square a great equestrian statue in honor of his father, Francesco Sforza, founder of the ducal house, and on this project Leonardo's best efforts were spent for over ten years. But steady application was difficult, for the engineer artist soon made himself invaluable at court in a score of offices. When the young Duke married, Leonardo staged a Masque of Paradise in honor of the occasion and spent infinite pains contriving a magnificent bathing pavilion in honor of the new Duchess. As occasion arose, he was called upon to formulate plans for the strengthening of the Castello, the breaking up of the city in the interests of sanitation at time of pestilence, the completion of the great Milan Cathedral, and a dozen other projects requiring all the skill at his command. Once, eight or nine years after his arrival, he made a heroic effort to complete the great model for public display on the occasion of Ludovico's marriage with Beatrice d'Este. But at the last moment he became discontented with what he had done, and insisted upon destroying it. Two years later at another nuptial ceremony, the huge equestrian model, twenty-six feet in height, was finally exhibited in the courtyard of the Castello, and great indeed was its fame.

By this time, however, Ludovico was involved in a game of political intrigue that was fast becoming more than he could handle. The expensive task of casting the monument had to be postponed again and again, and even Leonardo's salary was constantly in arrears. "I will not speak of the

horse, for I know the times," Leonardo wrote resignedly to his patron. He had begun work that next year on two of his most famous undertakings—the great irrigation plant for the plains of Lombardy and his mural of *The Last Supper*. Middle life thus found him still holding in equi-

librium the genius of the engineer and of the artist.

On his Last Supper, Leonardo worked steadily and within four years had brought it to completion. But both these statements need qualifying. There was a certain prior who became extremely impatient when he saw the artist sometimes "standing half a day in thought"; and, says Vasari, "he would have liked him never to have put down his pencil, as if it were a work like digging the garden." At last, receiving no satisfaction from Leonardo, this presuming critic took his complaints to Ludovico. To his patron, however, the artist talked with perfect freedom, explaining that he still felt himself inadequate to the task of picturing either the Christ or Judas. He had no hope of finding a model for the head of Christ-that must be the work of his own imagination, but as for Judas, if nothing better offered, said he, there was always the head of this foolish and insolent prior. When this threat came to the prior's ears, he was greatly taken aback. Leonardo finally did paint Judas into his picture, but fearing to fall short of his ideal, he never finished the head of the Christ. His failure to complete his paintings was proverbial. "The cause of his leaving so many things imperfect," says Vasari, "was his search for excellence after excellence, and perfection after perfection."

But while Leonardo was thus lost in the search for perfection, his patron, the Duke of Milan, had meantime, by his own intrigues, brought upon himself the enmity of France, Venice and the papal state. In 1499 the city surrendered to a French army and later the French again

entered and this time put it to the sack. The great equestrian model in the Castello courtyard served as a target for Gascon archers and at last was broken up; and of the sixteen years he had spent in Milan, Leonardo was forced to admit, "The Duke lost state, possessions and liberty and no work was completed for him."

But by this time his fame was very great, and great was the pride with which his native city of Florence learned that he had returned to live and work within her bounds. Filippino Lippi generously made way that he might be given a commission for a certain altarpiece, and other orders were almost thrust upon him. Yet to the Duchess of Mantua, who had reminded him in vain of his promise to paint something for her, a correspondent wrote: "Leonardo's life is changeful and uncertain; it is thought he lives only for the day. Since he has been in Florence he has worked only on one cartoon. . . . He is entirely wrapped up in geometry and has no patience for painting." So indifferent was he to the desire of his fellow citizens to force him into painting some great work there that after two years in Florence he suddenly broke away to take service as chief engineer with Cesare Borgia. His interest in mathematics and experimental science was growing beyond all bounds.

Long since, in spite of his many duties, Leonardo had formed the habit of filling one personal notebook after another with jottings—curious matters for which he hoped to find some explanation, mathematical formulas, theories about art, plans for endless machines, many of them, such as his design for an airplane, anticipating the discoveries of modern science. With his friend Luca Pacioli, the great mathematician, he had delved into all manner of pure scientific research. He held a high place among the engineers and scientists of his day and was frequently called into consultation on the various problems that confronted them.

But the age was not one that extolled science, and the greater their admiration of Leonardo's genius, the more most of his contemporaries frankly deplored his diverting so much energy into what seemed to them quite unproductive fields. Of the vast amount of material set down by him in manuscript form, his own and succeeding generations valued only his *Treatise on Painting*. It remained for a much later day to pay glowing tribute to Leonardo as a man of science. The history of his notebooks, scattered a generation or so after his death, unread for centuries and only in modern times reassembled, printed and appraised, is a romance in itself.

Had some great patron appeared to give Leonardo's talents as engineer and scientist adequate scope, posterity might have had even fewer of his paintings. But his experience as an engineer under the notorious Duke Borgia proved unsatisfactory and within a few months he was back in Florence. In spite of his preoccupation with scientific research the six or seven years of the Florentine period proved the richest in actual artistic achievement in his entire life.

Unfortunately time and chance have dealt harshly with Leonardo's few works of art. Only its fame remains of the great battle cartoon from which, as from its companion piece by Michelangelo, a whole generation of younger artists studied drawing. The Last Supper, on which Leonardo had experimented with new mediums, cracked and blistered and faded and as the centuries passed, suffered greatly from unskillful attempts at restoration, though for all that, it is still devoutly treasured. Today there are in public galleries many drawings of Leonardo's, but few easel pictures, perhaps only a scant half dozen of them authentic, yet each among the most cherished masterpieces in the world. Most famous of all is his portrait of Mona Lisa in the Louvre.

But the story of the torture concealed behind La Gioconda's enigmatic smile, of the soft music by which Leonardo lured her from her melancholy as he painted and the occult fascination that brings men back to the canvas again and again until at last they go mad with gazing at it—all this is the invention of a later age. Leonardo worked for four years, perhaps more, on this extraordinary portrait and in the end he considered it "unfinished." Of it Walter Pater says:

The presence that rose thus so strangely beside the waters, is expressive of what in the ways of a thousand years men had come to desire. Hers is the head upon which all "the ends of the world are come," and the eyelids are a little weary. It is a beauty wrought out from within upon the flesh, the deposit, little cell by cell, of strange thoughts and fantastic reveries and exquisite passions. Set it for a moment beside one of those white Greek goddesses or beautiful women of antiquity, and how would they be troubled by this beauty, into which the soul with all its maladies has passed! All the thoughts and experience of the world have etched and moulded there, in that which they have of power to refine and make expressive the outward form, the animalism of Greece, the lust of Rome, the mysticism of the middle age with its spiritual ambition and imaginative loves, the return of the Pagan world, the sins of the Borgias. She is older than the rocks among whom she sits; like the vampire, she has been dead many times, and learned the secrets of the grave; and has been a diver in deep seas, and keeps their fallen day about her; and trafficked for strange webs with Eastern merchants, and, as Leda, was the mother of Helen of Troy, and, as Saint Anne, the mother of Mary; and all this has been to her but as the sound of lyres and flutes, and lives only in the delicacy with which it has moulded the changing lineaments, and tinged the evelids and the hands. The fancy of a perpetual life, sweeping together ten thousand experiences, is an old one; and modern philosophy has conceived the idea of humanity as wrought upon by, and summing up in itself, all modes of thought and life. Certainly Lady Lisa might stand as the embodiment of the old fancy, the symbol of the modern idea.

In Leonardo's last years it was the French, not the Italians, who did him greatest honor. When the French army

first marched into Milan, the King himself went to pay tribute to The Last Supper and the French lieutenant urged Leonardo to make for him an equestrian monument as great as the Duke's model in the Castello. Later the French sent urging him to return to Milan to complete his irrigation plant. He went gladly, securing first a leave of absence and then a complete release from his contract with the Signory at Florence. But before long his seven half-brothers attempted by law to deprive him of his share of his father's estate and this annoying, long-drawn-out affair kept taking him back to Florence. Hardly had he settled into work after winning the suit when the French were expelled from Milan.

Leonardo went then, on invitation, to Rome. But here, for the first time in his life, he was treated with little courtesy. Michelangelo and Raphael, both much younger men, both firmly entrenched in the good will of the Pope, had already more actual achievement to their credit than he, and because of previous misunderstandings, Michelangelo, at least, was not disposed to friendliness. Pope Leo, though he was fascinated by some of Leonardo's scientific devices, regarded them as curious toys. When Leonardo, having been given a commission for a picture, instead of starting to work, plunged into studies of some new oils, all Rome agreed that he was lost in impractical dreams.

But Francis I, the brilliant young king of France, had conceived for Leonardo a warm admiration. After some two years at Rome, Leonardo was prevailed upon to make the journey to France, accompanied by his faithful friend and pupil Melzi. At the French court he lived a busy, serene life, for though his right hand became crippled by paralysis, his mind was as active as ever, grappling with the effort—a futile one—to get the vast store of material in his notebooks into some sort of organized shape before

he died. At court he was given every courtesy and honor and, tradition long had it, died in the arms of the King. His death came in 1519 at the age of sixty-seven. His will left bequests to servants and to the poor, a sum in the bank at Florence to be divided among his unfriendly half-brothers, and to the loyal Melzi all the manuscripts on which he had spent so much of himself through the years.

MICHELANGELO BUONARROTI

artists, was born on March 6, 1475, in Caprese, during his father's short term as podestà, or governor, of that district. A few months later, how-

ever, the family returned to the ancestral home at Settignano. Here, in this little village overlooking Florence, lived a community of masons and stone-carvers, busy with work for wealthy Florentines. Michelangelo used to say in jest that he must have drawn in his love for sculpture with the milk he sucked in babyhood from the stone-mason's wife with whom he was put to nurse. From early childhood he loved to hang about the quarries and before he was ten, had learned to use hammer and chisel with great skill.

But at home the boy's father viewed with great alarm the possibility that a Buonarroti might become a common stone-mason. An impoverished aristocrat, hard-pressed by the necessity of providing for his family, this father of Michelangelo's clung desperately to his remnant of family pride. To provide, at all costs, a diversion from the quarries, he sent his young son to a grammar school in Florence. In the city, however, Michelangelo struck up acquaintance with a number of boys of his own age who were pupils of Florentine artists, and one of them took great pride in initiating him into the mysteries of Ghirlandajo's studio. After that there was no peace until at last his father, much against his wishes, agreed to apprentice the thirteen-year-old boy to Ghirlandajo.

Florence was then at the very peak of that brilliant cul-

ture that had spread the fame of Lorenzo the Magnificent far and wide. In his famous garden of San Marco, Lorenzo had for years been collecting pieces of the classic sculpture recently dug up after centuries of neglect. Love of Greco-Roman culture had been the consuming passion at the very source of Italy's "new birth." But though Lorenzo had gathered about him at the Medici court poets and painters and philosophers who were expressing in new form the inspiration caught from classic antiquity, there had been no great sculptors in Florence since the death of Donatello. the desire to stimulate young sculptors, Lorenzo decided to make his garden into a school. He put Donatello's old foreman in charge and asked Ghirlandajo to send his most promising pupils for instruction.

Michelangelo was then a headstrong, moody boy of fifteen. In Ghirlandajo's studio he was already doing extraordinary work, but his childhood love of the quarries made him feel even more at home with the chisel than with the brush. His first essay in the Medici gardens, a copy of a faun's head, astonished and delighted Lorenzo. Michelangelo's father was summoned to the palace for an interview that must have astonished him, and upon his consent the young sculptor was at once taken into Lorenzo's own household, and sat at table daily with the brilliant company at the Medici court.

With his fiery temperament life was not particularly easy for the boy, either at the court, with its graceful amenities, or in Ghirlandajo's studio, where his fellow pupils were quick to resent what seemed to them his needless assumption of superiority. Even Ghirlandajo himself, legend says, was given to fits of jealousy. One day Michelangelo had such a violent quarrel with a young bully named Torrigiano that his nose was disfigured for life. But in the brilliant life of the Medici court had been fused, for a time, the spirit of the newly rediscovered pagan world and of an ardent Christian mysticism; and for the little more than three years that remained of the Magnificent's rule, Michelangelo drank in deep drafts of that intoxicating Renaissance culture.

Before he could create any inner harmony between these tremendous forces, the struggle took external, dramatic form in the public career of the monk Savonarola. This blackrobed friar, with his passionate denunciation of the extravagances and evils that had grown up under the Medici régime, made all Florence listen spellbound. Botticelli, as a result of his preaching, resolved to paint no more pictures; Michelangelo was a younger man and a man of another metal, yet for him, too, it precipitated an inner crisis. Stirred to the very depths of his being by the Friar's impassioned eloquence, he became one of the Piagnoni, or weepers, as Savonarola's followers were called. But almost at once Lorenzo de Medici's death threw all Florence into chaos. Grief for the loss of his generous patron and terrible uncertainty as to his future course tormented the young sculptor. For a time he went home, then was persuaded by Lorenzo's haughty, weakling son, Piero de Medici, to return to the palace, but unable to endure life there, left his native city for Venice and then Bologna. After some not very happy experiences, he returned to Florence where he found Savonarola at the head of a popular government that had ousted Piero. He was welcomed to a place on the General Council of Citizens under the new régime but his previous relationship with the Medici made him a suspect character and he was unable to settle into any routine way of life.

In this uncertain state of mind, a rather trivial, incongruous chain of circumstances took him from Florence to Rome. He had modeled a *Sleeping Cupid*, which, at the suggestion of one of his patrons, he passed off as an antique

statue, smudging it with dirt to look as though it had just been unearthed. In Rome this work of art was bought at a high price by a certain influential Cardinal, who later somehow learned that his Cupid was a fraud. He was furious, but so impressed was he with its workmanship that on a sudden impulse he sent one of his retainers to invite the Florentine sculptor to Rome. Such an invitation seemed to hold out rich promise. But by the time Michelangelo arrived, the Cardinal's interest had become lukewarm and no commissions were forthcoming. The youth of twenty was adrift in Rome—alone and without money, and back in Florence his father and three younger brothers were in financial straits.

Under these circumstances Michelangelo began finally to devote himself steadily to his art. He had difficulty at first in securing commissions, but soon his extraordinary genius brought him all the orders he could handle, though in these early years he received no great sums for his work. In order to send money home he overworked regularly as a matter of course and deprived himself of everything but the barest necessities. All through his life Michelangelo spent himself unsparingly for his father and brothers. One or another of them was always in need of something—if not money, then sympathy or good counsel, and though to the outside world Michelangelo seemed, even in these days of his youth, too proud and moody to be easily approachable, his letters home were almost tender in their affectionate concern.

By the time he returned to Florence after five years in Rome, Michelangelo was acknowledged as the leading sculptor of the day, and his city gave him a royal welcome. His stay there, as it happened, proved to be only a brief intermission. But it was memorable for two great public works that were for years to come the pride of all Florence,

—the statue of the young *David*, carved out of an enormous block of marble that had been left by another sculptor as spoiled, and the battle cartoon, a companion piece to one by Leonardo, intended for the new hall of the Palazzo Vecchio.

But the mural that was to have been painted from the battle cartoon was never finished, for now began that strange, unhappy, long-drawn-out chapter in Michelangelo's life—"the tragedy of the tomb," as his pupil and biographer Condivi calls it. In 1505 Michelangelo, then not yet thirty, was summoned to Rome by Pope Julius II. The Pope had conceived the idea of erecting a great monumental tomb in which his remains would eventually be buried. Both men were soon on fire with enthusiasm over the possibilities of the scheme. After drawing up designs for a four-faced tomb with no less than forty splendid statues, Michelangelo went hurrying off to the quarries at Carrara, where he spent eight months selecting marble of the very finest quality. On his return, Julius showered favors upon him and even ordered a drawbridge built from the Corridors to the sculptor's workshop to give himself private access, so wrapped up was he in the project.

But these men were too tempestuous to work together in harmony. One day when an allotment of marble arrived from Carrara, Michelangelo, finding the Pope occupied, paid the wagoners from his own pocket. Several times in the next few days he was refused audience with the Pope and finally learned that Julius, who evidently happened to be short of funds, had given orders to keep him out. Michelangelo could not endure such treatment. Stung by pride and fury, he took horse at once and set out for Florence, leaving word that "henceforward the Pope must look for him elsewhere if he wanted him."

The Pope, no less furious, sent five messengers in hot pursuit. Not only did Michelangelo himself receive a dictatorial order to return, but the Florentine gonfaloniere, or city magistrate, was bombarded with three official briefs demanding that the recalcitrant sculptor be sent back whether or no. For a time Michelangelo turned a deaf ear to commands and entreaties alike. He was planning to undertake an engineering project for the Turks in Constantinople. But finally, feeling, as he said, like a man with a halter round his neck, he gave in to the pleas of the Florentine officials and joined the Pope at Bologna. There he was received with the utmost cordiality; indeed when a certain prelate ventured to make an apology in his behalf, the Pope resented it with an angry blow. Soon Michelangelo was again at work, not on the tomb but on a great bronze statue of Julius to be presented to the city of Bologna.

After its completion he hoped to go back to the monument. But meantime, Julius had been persuaded that it was a bad omen to build a tomb during his lifetime and that he would do better to set Michelangelo to painting the great vault of the Sistine Chapel. Michelangelo felt that he was a sculptor, not a painter, and the malicious desire of his enemies to see him confronted with this stupendous task filled him with consternation. But his pleas were to no avail, for Julius had made up his mind. "All the disagreements that I have had with Pope Julius," Michelangelo once wrote to a friend, "have been brought about by the envy of Bramante and of Raphael of Urbino, who were the cause that his monument was not finished during his lifetime."

Since he had never painted in fresco before, the artist called in five Florentine painters, one of them the old friend who had first taken him to Ghirlandajo's studio. But after they had worked for a time from his cartoons, he destroyed all they had done one night and sent them home. He now shut himself in alone, stubbornly refusing to admit even the Pope himself and month after month worked away at his

stupendous task. "I live here in great distress and with the greatest fatigue of body, and have not a friend of any sort, and do not want one, and have not even enough time to eat necessary food," he wrote his brother a month or so before the first half of the vault was uncovered. When the Chapel was at last thrown open, all Rome rushed to marvel at these great frescoes of the Creation and Fall of Man that were like nothing else in all the world.

Of Michelangelo's genius, Romain Rolland says:

The most striking thing about this extraordinarily unified nature is that it was composed of double worlds; a brutal materialism and serene idealism, an infatuation with pagan strength and beauty and a Christian mysticism; a mixture of physical violence and intellectual abstraction; a platonic soul in an athlete's body. That indissoluble union of opposing forces which undoubtedly caused part of his suffering was also the cause of his unique greatness. We feel that the supreme balance of his art is the result of a fierce struggle and it is the sense of that struggle which gives to the work its heroic character. All is passion, even to the abstract idea, so that idealism, which with many artists is a cause of coldness and death, is here a hearth burning with love and hate.

Pope Julius was filled with delight and pride at the sight of these great frescoes. After seemingly endless labor, the second half of the vault was at last unveiled just four months before the Pope's death.

When Julius died, all Rome spoke of the great monument that was to be a fitting tribute to his memory. He had provided for its completion and his executors, simplifying the plan somewhat, set the sculptor to work at once. But hardly had Michelangelo made a start when Leo X, the new pope, ordered him to put it aside to begin work in Florence on the great marble façade of San Lorenzo. Protests were utterly futile, and, says Condivi, "in this fashion Michelangelo left the tomb and betook himself weeping to Florence." From the quarries, where he had to spend two



: ELPH.C SYB .

From the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel. Fresco by Michaelangelo.



whole years in connection with this undertaking, he wrote, "I must be very patient until the mountains are tamed and the men are mastered. Then we shall get on more quickly. But what I have promised, that will I do by some means, and I will make the most beautiful thing that has ever been done in Italy if God helps me."

But Leo X himself ordered Michelangelo to stop work on the façade to build in Florence a new sacristy in honor of two of the Medici. Before it was done, another Medici pope, Clement VII, was insisting that he erect a library to house the famous Medici collection of books and manuscripts. Meantime, the heirs of Julius II were taking every means in their power to persuade or compel the sculptor to fulfill his obligations to his dead patron. Michelangelo was not a man to submit easily to being dominated by other men, however great their prestige. Time and again he made a violent effort to break free from his conflicting obligations, in order to do justice to one or another of them, and meanwhile he endured untold mental torment. But hard-pressed though he was, he could secure no relief; instead there came a new demand that made his position more equivocal than ever.

In the Peace of Barcelona the Emperor had finally agreed to help the Medici Pope reëstablish the rule of his family in Florence. The Florentines, their fighting spirit thoroughly roused, prepared to resist this interference to the death, and Michelangelo was made commissary-general of defense in charge of protecting the city against the inevitable siege. Engaged though he was on two commissions for Clement, the attacking Medici pope, one of them a memorial to the Medici family, Michelangelo accepted the responsibility and set to work to fortify his city against the oncoming forces. Often, during the long twelve months of struggle that followed, there must have come memories of

his boyhood days in the palace of Lorenzo when the glory of the Medici rule was at its zenith. Once during the siege he abruptly left the city in a panic. Later he returned and when at last the city fell, was sought for high and low as one of the ringleaders. He hid in a bell-tower until the worst of the fury had subsided. Then Clement, knowing that there were no other Michelangelos, sent word that he was to continue his work.

During all these years, the plans for the ill-fated tomb of Julius II had been modified again and again. But although the agreement now called for a much less ambitious structure than Pope Julius and Michelangelo had so enthusiastically planned, it seemed impossible for the sculptor ever to complete his work. Pope Paul III set him to painting The Last Judgment on the great end wall of the Sistine Chapel and he gave up eight long years to the task. After it was painted, he was put to work on another series of frescoes which occupied him until he was seventy-five years old. At last, however, in the intervals between painting, he managed to complete the tomb that had been such a constant worry over a period of forty years. Though so much less pretentious than the original plan, and completed under such trying circumstances, it is one of Rome's greatest treasures.

To this latter period of Michelangelo's life belongs his friendship with the great-souled Vittoria Colonna who inspired many of his most beautiful sonnets. She was one of the ablest, as well as one of the most noble women of her time, and to her the stern and moody artist was able to show the wealth of tenderness that had hitherto found outlet only in his letters to his father and brothers. Vittoria Colonna died in 1547, and Condivi tells us that "Nothing grieved him so much in after years as that when he went to see her on her death-bed he did not kiss her on the brow or face, as he did kiss her hand."

Although seventy-five when he finished his last frescoes,

Michelangelo lived on for many years, years as full of toil and suffering as those that had gone before. Pope Paul III made him architect-in-chief of St. Peter's, an office that had been held by his old rivals, Bramante and Raphael, and more recently by Sangallo. After vainly protesting that architecture was not his sphere, the great artist set to work, but only on condition that he should receive no salary. He immediately undid much of the work of his predecessor and put to a stop the dishonest jobbery that had been going on right and left. His detractors did not hesitate to say that his age had rendered him utterly incompetent, but having undertaken the task, he fought stubbornly on, supported by the Pope, whose confidence remained unshaken.

In his last years Michelangelo executed no work on commission, but had always a piece of sculpture on hand, at which he worked to give his restless moods some surcease. His brothers had died one by one, and of all the family only his nephew Leonardo, son of his favorite brother, Buonarroto, was left to him. A terrible blow was the death of his old servant, Francesco Urbino, of whom he wrote to Vasari, "The better part of me has gone with him, and nothing is left to me now but endless sorrow." One day in February of the year 1564, his friend Calcagni met the old man of eighty-nine roaming about the streets in the rain and in answer to his remonstrances received the abrupt answer, "Leave me alone; I am ill and cannot find rest anywhere." Death came a few days afterward. Though Michelangelo had not been in Florence for thirty years, he had often longed to return, and expressed the wish that he be buried there. But the Romans, in their desire to obtain the honor of his burial, actually refused to allow his body to be taken away, and the artist's nephew was compelled to smuggle it out of Rome in a bale of merchandise. The burial took place with solemn ceremony in Florence in the Church of Santa Croce.

RAPHAEL SANZIO

RITING not long after the death of Raphael, Vasari described him as "one of those possessed of such rare gifts that it is impossible to call them simply men, but rather, if it is allowable to speak so, mortal gods." As a mortal god Raphael was worshiped for centuries, and if within the last two or three generations his has been a fluctuating fame, it is still beyond any question that of a prince among men.

Raphael Sanzio was born in 1483 in the little city state of Urbino in the Apennines where his father held the joint office of court poet and court painter. It was perhaps from this ingenious father that Raphael inherited his versatility. Years before, when the elder Sanzio had first settled at Urbino, he had been forced for a time to eke out his scanty income as a painter by the trading in corn and oil which had been his father's business. But long before Raphael's birth his varied talents had made for him an enviable place at court. In honor of his patron, the Duke of Urbino, this prolific court poet composed a chronicle of no less than twenty-three thousand verses in Dantesque measure, glorifying the Duke's exploits with true Italian fervor. As a painter he was somewhat less inspired. He was, however, artist enough to give his young son an excellent start in technique, and no doubt made him at home among the art treasures of this brilliant little court, where the culture of the Renaissance was to be seen not far from its best.

When Raphael was only eleven, his father died and his

life was suddenly changed. We do not even know beyond dispute just where he spent certain of the intervening years before he arrived in Florence an accomplished young painter of twenty-one or two. At his home in Urbino, his stepmother and an uncle had gone to law over the disposal of his father's property. Raphael's boyhood must, however, have been a happy one, for he was devoted to his guardian uncle and all accounts bear witness to his own winning disposition. For a time he studied, it is almost certain, with a local artist named Timoteo, but most of these years were spent in the studio of the Umbrian painter Perugino at Perugia. Here young Raphael learned to paint in that master's fervent manner so skillfully that it was next to impossible to tell their work apart.

At twenty-one, with a letter to the gonfaloniere recommending him as a mild and gentle youth, as well as a gifted one, Raphael arrived in Florence. That great city was then at the very height of her fame. Magnificent works of art were to be seen in every church and public building, from the famous century-old frescoes of Masaccio to the no less famous battle cartoons by Michelangelo and Leonardo, which had only recently been placed on public display. Intoxicating, indeed, must have been those first weeks and months in Florence, with Raphael drinking deep of inspiration on every hand. His own style underwent many profound changes. Raphael had a veritable genius for assimilating the work of other men. During these impressionable years, for love of art, he played the sedulous ape to one painter after another, living and dead. Critics even date his early paintings from certain mannerisms which he acquired from the work which at the moment filled him with the ardent desire to pay it the tribute of imitation. In those days such plagiarism was a tribute and no breach of honor. Coming as he did at the very peak of the Renaissance, by

some sure instinct Raphael appropriated what was finest in the work of many another painter and created, by his genius, a style reminiscent of all, yet none the less his own.

From the first, Florence had given Raphael a cordial welcome and during these years while he was still forming his style he was handling many important commissions. Now, when he was twenty-six, came an invitation to Rome. Raphael's fellow citizen Bramante, architect of St. Peter's, had put in a good word for him with Pope Julius II, and Julius must have heard from other sources, too, of the brilliant work the young artist was doing in Florence.

On Raphael's arrival, Julius, with a characteristic impetuosity, suddenly decided to do away with a whole series of frescoes in the Vatican and have the room redecorated in a more modern style. Flattering indeed must have seemed such a commission, since these frescoes were the work of a half dozen of the best masters of the previous generation -Signorelli, Piero della Francesca, Perugino, among others. Raphael, whose disarming geniality made him better able to cope with the Pope's caprices than Michelangelo ever was, persuaded Julius to save one vault decorated by his old master Perugino, and had his pupils make copies of parts of others that seemed too precious to lose. He had little heart for the destruction of these masterpieces, whether it meant honor for him personally or not. The old frescoes were nevertheless destroyed, or at least so says tradition, and once they were gone, Raphael set to work with a will.

Those were magnificent days at the papal court in Rome. The Church was still the great patron of art, of letters and every other variety of human culture; for though the Renaissance had sprung from pagan rather than Christian sources, Rome had been quick to lay claim upon the new wealth of ideas. Greece and Rome, hardly less than Palestine, were now looked to for inspiration. So when Raphael began work

on his Vatican frescoes, he had need not of skill with the brush alone, but of a thorough knowledge of classic and Christian tradition. Four great historical paintings—The School of Athens, The Dispute of the Sacrament, The Fall of Man and The Triumph of Apollo over Marsyas, together with four sections representing Poetry, Theology, Philosophy and Jurisprudence, comprise these famous frescoes. With his customary open-mindedness Raphael consulted a number of Rome's most able scholars concerning many points involved. But, debtor as he was to them and to other artists, and to the spirit of the times, it was his to give that spirit its most complete expression.

From this time on Raphael disputed with Michelangelo the title of foremost painter of Rome. The delighted Pope showered favors upon him. Chigi, the wealthiest banker of the city, became one of his special patrons. He had far more commissions than he could handle, even with the help of assistants. He moved after a time into a fine house built for him by Bramante, and here he lived in princely fashion surrounded by a little court of his pupils and assistants. A retinue of some fifty or more of these admiring youths always accompanied him when he went about the streets of Rome.

Once, tradition says, Michelangelo, meeting Raphael at the head of such a following, said to him abruptly, "You walk like a general at the head of an army."

"And you," Raphael replied, "like an executioner going to the scaffold."

Raphael's open, friendly disposition would have made it natural for him to meet his rival more than halfway, if for nothing else, on the ground of the genuine admiration he felt for the great frescoes in the Sistine Chapel, which profoundly influenced his own style. But Michelangelo felt, as he once told Condivi, that Raphael owed his art less to

nature than to study, and he could not refrain from showing a certain scornful hostility at Raphael's success and at his sumptuous mode of life. Largely because of Raphael's intimacy with Bramante, the sculptor laid at his door much of the blame for his own stormy relations with Pope Julius. He could on occasion be generous to his rival; once when asked to value some heads Raphael had painted for Chigi, he put such a high rate on them that Chigi said, "Make haste and pay before he sets a value on the draperies also." But in temperament the two men were worlds apart.

In the rôle of painter prince for which Michelangelo felt such utter scorn, Raphael took a genuine satisfaction. Few of the pictures that issued from his studio in this heyday of his fame, were entirely the work of his own hand, for he was kept overwhelmingly busy, supervising the work of his numerous pupils and attending to his many duties. At the papal court nothing of an artistic nature was deemed either too great or too trivial to be entrusted to his care. He was put to decorating the Pope's hunting box, constructing scenery for Ariosto and even, when the pet elephant belonging to Pope Leo died, painted it life size on the Vatican wall with the inscription, "What Nature destroyed, Raphael of Urbino restored with his art." But he had also tremendous responsibilities. Six years after his arrival in Rome he had been appointed architect of St. Peter's to succeed Bramante, and he was given in addition, the important post of inspector of antiquities, in connection with which he found time to do a great deal of valuable work surveying the ruins of ancient Rome.

As a fitting step in his triumphal career Raphael planned for marriage, but he was extremely deliberate in making up his mind about this important matter and turned a deaf ear to many suggestions from friends over-ready with advice. Legend has it that the delay was due to his love for La



THE MADONNA WITH THE BULLFINCH.
Uffizi, Florence. Raphael.



Bella Fornarina, the beautiful daughter of a baker, from whom he was loath to break away. She is a picturesque but shadowy figure and may be a mere invention of Vasari's, who reports that Raphael "loved one woman to the end and made a beautiful and living portrait of her." For a time he was engaged to the niece of Cardinal Bibbiena, "whom death deprived of a happy marriage," as her epitaph, erected by Raphael's order, states.

According to all accounts, Raphael was quite unspoiled by all this fame and adulation, but that he took a frank delight in it appears evident from the following letter written to his guardian uncle:

Dearest in the place of a father—I have received your letter which is very dear to me, as a proof that you are not angry with me, which would indeed be wrong, considering how tiresome it is to write when there is no need. Now that the question is of importance, I will answer you and will tell you all that I have to say in explanation. First of all, in the matter of taking a wife, I am perfectly satisfied with regard to her whom you wished to give me, and thank God continually that I neither married her nor any other, and in this I have been wiser than you. I am sure you will recognize this too, and will see that if I had done as you wished I should not be where I am now. At the present time I have property in Rome worth three thousand gold ducats and an income of fifty gold crowns. . . . So you see my dearest uncle that I do honor to you and to all my family and my country. But never the less I always have you in my heart. And when I hear your name I feel as if I heard that of my father. . . . As for remaining in Rome I cannot live anywhere else for some time to come, on account of the dome of St. Peter, now that I am in Bramante's place. But what city in the world can compare with Rome? What enterprise is more worthy than this of St. Peter, which is the first temple in the world?

In another letter written about this same time to his friend Baldassare Castiglione, the great Renaissance scholar, Raphael says gracefully, after expressing his satisfaction at the way things are going with him, "I know not if my flight

may not prove to be that of Icarus." But to the last life continued to heap honors upon him. He was only thirty-seven, and in the midst of his greatest achievements, when he was taken with fever, and died four days later, on Good Friday of the year 1520. Seldom has any great city been so shocked and grief-stricken as was Rome over this sad news. The body lay for a time in solemn state near the unfinished Transfiguration on his easel, then was buried in the Pantheon in accordance with his own desire. Such was the passing of that Raphael of Urbino whom Sandrart characterized as "an example of the prodigal gifts of Nature, fair in body, fairer in mind, charming in manner, admirable in art, unwearied in labor, eternal in glory."

ANDREA DEL SARTO

Had you, with these the same, but brought a mind! Some women do so! Had the mouth there urged "God and the glory; never care for gain,
The present by the future, what is that?
Live for fame, side by side with Agnolo
Rafael is waiting: up to God all three,"
I might have done in for you. So it seems,
Perhaps not. All is as God overrules.
Besides incentives come from the soul's self—
The rest avail not. Why do I need you?
What wife had Rafael or Agnolo?

HUS Robert Browning imagines the Florentine painter Andrea del Sarto might have mused as he sat quietly with his Lucrezia on a balcony overlooking Fiesole some quiet summer night. Andrea to history as "the Faultless Painter." In his youth

is known to history as "the Faultless Painter." In his youth nothing seemed too great to expect of him. Would he, perhaps, have won through to real greatness if he had not married his Lucrezia? At any rate Lucrezia bears the blame.

Andrea del Sarto, born in Florence in 1487, perhaps 1486, was the son of a sarto or tailor. This "tailor's Andrew" started his career as a boy of seven or so in a gold-smith's shop. There he must have heard and seen a good deal of the artists about the city, for there was, in those days, a close connection between the two callings. One of these artists, a man of no particular ability, who made a living by wood-carving and painting, was struck by some extraordi-

nary drawings of his master's models done by this small boy, and the upshot of the matter was that Andrea's apprenticeship was transferred from the goldsmith to the woodcarver painter. He spent a short time in the workshop of this kindly man and then, on his new master's own recommendation, went into the studio of the much more renowned Piero di Cosimo.

Vasari says that venerable master was charmed with young Andrea and "considered he displayed a grace and facility which could scarcely have been surpassed by one who had handled color for fifty years." Like other young students Andrea went often to a certain chapel which Masaccio had decorated and a public hall where the cartoons of two great battle scenes by Leonardo and Michelangelo were on exhibition. Copying these famous works was the pride and despair of every apprentice in Florence. There in time Andrea made many acquaintances among his fellow students, and one in particular, named Franciabigio, with whom he struck up a great friendship. Franciabigio's master was about to give up teaching, and Andrea, for his part, declared he had had enough of the eccentricities of his good old teacher Piero, so the two friends, by and by, decided to open a bottega, or studio, of their own.

Their abilities were already recognized and one of their earliest commissions was a project of such scope that Andrea spent many years in its execution. This was the decoration of the cloister of the Brotherhood of the Scalzo with twelve frescoes on the life of John the Baptist, patron saint of the order, and four frescoed Virtues. Such a commission, coming at the very outset of their careers, must have set the young painters free from undue worry over the future—or at least one would have thought so. But about this time we hear of a certain shrewd sacristan of a Servite convent, who took advantage of the inexperience of the two friends

to play upon their ambition. There was in the portico of the Church of the Annunziàta an unfinished fresco on the life of St. Filippo, the founder of the Servite order, which the sacristan was anxious to see completed. First he went to Andrea, then to Francia, telling each privately how much fame would accrue from a fresco in such an important location and how very anxious his partner was to do the work for mere glory and whatever else might be offered, great or small. The not too astute Andrea succumbed and agreed to do the fresco for almost nothing. But by the time the first fresco was completed and he learned that he was expected to do others in the same portico, he protested so vigorously that he received a higher price and Francia was employed on part of the work.

In time Andrea and Francia moved into a sort of artists' colony and here Andrea found a kindred spirit in Sansovino, the sculptor, later an intimate friend of Titian. Says Vasari: "He and Andrea formed so close a friendship that they were never apart day or night, and as all their conversation was about art, it is no wonder that they both became excellent masters." Here, too, Andrea became acquainted with Rustici, another sculptor, and threw himself enthusiastically into the merriment of the Kettle Club or Academy, which met at Rustici's house. This high-spirited society had twelve members, each of whom might invite four persons to the club suppers. One of the rules of the organization provided that every member must bring to the suppers a dish of his own invention, which the master of ceremonies presented to any one he chose. Certainly Andrea must have had as exuberant a fancy as most in this matter, for we read that he "presented a temple with eight sides, like S. Giovanni, but resting on columns. The pavement was of gelatine, like different-colored mosaics; the pillars, which looked like porphyry, were great sausages, the base and capitals of Parmesan cheese, the cornices of sugar, and the tribunes of marchpane. In the middle was placed the choir desk of cold veal, with a book of macaroni paste, having the letters and notes for singing made with peppercorns, and those who were singing were thrushes with their beaks open and wearing little surplices, and behind these for the bassi were two fat pigeons, with six ortolans for the soprani." Andrea once recited a poem, The Battle of the Frogs and Mice, perhaps of his own composition, before the Kettle Club. He belonged, also, to a society called the Trowel Club and was sometimes called upon to help decorate for its dramatic affairs.

Those were happy, carefree days. Andrea had found congenial work and friends and pleasures and was generally regarded as the most promising young artist in Florence. Then he came into the toils of the fascinating Lucrezia, the beautiful young wife of a Florentine hatter, and when the hatter opportunely died, won her consent to matrimony. We can readily understand how Andrea's friends of the Kettle Academy and Trowel Club felt about his marriage. He still went occasionally to these clubs, but he was not the same Andrea,—the old happy-go-lucky spirit, the old singleminded devotion to art were gone. For Lucrezia seems to have been a vexatious woman if ever there was one. One or two attempts have been made in recent years to "whitewash" Lucrezia's reputation, but if we can trust contemporary account at all, she must have been shallow and selfish and extravagant in the extreme, impatient of Andrea's artistic ideals and constantly giving him cause for jealousy. Vasari, who was later a pupil of Del Sarto's, speaks with feeling on this matter. "And all who knew his case," he says, "felt compassion for him and blamed the simplicity which had reduced him to such a condition. He had been much sought after by his friends before, but now he was



THE PROCESSION OF THE MAGI ON THEIR WAY TO BETHLEHEM (After the fresco by Andrea del Sarto in the Cloister of the Annunziata at Florence)



avoided. For though his pupils stayed with him, hoping to learn something from him, there was not one, great or small, who did not suffer by her evil words or blows during the time he was there. Yet," adds Vasari, candidly, "this torment seemed to him the greatest pleasure." The artist lover remained infatuated with his wife's beauty and never tired of painting her into all his pictures.

The work Andrea did in the first years of his married life, at any rate, brought him steadily increasing fame. Came a red-letter day when he received an invitation to the French court, for one or two of his paintings had found their way as far afield as France and won him an admirer in Francis I himself. Andrea, who had thus far had no patrons of particular wealth or influence, was in high feather. Leaving Lucrezia behind with sufficient money for her needs until his plans should materialize, he set out for France. He was received in Paris with all the honor befitting a great painter. The King showered money and favors upon him and took the greatest personal interest in the canvases on which he was soon at work. A new life seemed to be opening upone in which he would be given unrestricted opportunity to devote himself to great works of art under the most generous and stimulating of patronage.

At home, in Florence, however, Lucrezia had no such visions. After a time she wrote Andrea the most woe-begone of letters begging for his return; indeed if he did not come speedily, she said, he would hardly find her alive. No sooner had he read the letter than the soft-hearted Andrea decided to return to Florence. He was filled with delight at the thought of seeing his wife and impressing her with the fine suit of clothes the King had given him, to say nothing of other handsome presents. According to Vasari's story, Francis not only gave the painter permission to go, but commissioned him to buy a number of important works

of art in Italy and advanced money for their payment. Andrea, on his part, promised to return to France within a few months. But once in Florence and under Lucrezia's influence, he forgot his honor, used the King's money to build himself a fine house and when the time came for his return, yielded to her persuasions and made no move.

Afterward Andrea seems to have made some effort to regain favor with Francis, but to no avail. But in Florence he was busy enough. The John the Baptist frescoes which he had begun years before for the Scalzo Brotherhood were to be finished, for one thing, and that task would take him some years. In Andrea's absence the Brotherhood had allowed Franciabigio to paint two of these frescoes, but they were glad to have the abler artist back. The Servites, also, were soon at their old task of inveigling Andrea into painting great works at little cost. Gossip doubtless had much to say in disapproval of his conduct, but after all there were few men who could paint such pictures. So in spite of his estrangement from the French monarch, Andrea managed to maintain his standing as an artist. Michelangelo, who had said to Raphael, "There is a little fellow in Florence who will bring sweat to your brow if ever he is engaged in great works," recommended Vasari to Andrea about this time, and there were many other pupils who braved the tongue of Lucrezia to study under the Faultless Painter.

On one occasion Andrea's technical skill was put to a severe test. The Duke of Mantua happened to be in Florence and saw there a painting by Raphael, a portrait group of Pope Leo X and two cardinals. As it happened, one of these cardinals had since become Pope Clement VII, and when the Duke paid his respects shortly after, he took occasion to speak flatteringly of the portrait. Clement, not to be outdone in politeness, wrote to Florence and ordered that the painting be sent to the appreciative Duke as a gift.

But this plan did not in the least please Ottaviano de Medici, who owned the portrait and was jealous of its possession for his city of Florence. He summoned Andrea and urged him to exert all his skill to make a perfect copy. This he sent to Mantua where it passed as the original for many years and might never have been unmasked had it not been for Vasari, who was in his master's confidence at the time and told the tale long after.

One day, about this time, Andrea had some colors left on his palette and since Lucrezia refused to sit for him, he used them to paint his own portrait. In his dramatic monologue Andrea del Sarto, quoted from above, Browning has made the artist paint in words a self-portrait of this same period—a marvelous analysis of his failure to achieve greatness for all his superb technical skill, his chagrin over that failure and yet his strange contentment with his lot. But if the Faultless Painter were by nature capable of such introspective heart-searchings, he has hardly expressed them in this portrait, which shows the good craftsman and indulgent husband rather than the artist with insight enough to tell him that the underlying reason of his failure lay in the principle that "a man's reach should exceed his grasp, or what's a heaven for?"

In Andrea's last years plague and warfare played sad havoc with the city of Florence. Once, when he went to deliver a painting to Ottaviano de Medici, he found his patron so distraught over the siege of the city that he was brusquely told to take his painting away and sell it to any one who could pay for it. "The work was done for you, and yours shall it ever remain," said the undaunted Andrea and departed. In a more opportune moment, he returned with the painting and was paid double. During the siege some rebels escaped, and by way of retaliation and warning, the authorities commissioned Andrea to paint their effigies in

one of the municipal buildings. Every one in Florence remembered how another painter, Andrea del Castagno, had been nicknamed "Andrea of the Hanged Men" on account of his horribly realistic painted effigies. Del Sarto had no desire to fall heir to the title. He agreed to undertake the commission, but worked at it secretly by night and pretended it was being done by one of his pupils.

With the soldiers who entered, after the fall of the city, the plague swept through Florence. Andrea was taken sick and Lucrezia, either because of her own wishes or his, left him to struggle alone with the disease. He died thus, in January, 1531, at the age of forty-three. He was buried with little ceremony in the Servite Church of the Annunziàta, for which so many of his best frescoes had been done.

CORREGGIO

(Antonio Allegri)

URING the early years of the sixteenth century, when Michelangelo, Leonardo, Raphael, Del Sarto and Titian were making their fame echo throughout all Italy and even far beyond, there

lived and died in comparative obscurity in the little city of Correggio, in Modena, an artist whose name today holds rank beside theirs. His principal work was done in the churches of Parma, seven or eight miles from his native city. It is almost certain that he never saw Rome, or Florence, or Milan. He had a wife and four children, some little property, a certain amount of local patronage and renown. But his death, at the age of forty, caused little stir.

It was probably in 1494 that this Antonio Allegri, known to later ages as Correggio, was born, in the city that his name has since made famous. His father, who was a tradesman and property owner, seems to have provided the boy with a passable education; at any rate tradition ascribes to him many masters, not only in art but in literary and scientific studies, among them the famous Dr. Lombardi, who taught him anatomy. He probably received his first lessons in art from an uncle who was a painter, but is said to have studied under other masters as well. Fairly early in his career he must have attracted a promising local patronage, for there is still in existence a contract for an altarpiece at a hundred ducats signed not only by the young artist of

twenty but by his father, whose consent was necessary since Correggio was still a minor. Not long after, an important commission called him to Parma to paint for a certain capricious, strong-willed abbess there. She chose to have her convent dining hall decorated with classic frescoes and so here, in this Catholic retreat, the artist first painted the pagan legends that were afterward the subject of some of his best work.

There is little to tell what dreams and ambitions stirred in young Correggio's heart. But once, so legend says, he saw a painting by Raphael in a neighboring city. After a long study of the canvas he turned away with the significant exclamation, "I, too, am a painter."

At twenty-six he married the beautiful young daughter of one of the retainers of the court of Mantua. The bride brought her husband a good dowry, but it was not paid until after an annoying lawsuit with her uncle. Meantime, as though one such family dispute were not enough, Correggio had become involved in another over a deed of a house and several acres of land which had been given him by his own uncle in consideration of certain services he had rendered. After the uncle died, the matter was disputed by a cousin and dragged on in the courts for years until finally Lord Manfredo, ruler of Correggio, intervened and divided the property. It must have been because of the endless worry that these lawsuits entailed, as much as anything else, that Correggio long bore the reputation of a man overburdened by gloomy fate. Vasari, who wrote chiefly from information given him in Rome by a personal friend of the artist's, calls him "timid," "melancholy" and "miserly" and gives a vivid account of just how harassed he was by the burden of supporting a needy family and how patiently he repressed his own passions and inclinations.

Whether it was from the need of money or the impetus



W. F. Mansell

THE HOLY NIGHT
From the painting by Correggio, in Dresden



of genius, Correggio certainly carried through to completion an immense amount of work during his brief career. His finest painting was done in Parma, seven or eight miles away from his native city. Here he spent the greater part of his ten years of married life, with frequent trips back to Correggio to attend to the details of the two family lawsuits. He first painted a series of frescoes in a Benedictine church at Parma, and later spent years in decorating the great cupola of the Cathedral.

This tremendous work is regarded as his masterpiece. Above, the Virgin is being received into heaven by Christ, and in the corners below are the four patron saints of Parma, borne aloft on clouds and surrounded by a host of ascending angels. Critics say that nothing else in the entire history of art is quite comparable to this huge frescoed cupola in which, because of the violent foreshortening of their lower limbs. scores of angels and saints, almost nude, seem to be springing upward through space. The bewildered boy who called it "a hash of frogs" invented a phrase that soon became proverbial. The cupola was so unlike anything the canons of the church had ever seen, or had hoped to see when they gave the commission, that they were sure this kind of art was not befitting a Christian church and quite beside themselves with distress. They even intended to destroy the frescoes and would have carried out their threat, so the story goes, if the great Titian had not happened to pass through Parma. To their utter astonishment, this honored guest assured them that if they were to turn the dome upside down and fill it with gold, it would hardly be a fair value for their greatly despised frescoes.

Correggio must have suffered over the friars' dissatisfaction with his work, and he certainly received no domeful of gold. But the document in which he made arrangements to do the frescoes stated that he could not, "having regard to our honor and that of the place, undertake the work for less than one thousand gold ducats," and he was to be paid one hundred ducats in addition for other decorations and to be relieved of all expense for scaffolding, plaster and the like. This was not a large recompense in view of the number of years that he spent on the work, but he seems to have been paid in installments with some regularity, particularly during the first years, as extant documents prove. There is certainly no truth in the melodramatic legend of how the much abused artist was paid only half the agreed sum, and that in one great bag of copper money, which he himself, to save expense, carried the long way home to Correggio, where his poverty-stricken family awaited him. According to this mournful tale he fell ill from low spirits and over-exertion and died three days later!

Modern critics have been much puzzled to reconcile the traditional accounts of Correggio's personality with the almost pagan grace and joyousness which they find inherent in his work. Vasari's story is now, however, regarded as almost entirely legendary and a number of legal documents which show the artist witnessing deeds, standing godfather to children and performing several other friendly offices have been resurrected in its place. From these documents together with the evidence of his own characteristic style of painting there has evolved another, quite different Correggio from the old—a genial, neighborly man, full of the joy of living, "the Faun of the Renaissance." But whether either is the real Correggio is difficult to say. When all the evidence is carefully accumulated and weighed pro and con, his personality remains a good deal of a mystery.

The meager facts concerning the rest of his life are very simply told. During the years spent at Parma he found time, while engaged on the Cathedral cupola, to paint many altarpieces and easel pictures, among the latter his cele-

brated painting of the Nativity called Night, probably his best-known canvas. About 1528, at Parma, his wife died and a year or two later, apparently without quite completing the work in the Cathedral, he took his motherless children back to Correggio, where he settled down into his own house and continued to paint. He had been for years on friendly terms with the ruling family of Correggio and he painted for the Duke of Mantua at least three mythological pictures, which were thought worthy of being presented to Emperor Charles V on the occasion of his coronation. Had Correggio lived only a few years longer, these connections and the recognition of the great Titian would almost certainly have led him out into the wider fame that fate denied him. But he was doomed to a premature end.

Aside from the date, 1534, little or nothing is known of his death, which is usually said to have been the result of very sudden illness. He was buried in the cloister of the Franciscan church at Correggio. He left two little girls and one son, who afterward became a painter, though of no great ability.

TITIAN

(Tiziano Vecelli)

HE stately magnificence of sixteenth-century Venice

lives on in the pictures of Titian, greatest of Venetian painters. But all his life Tiziano Vecelli was known as Titian of Cadore, for he was born not in the lagoon city but some distance to the north in Piave di Cadore among the foothills of the Alps. His father, we are told, was "equally distinguished by wisdom in the Council of Cadore and by bravery as a soldier in the field." Of late years Titian's birth is often assigned to the year 1489 or 1490, but the traditional date that makes him live to be ninety-nine is 1477. Cadore was at that period under the rule of the Venetian city state and when it was decided that young Titian was to be a painter, it was only natural that he should be taken to Venice, to serve his apprenticeship there.

Those were the days when Venice was a leading commercial power. The rich stuffs unloaded at her wharfs and sold on the Rialto, the splendid life of her wealthy merchants, the picturesque lagoons, the pomp and ceremonial of the Doge's court, were in themselves a magnificent pageant. Though we have little record of Titian's apprentice days, there are hints that he was not only greatly stimulated by his surroundings but from the first very much at home. He soon came under the influence of the Bellini family, who were rapidly making a name for the city in the realm of art. Old



THE TRIBUTE MONEY.
From the nainting, Dresden Gallery. Titian.



Jacopo Bellini, who had founded the school, was dead, but his sons Gentile and Giovanni had gathered about them a group of talented youths, of whom several seemed then to be Titian's equals or superiors. Chief among them was the brilliant young Giorgione, but Palma Vecchio and Del Piombo were also spoken of as artists of high promise. Tradition has it that Gentile Bellini dismissed Titian because he was too offhand, that he studied next with Giovanni but took occasion to criticize his new master's methods, that Giorgione and Titian, who were for a time great friends, quarreled over a compliment paid to Titian's painting. Titian's first important work was to assist Giorgione with some exterior frescoes for the Fondaco dei Tedeschi, or state warehouse for the German trading companies.

When Giorgione died suddenly of plague, Titian was a man of thirty-three, if the traditional date of his birth be accepted—a youth of something just over twenty according to the theory of a later birth. He had already painted a number of his most brilliant portraits and many religious and mythological canvases. Now, by an ingenious move he suddenly assumed the leading rôle in the Venetian world of art. In 1513 on his return after a year or so away from Venice, he addressed the City Council of Ten as follows:

High and Mighty Lords:

I, Titian of Cadore, have from childhood upwards studied the art of painting, desirous of a little fame rather than of profit. . . . And although in the past and also in the present I have been urgently invited by His Holiness the Pope and other lords to enter their service, I, as the faithful subject of Your Excellencies, have the rather cherished the wish to leave behind me in this famous town a memorial; and therefore, if it seem good to Your Excellencies, I am anxious to paint in the Hall of Great Council, employing thereto all my powers, and to begin with the canvas of the battle, on the side toward the piazza, which is so difficult that no one has yet had courage

to attempt it. I should be willing to accept for my labor any reward that may be thought proper, or even less. Therefore, being as aforesaid studious only of honor and to please Your Excellencies, I beg to ask for the first broker's patent for life that shall be vacant in the Fondaco dei Tedeschi, irrespective of all promised reversions of such patent. In return for which I promise to do the work above named with such speed and excellence as will satisfy the Signory. . . .

This modestly worded document was in effect, a request for the official post of painter to the state. Some of the other artists set up a great clamor of opposition, but to no avail, for three years later, when Giovanni Bellini died, Titian was presented with the much-coveted brokership. With it went the obligation of painting portraits of the successive doges at a nominal payment. Titian painted five of these portraits while he held the brokership, but once secure in his office he was in no great hurry to finish his promised battle scene. Though he did make a few preliminary studies, for the next few years he was pretty thoroughly engrossed in building up connections with patrons other than the state, many of them far afield from Venice. For, unlike most artists, Titian was always an excellent man of business. He knew well enough how eager the Italian princes were just then to outdo each other in their patronage of the arts-and knew, too, how to turn that fact to his own advantage without sacrificing a whit of his dignity or independence. His canvases were soon in demand throughout Europe.

But Titian's desire to further his own worldly interests never led him into hurried, slipshod methods. It was his habit to put completed canvases aside sometimes for months and then bring them out, examine them so sternly that they might have been his mortal enemies, and set to work anew with a kind of fury. He was an indefatigable worker, and usually kept a number of pictures in progress at the same time, turning from one to another when the work went badly. Chief among his patrons of this early period was Alfonso d'Este, duke of Ferrara, who not only gave him commissions over a period of twenty years, but introduced him to the Duke of Mantua, who became one of his most generous friends and, in turn, boasted of his work to others. So his fame spread; eventually he added to his already imposing list of patrons the Emperor Charles V.

By this time he had settled into a house in that section of Venice along the shore known as the Biri Grande. His garden stretched down to the open sea, across which might be seen, on a clear day, the snowy peaks of the Alps in the vicinity of his native Cadore. In this almost princely establishment Titian lived for the forty odd years that remained to him, and here he entertained his countless guests, many of them among the most notable personages of Europe. His warmest friends were the brilliant, frankly licentious poet Aretino and the sculptor Sansovino, men whose fame in their own spheres was almost, if not quite, as great as his own. So close was the bond between these three kindred spirits that they were nicknamed "the Triumvirate."

Titian's sister Orsa, whom Aretino referred to as "not only a sister but a daughter, mother and friend," was the artist's housekeeper and cared for his three, possibly four, motherless children; for his wife had died, the year before he moved to the Biri Grande, after playing out her shadowy, somewhat pathetic rôle in his magnificent life. He is said to have been deeply affected by her loss. She was the daughter of a barber of Cadore, by name Cecilia, and had borne the artist at least one son out of wedlock. The meager records speak of her being seriously ill at the time of her marriage and afterward. To the children his wife left him after their five years of married life, Titian devoted a great deal of affectionate concern. His daughter Lavinia was a

continual delight, for he taught her to paint and she was his companion and assistant, until at last he saw her happily married. A son, Orazio, also assisted him at his painting. But his older son, Pomponio, whom he launched in a churchman's career, caused him endless worry and turned out a ne'er-do-well in spite of all his pains.

So with family cares and pleasures, with the responsibilities of entertainment, with an increasingly heavy business correspondence and, above all, with painting, the years passed. But meantime the Venetian Council of Ten were still waiting, sometimes patiently, more often impatiently, for their distinguished fellow citizen to decorate the Hall of Great Council according to agreement. Finally their forbearance was exhausted. No less than twenty-four years had elapsed since the artist had declared himself "desirous of a little fame rather than of profit" and "anxious to paint in the Hall of Great Council, employing thereto all my powers," and for twenty-one of these years he had been regularly receiving the income of his broker's patent. He was now notified that he must refund the unearned money and a rival was appointed in his place. Roused to action by this threat, Titian painted the long contemplated battle scene in such magnificent fashion that the whole city was wild with delight.

He was now well on in his prime, but the next few years were extremely vigorous ones. With the aid of Aretino, who was a man who delighted to play politics in the interest of his friend, he formed a number of new connections, particularly with the great houses of the Medici and Farnese, and on the invitation of Pope Paul III, one of the latter family, made at sixty-eight (if one accepts the traditional account of his age) what seems to have been his first trip to Rome. Vasari acted as his guide through the city on this occasion and Michelangelo paid him a friendly call. After-

ward the great Florentine remarked to Vasari that he was delighted with the color of Titian's *Danae* but that it was a pity the painters at Venice did not begin by learning to draw well, for if art had done as well by Titian as nature, he would have had no equal.

Hardly had Titian returned from Rome when he set out again, this time to attend the Imperial Court of Charles V, assembled at Augsburg. The next year he went to Milan at the request of the Emperor's son, and later came another summons to Augsburg. Tradition says much of the close bond of intimacy between the Emperor and the painter during these years of Titian's old age. One by one, now, his family and friends died, leaving him to paint on into his hundredth year. Critics speak of a change in the spirit of his work during these last twenty years, some new, more personal, disturbing feeling in his religious painting. But in spite of growing distress of mind, "the old man of Cadore" worked on, still master of his brush and still held in honor throughout Europe.

In 1575 came the plague; the following summers it was even more deadly. Titian died in August, 1576, of plague, or, some say, of old age. In spite of the dreadful conditions prevalent in the city, he was buried in great state. On his easel was an unfinished *Pieta*, which he had wished to be placed above his tomb and which now bears the inscription, "What Titian left unfinished, Palma [the younger] has with reverence completed, and dedicated the work to God."

TINTORETTO

(Jacopo Robusti)

ICHELANGELO'S form and the color of Titian" (Il desegno di Michelangelo ed il colorito di Tiziano). With these words on the wall of his studio, this ideal urging him on from within,

the Venetian Tintoretto taught himself to paint. But very bitter must have been the flavor of these early years of self-discipline, for Titian himself, then at the height of his fame, had dismissed the boy from his studio after a few days of instruction. Other young artists about him had the advantages of the master's help while Tintoretto worked on alone and under a cloud. Never, so long as he lived, was he quite free from the effects of this boyhood incident, which cast a shadow against which are seen his struggles and his success.

Jacopo Robusti, whom we know by his nickname of Tintoretto, was the son of a hard-working Venetian dyer or tintore, and was born in the heart of the great lagoon city, probably in 1518. His childish eyes must often have feasted on the rich colors of dripping garments emerging from his father's vats; legend relates that he was found decorating the walls of the house with the gorgeous dyes when he was not much more than a baby. As he grew older he used to roam about the city watching the fresco painters at their work. He even learned to distinguish Titian high up on the scaffolding of some new building and conceived for him an admiration that lasted as long as he lived. In course

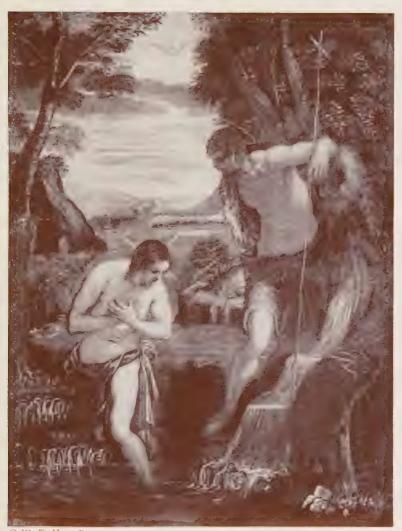
of time the dyer took his young son to Titian's studio. The boy was admitted as a pupil, but after a few blissful days that he never forgot, he was suddenly dismissed. Ridolfi, Tintoretto's early biographer, who gained his information from Tintoret's friends, tells a romantic story of Titian's uncontrollable jealousy at seeing some of the boy's sketches. No one knows how much truth there may be in that barely credible tale—some important link seems to have been omitted in the telling.

His dreams shattered, his whole being sick with shame and disappointment, the boy bravely set to work alone. He painted early and late, in his scantily furnished studio with its ambitious motto staring at him from the walls. He begged the privilege of helping without pay on the wall paintings of his friend Schiavone, a talented young fellow who though four years his junior was well trained in the Titian methods. He began, also, the modeling of wax or clay figures that proved such a help in planning his compositions all through life. When he had carefully molded the figures he suspended them, sometimes draped and sometimes nude, in a wooden or cardboard box that had an aperture for a lighted candle. In this way, by moving the figures or the candle, he could judge of their effects.

But however skilled he might be, however untiring his industry, it seemed next to impossible for a young painter who had no connections with a studio to secure commissions. Tintoret, like many another artist confronted with this same problem, must often have felt completely baffled. Paint he must, so he took to offering his services free of charge, as he had with his friend Schiavone. This disconcerting procedure succeeded so well that he made use of it many a time, even after he had attained some note. Not that he did not need money or care for his dignity as a painter. These things were doubtless as precious to him as to another, but

they were sacrificed in his devotion to his art. When he undertook a commission for little or no pay, he carried it through with the same skill and enthusiasm that he devoted to his best paid work. By employing such methods again and again, he gradually won a place for himself in Venice. His Miracle of the Slave, painted when he was about thirty, was such a success that even Titian's close friend Pietro Aretino, the poet, put himself in the ranks of Tintoret's admirers and begged to be of service. Tintoret never quite trusted this brilliant, unscrupulous man. According to report, once when he was making ready to paint Aretino's portrait, he drew a dagger—and on his sitter's showing signs of nervousness, explained that he was only going to use it as a measuring-rod.

Titian himself never condescended to have any dealings with his one-time pupil, and often, when he had the task of giving out commissions for important work, passed him over in favor of other, less able artists. But Tintoretto, apparently, did not allow himself to become embittered by this treatment. Of course, as his fame grew, the rivalry was greatly exaggerated and played upon by the partisans of the two artists. Titian's prestige was so great, not only locally but throughout Europe, that any Venetian painter whom he ignored was apt to be made light of. Read, for instance, the beginning and end of Vasari's brief, patronizing account, which reflects contemporary opinion: "In the same city of Venice, there lived and yet does live, a painter called Jacopo Tintoretto, who is a great lover of all the arts, and more particularly delights in playing on various musical instruments; he is besides a very agreeable person, which is proved in all his modes of proceeding; but as to the matter of painting, he may be said to possess the most singular, capricious and determined hand, with the boldest, most extravagant and obstinate brain, that has ever yet belonged to that domain



@ W. F. Mansell

THE BAPTISM OF JESUS
From the painting by Tintoretto, in Madrid



of art . . . and we will content ourselves with having said this much of Tintoretto, who is certainly a very clever man and highly commendable painter."

On one occasion Tintoret did put his own work forward in direct comparison with Titian's, but only in private company as a sort of feat. At one of the social gatherings which he often attended in the home of Jacopo Contarino, a girl's head was being inspected, so the story goes, and some officious person told Tintoret, "If any one wishes to know how to paint, that is the way." Tintoret went home, got down from his wall an unfinished study of a head by Titian, gave it a fresh coat of varnish to make it look new, and at the other end of the canvas painted a woman's head, to which he gave the appearance of age by smoking it. At the next meeting at Contarino's he exhibited the picture, listened to the excited praise of "Titian's" work—and then revealed the truth.

Tintoret was, however, too whole-heartedly putting every ounce of energy he had into his art to give way to petty resentment. He had married and settled into a house that, like Titian's, afforded a magnificent view across the lagoons. Faustina, his wife, was a nobleman's daughter, and very careful for the honor of the household. She insisted, for instance, that her husband should always wear the robe of a Venetian citizen when he went out on the street. This custom rather pleased him, though he pretended not to care, but alas, she insisted also that he wear an outer garment to protect it on rainy days, and at this he frankly rebelled. It is said that Faustina used to give her husband money wrapped up in a handkerchief when he went out and expect a strict account of it on his return. Often his answer was that he had given it away as alms to the poor or to prisoners! Faustina must have had her worries over this unaccountable husband who still, now and then, in spite of

all her care, went begging people to allow him to paint for them without being paid a penny for his work.

Ridolfi gives the following picture of his daily life:

This excellent man was of so secluded habits that he lived away from every pleasure because of the continuous fatigues and troubles that were caused to him by study and devotion to art. . . During the greater part of the time which he did not spend in painting, he remained in his work-room, which was situated in the furthest part of his house; and the bold person who resolved to obtain access to him was obliged to light a candle, at whatever time in the day.

There he spent hours of perfect quiet among a great quantity of casts, and there, by means of the arrangements of his models (such as have been already mentioned), he determined the inventions of effect which were to be introduced on to his canvas. Into that room he very seldom admitted any one, however great a friend he might be. Nor did he allow his methods of working to be seen, except by his own assistants, because the golden rules of art which ensure a painter's triumph are always kept secret by him, and students can only acquire them through continuous observation and hard work.

He was, however, of a kind and pleasant disposition, for painting does not cause men to become peculiar, as is often thought; but it makes them accomplished and ready for emergencies. He used to talk with his friends in a most kind manner, and many witty sayings and kind deeds were associated with him; and he used to utter his best sayings very gracefully, without even the appearance of smiling, and when he thought he could do so, he used even to make his jokes with great persons, and take advantage of the keenness of his mind, so that he often obtained his own way with them.

Il Furioso was what the Venetians called this artist in his prime. One fellow painter remarked in despair that Tintoretto could do as much in two days as he would in two years. It was commonly said that in many pictures Tintoretto was equal to Titian, in others inferior to Tintoret! He was still securing commissions by his unusual methods. In 1560, when he was forty-one, he was one of five painters invited to send in trial sketches for the centerpiece of a ceiling in a

certain charitable institution. He painted not a sketch but a picture and somehow succeeded in having it inserted into its oval on the ceiling. His rivals in the competition were naturally indignant. Tintoret, who was very anxious to do the work, then went so far as to give his picture to the patron saint of the place, knowing that a by-law of the foundation prevented its refusal. Later he furnished without payment the other decorations for that same ceiling and numerous paintings for its walls in return for a moderate compensation. It might not be far from the truth to say that as the years brought Tintoret fame he grew to take a certain pleasure in his old habit of maneuvering for commissions—sincere enough and without malice but with a certain gusto in the mere game of it. He seems to have been unable to endure the thought of any great work going forward in Venice without him. Each new project was a stimulus and a challenge. Even when he was seventy, he went about moving heaven and earth, we are told, to secure for himself the commission of painting a Paradise, in the Doge's Palace. He assured the Senators he was praying God daily to give him this last great task that he might be certain of entering Paradise at death. When this famous Paradise of Tintoret's was finished and the Senators asked him to set his price, he courteously referred the matter back to them, and what is more astonishing, on their naming a liberal amount, insisted that he would be satisfied with much less.

Tintoretto and his wife were the parents of a large family. The eldest son, Domenico, became a painter and assisted his father with some of his work. But Domenico was not half so proficient an artist as Tintoret's much-loved daughter Marietta. Until she was fifteen she dressed as a boy, accompanied her father everywhere and helped him with his painting, though strangers, it is said, had no suspicion of the identity of the able young assistant. She at-

tained such skill as a portrait painter that she received official invitations to visit the courts of Emperor Maximilian, Philip II of Spain and Archduke Ferdinand. But she preferred to remain at home and marry a Venetian jeweler. For years her home was a center for a delightful circle of friends. Her death, about the time he painted the *Paradise*, was a great shock to Tintoret and probably hastened his own end. Legend relates that the old man found some solace for his agony in painting his daughter as she lay calm and lifeless. He himself died four years later, in 1594, at the age of seventy-five.





INTRODUCTION

ERMANY, who gave to the world most of its great musicians, can boast comparatively few artists of international fame. But in the days of the Italian Renaissance, when Raphael and Michel-

angelo and Titian were painting in Italy, she had her Albrecht Dürer and her Hans Holbein. Before their time painting had been a medieval craft; afterward the dissensions and wars that followed upon the Reformation had,

temporarily at least, a disastrous effect upon art.

Dürer, a poet and philosopher by temperament, with typically German love of detail crowded into the prints that issued from his Nuremberg workshop conceptions not only interesting and decorative in themselves but often invested with a rich allegorical meaning. Holbein, Dürer's junior by a quarter of a century, was no poet but a realist. His portraits are among the most clear-sighted as well as the most powerful ever painted. Like Dürer, Holbein was given to treating details with infinite care, but he was adept in making them contribute to the impression of character in the sitter. In the work of German artists of lesser gifts, critics complain that lack of discrimination in detail often detracts from otherwise interesting painting.

German art in the centuries that followed was of a less distinctive order, colored largely by Italian influence. But there were many able artists, and in the nineteenth century local schools, such as those of Düsseldorf and Munich, exerted an influence far beyond the German border.

ALBRECHT DURER



N the old German town of Nuremberg, which even today retains many of the quaint high gables and red roofs of medieval times, the artist Albrecht Dürer was born, in the year of our Lord, 1471.

Think of Dürer as passing the time of day with his famous fellow townsman, Hans Sachs, the genial cobbler poet who lives again in Wagner's opera, Die Meistersinger, and one has some idea of his Nuremberg. Think of him as painting portraits of Luther and Melanchthon, to feel the temper of the Germany in which he lived. But to rate his achievements as an artist, one must conceive of him as contemporary with Michelangelo, as exchanging work with Raphael, as meeting once in Venice the aged Bellini and perhaps the youthful Titian, yet working for the most part alone, a pioneer, in a Germany with the traditions of the crafts but not of any great art.

Dürer's father, Albrecht Dürer the elder, was a gold-smith by trade. Brought up in Hungary, he had roamed through Germany on the Wanderjahre then customary for all youthful craftsmen and had come at last to settle in Nuremberg. On the day when the young goldsmith arrived in town, he watched a lively dance held under the linden tree in the courtyard of Nuremberg Castle and was told that it celebrated the wedding of one Philipp Pirkheimer of local note. Little could he have imagined that he would live to see a son of his and a son of Philipp Pirkheimer's well started on the road to fame, and that their friendship would, like their achievements, be a tale for future generations.

In those days Nuremberg was a flourishing commercial center-"Nuremberg's hand goes through the land," the saying was. Albrecht Dürer the elder found employment with a goldsmith there and in due time married his employer's daughter. In the day-book kept by the famous son who was the third of no less than eighteen children born to this couple, it is recorded that "my father's life was passed in great struggles and in continuous hard work. With my dear mother bearing so many children he never could become rich, as he had nothing but what his hands brought him. He had thus many troubles, trials and adverse circumstances." Again Dürer writes: "This my dear father was untiring in his endeavors to bring up his children to honor God; for his highest wish was that his children should be pleasing both to God and man; therefore he used to tell us every day that we should love God and be true in our dealings with our neighbors." Of this mother the day-book records: "Her chief occupations had been to go to church and to admonish me often if I did not act rightly." Such was the simple, pious German home in which Dürer spent his early years.

After learning to read and write, young Albrecht was taught the goldsmith's trade in his father's shop, but after a time he began to beg to be an artist instead. At first the hard-pressed goldsmith was annoyed to think of the time already lost, but at last he agreed and apprenticed his fifteen-year-old son to Michael Wolgemut, a Nuremberg painter. Dürer says that the other apprentices in Wolgemut's studio made him "suffer many things," but adds that "during this time God gave me industry, so that I studied well." After his three years of apprenticeship, he spent four more on his Wanderjahre, and then returned to open his own studio in his native city.

In Germany, as everywhere else, those were exciting

times, for Dürer had grown up with the generation that was breaking free from the Middle Ages. If he had been born in an Italian city state he would have painted the visions of the new age for generous popes and princes, but in Germany the Renaissance was already taking on that earnest, popular character that was to make of it a Reformation. There was a great demand for engravings, to satisfy the curiosity of the people about a hundred and one new things, and for woodcuts to illustrate books issuing from the newly invented presses. Dürer's fertile brain was fairly teeming with ideas, and with that thoroughly German love of detail, that passionate interest in everything under the sun, that was characteristic of him, he set them all down as fast as they came, careless of the sometimes bewildering effect of crowding a wealth of material into a single print.

For the insight they give into the popular tastes and interests of the period, if for nothing else, the early engravings that issued from Dürer's workshop would be of the greatest value. Madonnas and saints vied with scenes from everyday life but even more with weird beings from far-off lands and grotesque mythological subjects. Dürer was himself a lover of all these things. He and his freind Wilibald Pirkheimer discussed them endlessly, in all their external charm and their philosophic significance. But it was into the woodcuts for religious books that the young artist put his most ardent efforts. When he was only twenty-five he executed a series of illustrations for the book of Revelation that ranks with the finest work he ever did. It was a task to appall any artist, since a too literal rendering of the text would have made the drawings absurd. Only a poet could have interpreted so ably the strange, terrible, magnificent imagery of the Apocalypse.

Such works as these spread Dürer's fame abroad not only in Germany, but even as far as Italy, where he was paid

the annoying compliment of having his prints pirated. Meantime, he had married, and with work and friendship and simple pleasures, was leading an engrossing life. Dürer's marriage was a practical affair, arranged by his father while he was off on his Wanderjahre. His bride is said to have been young, beautiful and well dowered and in the portraits which he painted of her in later life she appears as a remarkably comely German hausfrau. But until recent years she has fared ill at the hands of her husband's biographers. The tradition that she was a nagging shrew comes chiefly from a letter written by Pirkheimer shortly after the artist's death. Says the old friend:

Indeed in Albrecht I have lost the very best friend I had in the world, and I grieve at nothing more than that he should have had such a bitter end, which I can lay to no one's account but that of his wife, who worried his heart and was nagging at him in such wise that in the end he was emaciated and worn down to nothing, like a billet. She did not allow him to seek cheer or visit people. This shrewish woman never let care depart, for which behavior she indeed had no excuse; and she egged him on to work night and day, that he should earn more and be able to leave her something when he died. And she still carries on as if she must go to rack and ruin, in spite of the fact that Albrecht left her almost the value of 6000 florins. ... For whoever was well disposed to this man and tried to protect him, he was deemed an enemy by her, which greatly sorrowed Albrecht and hurried him to his grave. . . . To be sure she and her sisters aren't rogues; on the contrary I don't in the least doubt that they are honest and pious women. But it were better for one to have a rogue who in other respects is kind to one, rather than such nagging and scolding pietists, who never give a moment's peace, night or day....

From this letter it is clear that Pirkheimer and Frau Agnes wasted little love upon each other. In a desire to be fair to her, recent biographers have made much of the fact that after Dürer's death, of her own accord, she handed over

a share of the estate to his two brothers, who had no legal claim while she lived. Also, these biographers submit, a man's best friend does not always give the most disinterested opinion as regards that man's wife.

But whatever the truth about Frau Agnes, she could hardly have shared Dürer's rich and varied interests so completely as did his boon companion, Wilibald Pirkheimer. This crony of Dürer's who became in course of time one of the outstanding humanists of Germany, was scholar, statesman, soldier, man of the world-like Dürer a man of a thousand and one intellectual interests. But Pirkheimer was not all intellect by any means; it was perhaps the lover of meat and drink and not too squeamish jollity that Frau Agnes distrusted as much as she did the philosopher whose mind she could not follow. By a chance much luckier than the survival of the tirade against Frau Agnes, there exists a series of ten letters that gives us a happy insight into the friendship of these two men-and not that alone but a picture of Albrecht Dürer himself, midway in his career, on a visit to Venice in all her Renaissance glory.

Pirkheimer evidently lent his friend the necessary money for this trip, and asked him in return to undertake the purchase of jewels, books, rugs, Venetian glass and what not. When Dürer first writes, it is to say he thinks more about his debt than his friend does, and hopes soon to discharge it, since the altarpiece he is painting for the German merchants in Venice should be finished and paid for in such and such a time. A month later, in apology for his prolonged silence, he pleads, "I have no other friend in the world but you. Nor can I really believe that you are angry with me; for I think of you not otherwise than of a father." There follows comment on Venice and on the friendliness of the venerable Giovanni Bellini, who had recently called and ordered a painting,—a happy change from the attitude of



PORTRAIT OF THE EMPEROR MAXIMILIAN (From the painting by Albrecht Durer at Vienna)



the other local artists, who secretly appropriated features of Dürer's work, yet in public criticized it harshly because it was not done "in the antique manner." Poor Dürer! he had endless trouble over Pirkheimer's commissions; in one instance he was completely swindled, and the altarpiece for the Germans took months longer than he had anticipated. The strain was harassing. But he was keeping up his spirits, "for excepting the painters," says he, "everybody wishes me well."

Some four months later the tide has turned and the triumphant artist writes in high feather: "My picture sends greeting and would give a ducat to be seen by you. It is good and beautiful in coloration. I have earned much praise but little profit. And I have silenced the painters who used to say that I was good in engraving but didn't know anything about the handling of colors. Now everybody says they have never seen finer colors. My French cloak sends its best regards and so does my Italian coat. Item: the Doge and the Patriarch have also come to see my altarpiece." Another letter in the same vein reports, not without gusto, that he has found his first gray hair from work and worry. In the final letter of the series he is still full of elation, but dreading the return to Nuremberg. Says he: "I shall ride to Bologna for the sake of art, some secrets in Perspective which somebody there is going to teach me. Then I will make for home by the next carrier. Oh, how shall I starve for lack of this sun! here I am a gentleman, at home a parasite."

He might have stayed in Venice and basked in the sun had he chosen, for the Signory had offered him a yearly pension of two hundred ducats if he would settle there. But Dürer loved his gable-roofed Nuremburg. In a letter which he found occasion to write to the Municipal Council some years later, he declared, truthfully enough, that out of love

for his native place he had declined many honors and preferred to live there in moderate circumstances rather than to enjoy wealth and fame anywhere else,—in spite of the fact that he had not been given five hundred florins for work in the town in thirty years! This was no complaining document either, but a simple request that he be permitted to invest his savings with the council at a fair interest.

After the return from Venice, where he had so gloriously proved himself painter as well as engraver, for a time Dürer gave his best efforts to painting. But this artist who was so prodigal of ideas, so swift and sure with his burin, was the slowest and most painstaking of men with brush and canvas. Again and again the experience with the Venetian altarpiece was repeated; he found himself taking so much longer than he had planned that his profits were eaten up. So gradually he returned to engraving and in the next few years executed many of his finest prints, among them the well-known St. Jerome in His Cell, Melancholia and Knight. Death and the Devil. "In all the allegorical pictures we know," says L. Jesse Allen of the Melancholia, which perhaps is Dürer's masterpiece, "is there anything so haunting as this winged woman seated on the ground, pondering, working, hopeless yet still indomitable, surrounded by the symbols of time and justice, the appliances of science, the magic crystal, the mystic numbers?"

Like the *Melancholia*, the prints of these later years are more and more enriched with a wealth of philosophic symbolism. Dürer must have fairly gloried in the great scheme of *The Triumphal Arch*, a series of ninety-two woodcuts which he executed for Emperor Maximilian in 1515 and which, when pieced together and mounted, according to plan, to make an arch, measured some nine feet by ten. This great work presented the deeds and virtues of Maximilian, claborated upon with innumerable symbolic designs, includ-

ing the arms of the one hundred and two countries in the vast empire over which he ruled.

In Dürer's last years the same love of abstract, philosophic thought that was finding expression in these engravings and woodcuts, with their rich hints of inner meaning, led him to give much of his time to writing about art. His theoretical treatises are not particularly successful; most students of art would gladly exchange the Art of Perspective, On the Fortification of Cities, Castles and Villages and Four Books on the Proportion of the Human Body for another Melancholia. He had difficulty in confining the wealth of his ideas within the limits of clear, readable prose. But Dürer had a passion for scientific research that was akin in some measure to that of his great contemporary Leonardo. In these treatises he is essentially the student in search of new truths, and though so intimately a child of his age in other ways, betrays none of that belligerent spirit that was beginning to sweep through all Germany. Much of his reasoning strikes the note of the famous, much-quoted sentence, "But what Beauty really is, that I cannot tell."

Dürer once wrote to a friend: "And if God helps me so as to come to Doctor Martinus Luther, then I will try to take his portrait most carefully and engrave it, so as better to preserve the memory of this Christian man who has helped me out of great tribulation." He was in thorough sympathy with the new religious movement of his day. But as much as he could, he avoided becoming involved in the disputes that were setting the world upside down; perhaps he even, now and then, sidestepped when a clear issue arose. He refused to quarrel with his age. And although the oncoming struggle took men's minds quite away from art as art, Dürer never really suffered from this state of affairs, as Holbein did. He made no fortune, but there was an eager demand for everything he could produce. After his

patron Maximilian died, he and Frau Agnes went on a leisurely journey through the Netherlands to Aix-la-Chapelle to attend the coronation of Charles V and secure a renewal of the imperial grant. The comments of the little day-book, which was revived during the trip, show that the artist had lost none of his old-time zest for travel, or for life in general. His life was a full and a happy one.

The news of his death, a few years later, in 1528 when he was only fifty-seven, came as a severe shock to all Germany. Luther wrote to Hesse: "As regards Dürer, it behooves a pious man to mourn for this best of men. You, however, may well esteem him happy that Christ had enlightened him and took him off betimes out of this stormy and most likely soon still stormier era, so that he, worthy of seeing only the best, was not compelled to see the worst."

HANS HOLBEIN

LTHOUGH a "German" artist by birth and upbringing, Hans Holbein belongs not so much to Germany as to the cosmopolitan world. Early in his youth he drifted into the Swiss town of Basel,

lured by the chance of finding work as an illustrator with some of the publishers who had set up their newly founded printing presses in that flourishing center. Chance and merit won him the patronage of Erasmus and for a time the humanist current bore him along to fame. Then the more violent side of the Reformation asserted itself. The struggle for religious freedom brought in its wake wars, pestilence and famine and the mob destruction of many works of art. Finding it impossible to make even a bare living in the Swiss city under such conditions, Holbein betook himself to England, where he won a new fame in the court of Henry VIII.

Holbein was, however, bred in the traditions of German art. His father, his uncle and his older brother were painters at Augsburg, in southern Germany, and there he was born in the year 1497. Hans Holbein the Elder would have left a name for himself, even if he had not been the father of a much more famous Holbein, for through his work, the critics tell us, the Italian influence first came into German painting. Augsburg was, in point of fact, much nearer Italy than Flanders, and it was but natural that after learning the stiff German methods derived chiefly from the earlier

Flemish school, this keenly observant artist should gradually mellow his painting after the manner of the Italians.

Young Holbein thus grew up in a stimulating atmosphere. He doubtless went into the family studio at an early age and must often have watched his father at that remarkable trick—which the two Holbeins held in common—of portraying character in a few masterful strokes. We are told that the boy was a great favorite with his father. But though the workshop was a busy one, matters did not go smoothly with old Holbein. He could not pay his taxes; he was sued for debt by the brother who was his studio partner and a number of other Augsburg citizens; and when he went abroad to execute commissions, he was so annoyed by bailiffs that it is said he sometimes left both work and

tools in hasty flight.

When Holbein the Younger was eighteen, he and his brother Ambrose started out on their Wanderjahre and shortly came to Basel, where they hoped to find work. Basel had become, in a sense, the center of the Renaissance movement for all northern Europe since Erasmus of Rotterdam had settled there and gathered about him a little group of energetic scholars. The books Erasmus was writing, in his vivid Renaissance Latin, went out to every country of Europe, as did also the many books he sponsored. In course of time the two young Holbeins secured a small commission from Froben, Erasmus' publisher and one of the most notable of Renaissance printers. As it happened, Froben was just then publishing for Erasmus his famous satire, The Praise of Folly, and after the book was off the press, a man of influence associated with the Froben establishment marked a number of passages and suggested that young Hans Holbein make sketches in the margin. The illustrated copy-now in the Basel Museum—came to the attention of its author: the author pronounced it highly entertaining. In this way, or some other, Holbein first attracted the interest of the most brilliant scholar of his day and was drawn into the circle of his associates.

During the next few years Holbein displayed an amazing versatility. Later, through force of circumstances, he was to paint almost nothing but portraits, but now he did many things and all of them well. Title-pages and initials for Froben's books occupied him, and there was a wonderful "St. Nobody" painted on a table top that was much talked of in Basel. These, to be sure, were unpretentious potboilers. But a portrait of Burgomaster Meyer and his wife, painted about this time, won him a friend second only to Erasmus in influence. Shortly after, the young artist visited Lucerne, where he decorated a fine house and where, incidentally, he was fined for taking part in a street brawl. After his return to Basel there were other houses to decorate and he began, also, to design stained glass windows. In short he turned his hand to every variety of work that came his way. His portraits were no more significant than many other achievements of these early years. Greatest of all in the eyes of the citizens of Basel was the series of paintings from ancient history that he did for the Town Hall, but he also finished, though as it happened he did not publish for many years, the famous series of forty woodcuts on The Dance of Death. With grim allegorical fancy he rang the changes on this theme that had long held such a potent appeal for medieval Europe—the approach of death to king and beggar and courtesan, old man and child alike.

But before these woodcuts were published, Holbein had seen many vicissitudes of fortune. His commissions gradually fell off, for Basel was torn by riots and dissensions—the so-called Peasants' War was gathering momentum and no one had time or money to spare for art. Meantime he had married and had a wife and children, for whom he

could not manage to eke out the barest living. At last Erasmus came to the rescue, and sent him to Antwerp with a chatty note to a friend there, explaining, "The arts are freezing hereabouts and he is on his way to England to scrape together a few angels. You may give him such letters as you like."

In England, the influence of Erasmus had made for Holbein a welcome with Sir Thomas More, the distinguished humanist and statesman, then speaker of the House of Commons. More entertained Holbein in his own home for two whole years, ordered many family portraits and boasted of his German painter to a goodly number of friends. Altogether it was a pleasant and profitable venture. Afterward came some years back in Basel, but there conditions were growing steadily worse. In one day the iconoclasts in their fury destroyed scores of paintings—even Erasmus found it advisable to leave the Swiss city. Holbein accomplished little, was paid less, and at last he gave up the struggle in despair and returned to London. Tradition says he was glad to escape from his wife; at any rate he left her and his family behind.

England, too, had been in the midst of political upheaval. After Holbein's departure, his patron, Sir Thomas More, had become lord chancellor of the realm, but four years later, More was not only out of office but so hated by Henry VIII that his disgrace and death were already imminent. Holbein did not renew his connection with Sir Thomas, but went instead to the Steelyard, a community of prosperous German and Dutch merchants who carried on large business operations in the English metropolis. Here he found his painting in steady demand and settled down to a more assured way of life than he had known for many a year.

Of what Holbein may have thought and felt during all



THE DUCHESS OF MILAN (From the painting by Holbein in the National Gallery)



these upsetting experiences there is little clue. Tossed about by the cross-currents of his times, forced again and again to adapt himself to circumstances, he seems to have proved coolly superior to the various difficulties that confronted him. Holbein's was a strong but not a particularly winning personality, if one may judge from report. Though he cut across one of the most interesting pages of all history, met on intimate terms many of the most notable personages of his day, he remained an impassive spectator—for all his outward struggle, taking little or no part in the drama of his age. He was essentially an onlooker, with a genius for painting what a less impartial eye might never have seen.

Perhaps his best portraits are of some of the Steelyard merchants, men of large affairs and of undoubted force of character. In these portraits often a great number of objects typical of the daily life of the sitter are introduced, all painted with true German care for detail, but nothing is allowed to interfere with the impression of the man himself. "The faces which he has left," says Faure in his History of Art—"those great Teutonic faces, at once bony and soft, under the shadow of the hats—are, in the realm of painting, certainly those which have transmitted to us most scrupulously—and at the same time most soberly—the whole truth about the beings who passed before him."

Holbein had now at last found a clear field for his genius, for his connection with the Steelyard not only resulted in innumerable portraits of the German merchants, but led to other, even more distinguished patronage. In course of time he was painting many of the diplomats with whom these men of affairs had dealings, and soon he came to the notice of Henry VIII himself. Just when is difficult to say; Sandrart, who places the meeting between King and artist too early to suit the critics, tells a dramatic story of a day when Sir Thomas More astonished Henry VIII by showing

him suddenly all the canvases Holbein had painted during his early stay there. So overcome with admiration was the King that More felt obliged to make him a present of his precious paintings. "But cannot one have the painter, too?" demanded Henry and when Holbein was produced, grandly waived his claim to More's paintings, since he was assured of obtaining others from the same source.

Sooner or later, at any rate, Holbein was taken into the royal service and was in high favor at court for the rest of his life. He is associated with three of Henry's six matrimonial episodes. The year after his return to England he had designed for the Steelyard merchants a great triumphal arch as their contribution to the city-wide festivity at the coronation of Anne Boleyn. Unhappy Anne was beheaded not long after, and by the time a successor, Jane Seymour, had been installed, Holbein was in such high regard at court that he was called upon to paint her portrait. Later, after Jane's death, when Henry set about selecting a new queen, Holbein was sent abroad to paint a possible candidate, Christina, daughter of the King of Denmark. According to an oft-repeated story, Christina declared that since she had not two heads, one to lose and one to save, she would decline the honor. But for all this spirited retort, there is evidence that she would have been a willing martyr if her uncle, Charles V, had not interfered for his own good purposes. Nothing daunted by this turn of events, Henry sent his favorite artist to paint two or three other candidates, and finally Anne of Cleves. Doubtless he found this latter portrait sufficiently attractive, for he married Anne-to divorce her later on.

These anecdotes, inconsequential as they are, show how the German artist was regarded at court. Henry seems never to have wavered from the most generous patronage. Legend has it that once when Holbein had a quarrel with a certain influential earl, the King was so vigorous in his court painter's defense, as to say, "I tell you, Earl, I can make seven earls out of seven peasants if it so please me, but out of seven earls not a single Holbein." So Holbein lived on in high honor at the English court, painting the series of portraits in which the men and women of Henry VIII's circle live for all time.

Holbein never brought his wife and children to England, but he visited Basel on occasion, "appearing in silks and satins," and in spite of his position in England, entertained the thought of a permanent return to the Swiss city. After many negotiations the Basel Council made him a generous offer as official painter, giving him two years' time to wind up his affairs in England. But though he accepted this offer, nothing came of it. He died of the plague in England in 1543, at forty-five, in the very prime of his career.







INTRODUCTION

N northern Europe, over a century before the Italian Renaissance, Hubert van Eyck and his younger brother Jan founded the Flemish school of art. The rumor that Jan had discovered a process of painting in oils made the name of Van Eyck famous even in Italy. The great altarpiece on which the fame of the two brothers rests provides ample evidence that even so early as this, the art of the Low Countries was drawing its inspiration from the external world. In their religious paintings, these Flemish artists were apt to dwell most lovingly on jewels and fabrics and bits of realistic landscape, and on the face and person of the prosperous burgher introduced

because he was paying for the picture.

After the Van Eycks the school was continued by Roger van der Weyden, Hans Memling and many others. But in time Flemish artists came under the spell of the Italian Renaissance; and these "Italianizers," as they were called, were most of them easily satisfied with a dull imitation of wonders they had seen in the South. Not until the seventeenth century did the art of Flanders come to its full flower in Rubens, a man of such superabundant vigor that he could saturate himself with Italian art, gain much from it, yet remain indubitably Flemish. His huge paintings are instinct with the dignity and magnificence of the actual, material world. Rubens' pupil, Van Dyck, did admirable work in the Rubens style, but his genius found its most adequate expression in brilliant portraits of the world of fashion in Italy and later in England at the court of Charles I.

Up to this time the Dutch had been citizens of the United Netherlands and had produced little art worthy of special note. Now, free at last from Spanish rule, Holland entered upon a period of unprecedented commercial expansion. their art these staunch Protestants were wary of church decorations, but the burghers ordered many portraits, particularly group portraits of the various boards, committees and other organizations prominent in the new municipal life. Contemporary with Rubens and Van Dyck was Franz Hals, whose nickname, Franz of Antwerp, implies some early training in the Flemish metropolis. But Hals was typically Dutch; he painted honest Dutch burghers sitting about their banquet tables and, with even more gusto, the jolly topers with whom he was wont to carouse in the taverns of Haarlem. Like Van Dyck he is considered one of the greatest portrait painters that ever lived.

Rembrandt, born a quarter of a century after Hals, also painted Corporation pieces and in his early days reveled in an excess of gayety and high spirits. But from this delight in the hard and fast material world his imagination led him, more and more, into penetrating its secrets by a study of light and shadow. In the dark days after he had lost both fortune and reputation, painting with palette of lower and lower tone, he achieved many of his most marvelous effects.

In Rembrandt's time and after, a school of painters known as "the little Dutchmen" won fame in Holland for their homely *genre* pictures, and men such as the Ruisdaels and Hobbema painted the Dutch countryside in much the same poetic spirit with which the artists of the Low Countries have always pictured the world of everyday in which they lived.

JAN VAN EYCK

N 1410, thus definitely state many early writers, Jan van Eyck invented the art of painting in oils. Soon his pictures became the envy and despair of fellow painters; the rumor of his discovery spread

far and wide. But the Flemish artist inventor guarded his secret with the utmost jealousy, revealing it only on his death

bed, and then to a single disciple.

This legend, for legend it is, gives us only an uncertain glimpse of the real Jan van Eyck. Jan shares with his even more remarkable brother Hubert the distinction of founding the Flemish school of art, but little about the two brothers can be stated with certainty. Their father may have been a painter before them; their sister Margaret, we are told, made a solemn vow never to marry, that she might be free to devote herself to painting. In fourteenth-century Flanders it was possible for such a family of craftsmen to make a modest living, even in a small place, if they could secure the patronage of the church. Thus it was under the wing of a Benedictine convent at Maeseyck that Hubert was born, probably about 1366, and his brother Jan there, or elsewhere, some twenty years later. In Italy Giotto had died about thirty years before Hubert's birth, but Botticelli, Leonardo, Raphael and Michelangelo would not begin to paint for another century.

When Jan was a mere boy, his brother Hubert took him into the workshop and taught him to paint. From this time on the two Van Eycks worked together, first as master and

pupil, then as partners, frequently combining their efforts on a single canvas. They may have roamed about the country a good deal, together or alone, before they became attached to the court of that Philip, duke of Burgundy, who was somewhat anomalously dubbed "the Good." Jan certainly traveled far afield in later years.

However "good" he may have been, Philip was much more remarkable for the vigorous way in which he built himself a kingdom, conquering here and purchasing there until he had annexed wide territories. Both the Van Eycks seem to have been in the pay of this brilliant monarch at Ghent in the days before he established his court at Bruges in his full power. At Ghent Hubert came to hold a place of high honor. Philip acclaimed his art; the rich burghers of the city were generous with commissions and the chief magistrates of the Corporation paid him a state visit, on one occasion at least, and regarded his connection with their city as a source of great pride. Yet Hubert unfortunately left few paintings that can be identified. Chief among them is the great altarpiece, The Adoration of the Lamb, comprising over one thousand square feet. On this one masterpiece the reputation of the Van Eyck brothers rests secure. Its Latin inscription states that the work was begun on the order of Jodoc Vydt by Hubert van Eyck, "greater than whom none is to be found," and completed by his brother Ian. This was the painting that did most to spread abroad the fame of the wonderful oils with which the Van Eycks mixed their colors.

The altarpiece received the name The Adoration of the Lamb from the central panel, which shows Christ on his judgment seat and beneath him the Lamb shedding its blood in the midst of a throng of worshipers. But the composition includes a wealth of sacred subjects. Angels, prophets and apostles, saints and knights, bishops and hermits appear



JEAN ARNOLFINI AND HIS WIFE
From the portrait by Van Eyck, in the National Gallery, London



on its various panels. Even the Flemish donors are shown, bowing in prayer at the feet of the Baptist and the Evangelist, the last two thought to be the Van Eyck brothers themselves. In the background are many bits of landscape—sometimes realistic Flemish scenes, sometimes snow-covered mountains and exotic palmetto trees that have given rise to much speculation as to the travels of the two artist brothers.

Critics believe they can distinguish, at least in the main, between the parts of this great work that were painted by Hubert and those done by Jan. Hubert, we are told, was a marvelous poet with his brush; Jan a marvelous realist, unable to command such heights of imaginative treatment as his brother, yet sometimes more vigorous in naturalistic rendering of everyday life. One writer has it that Jan "only differs from his brother in being less masculine and less sternly religious." Ironic is the fate which has ordered that these two brothers, who while they were alive worked in harmony on the same paintings for so many years, have since their death been constantly stealing glory from each other! Within a century of Hubert's death, legend had, capriciously enough, forgotten almost everything but his name, but had seized with avidity upon the exploits of Jan and made them a tale to marvel at. The early biographers of the Lowland painters ring the changes on it and Vasari, in Italy, gives his version. We quote here from the arrangement of these old sources made by Victor Reynolds in his Stories of the Flemish and Dutch Artists.

By universal opinion the brothers were educated men, versed in all the matters of their art, studying the properties of colors and devoting themselves for this purpose to alchemy and distillation. In this way it came about that Jan made that great discovery of which I have spoken, which was in fact, in the first place, a varnish, into the composition of which entered a particular oil, and with which he

covered his tempera pictures, obtaining by this means great success because of the brilliance and durability which it gave to the work. Many Italian painters had in vain sought this secret without ever attaining to a knowledge of the true method.

It came about that one day Jan, having completed a painting on wooden panel to which he had given a great deal of time and care, as was his wont, and the work being executed and covered with his varnish, he exposed it as usual to the sun to dry. But either because the panel had been badly jointed or the wood not sufficiently seasoned or because the sun burned too hotly on it, the panel split badly at the joints. Whereupon Jan, very much vexed to see the injury that the heat of the sun had done him, seeing that the panel which had cost him so much time and care was destroyed at a blow, determined that the same thing should not happen again through the agency of the sun.

And so, abandoning altogether the white of egg painting covered with varnish, he at last succeeded in producing by his experiments a varnish which would dry in the shade and without placing even in the open air, dispensing, in fact, with the need for painters to expose their works to the sun at all. He tried in succession a number of oils and other substances, and discovered that linseed oil and nut oil were by far the most rapid in drying. This then, boiled with other mixtures, made the varnish which he, as well as all the other painters in the world, had so long desired.

And as it is the habit of inquiring spirits never to stop half-way, he succeeded after a number of trials in proving to himself that colors dissolved in oil united and mixed in the most wonderful way, that they acquired in the course of drying a great body, that they were impermeable to water, and that, finally, oil gave a greater brilliancy without the need of using any varnish at all....

Being greatly delighted, as may be believed, with this invention, Jan began a number of works, and filled his native land with them, to the exceeding pleasure of the people and his own great glory; and increasing in knowledge and experience day by day, he continued ever to do greater and better things. The fame of the invention spread not only throughout Flanders, but not long after came to Italy and many other parts of the world; it caused the greatest desire on the part of all artists to know in what way he had given such brilliancy and perfection to his works. And these artists, since they saw the works and did not know what manner of method he had employed, were con-

strained to celebrate them none the less, and to give them unceasing praise, and at the same time, without blame, to envy him, and chiefly because he for a time did not desire that any one should see him at work, nor would he instruct any one in his secret.

The tale goes on to tell how a certain Antonello of Messina made his way to Bruges, won Jan's confidence and finally at the old man's death bed learned the secret. Another account gives Ruggieri da Bruggia (Roger van der Weyden) as the happy man to whom the formula was given. There is scant reference to Hubert, who receives no credit for the new art. Yet Hubert, no less than Jan, made use of these wonderful oils. Before this time oil had often been employed as a varnish but not as a medium to mix the colors. —at least not with such success. But this whole matter is very vague. Evidently the "invention" was a perfecting of some process or other in the mixing of the colors, whether due to Hubert or Jan or both is impossible to say. But even legend assigns the date of the "discovery of oil painting" to the year 1410, which was sixteen years before Hubert's death.

In view of the eclipse of the elder Van Eyck's fame and its revival centuries later, a curious interest attaches to his epitaph, which declares, in quaintly pious fashion:

Take warning from me, ye who walk over me. I was as you are, but am now buried dead beneath you. Thus it appears that neither art nor medicine availed me. Art, honor, wisdom, power, affluence, are not spared when death comes. I was called Hubert van Eyck; I am now food for worms. Formerly known and highly honored in painting, this was all shortly after turned to nothing. It was in the year of the Lord one thousand four hundred and twenty-six, on the eighteenth day of September, that I rendered up my soul to God in sufferings. Pray God for me, ye who love art, that I may attain to His sight. Flee sin, turn to the best, for you must follow me at last.

Hubert was buried in a crypt in the cathedral for which

his great altarpiece was intended. Tradition has it that long afterward, when the cathedral crypts were removed, his right arm was placed in an iron casket and preserved in the cathedral as a relic.

As for Jan, he had been off for a time in Holland as painter to John of Bavaria, but before Hubert's death had returned to the service of Philip the Good and spent the rest of his life in the pay of that monarch. As varlet de chambre, an office to which he was appointed in 1425 just before his brother's death, and later as court painter, Jan van Eyck was a man of note in Philip's court for many years. Philip sent him on many confidential missions which took him far afield. When this Duke decided to marry, he sent Ian to the court of Portugal to paint the portrait of the Princess Isabella. Jan remained some months in Portugal and at last, after word came that his lord was pleased with the portrait he had sent back, he returned to Bruges in state with the bride-to-be and her retinue, escorted by Burgundian ambassadors. It was at this marriage ceremony that the famous Order of the Golden Fleece was founded.

Jan now married, bought a house in Bruges, where the Burgundian court was held, and lived there for many years. In spite of his official duties he found time for many altarpieces and portraits. The romantic legend of his guarding his "secret" of painting in oils until he was on his death bed seems to be sheer invention. His methods, it now seems certain, were in use by many other painters before 1440 when his death occurred. But tradition, however wide of the mark as to the mere facts of the case, speaks truly of the greatness of the Van Eycks, and of their potent influence on the world of art for centuries after their death.

PETER PAUL RUBENS



N England, so the story goes, or perhaps in Spain, a courtier once discovered a Flemish gentleman who had come on an important political mission, hard at work with brush and canvas. "What,"

he asked in some surprise, "does the ambassador of His Catholic Majesty sometimes amuse himself with painting pictures?"

"No," replied the distinguished stranger. "But the painter sometimes amuses himself with diplomacy."

This man of the world who now and then pitted his wits against the powerful Richelieu, to say nothing of lesser European diplomats of the day, was Peter Paul Rubens, confidential agent of Isabella of the Netherlands and secretary to the Privy Council of His Catholic Majesty, Philip IV of Spain. But all Europe knew—except this foolish courtier, if indeed he ever existed—that Rubens was first of all a painter. "What a life," exclaims Elie Faure of Rubens in his History of Art. "He was the only hero of humanity, doubtless, to unite the splendors of external life with the images of it which he made."

But exile and disgrace, not external splendor, colored Rubens' earliest days. Often as a boy he must have heard his parents long for their former home in Antwerp, where his father had been prominent in civic affairs. This father of Rubens was a man of talent but, alas, of little discretion! His too lively sympathy with the Calvinist faith had led him to make secret use of his official position as an Antwerp magistrate to aid the Protestants while he openly still declared himself a Catholic. The Netherlands were seething with political and religious turmoil. When finally a list of Protestants fell into the hands of the hated Duke of Alva, lately come in the name of Catholic Spain to subdue rebellion. Johannes Rubens wisely made haste to leave the country. He settled at Cologne with his wife and family, and here became legal adviser to Anne of Saxony. Anne was the wife of William Prince of Orange, the great Dutch patriot who was leading the Protestant revolt. By his hasty flight Doctor Rubens had, of course, become uncompromisingly identified with the Orange cause. But while William the Silent was engrossed in the perplexities of his great task, Anne, who had already found the Prince uncongenial, took occasion to play at love with her counselor, Johannes Rubens. When their relations were discovered, Dr. Rubens was thrown into prison and would probably have been put to death with no compunction whatever, if it had not been for the almost superhuman efforts made in his behalf by his wife, Maria Pypelincx.

This woman was one in a thousand. Generous enough to forgive her husband and to make the best of all the problems into which his indiscretions had thrust them, she was also sufficiently capable and worldly-wise to contrive his release. But it was no easy task she had set herself. Many influential people had to be seen. The months lengthened into years and still Doctor Rubens languished and fretted by turns in his hateful dungeon. At last, after William of Orange had divorced his wife, Maria Pypelincx succeeded in getting her husband free of prison walls,—but only with the proviso that he live within the limits of the town of Siegen in Westphalia. In this little German village, their

son Peter Paul Rubens was born, in 1577. Shortly after his birth the family were permitted to return to Cologne, and there Rubens spent his boyhood days.

When the boy was ten, his father died and Maria Pypelincx took her family back to Antwerp. The Duke of Alva had made sad havoc of the once flourishing city, but Maria Pypelincx was well disciplined in making the best of adverse circumstances. It is said she contrived to recover some property that had been confiscated by the Spaniards; at any rate she found sufficient income for her needs. For her young son, Peter Paul, these were impressionable years. At school he acquired that love for languages, those marks of a genuine scholar that distinguished him throughout life, and in the year or so that he spent as a page in a household of the nobility, he learned much of the ways of the world. But his chief delight was in making pictures. By the time he was thirteen or so, he was sure enough of his own ambition to persuade his mother to let him study painting.

There followed some nine years of apprenticeship to

Antwerp artists. First came a short period with a landscape painter; then the boy entered the studio of Adam van Noort, described as "an artist of considerable powers but disagreeable character—a typical Fleming of the coarser sort and a good deal of a boor, possessed of a savage and morose temper and addicted to heavy drinking." Rubens made steady progress during the four or five years he spent in Van Noort's studio, but he never felt at home with its rowdy inmates. Finally he left to study under another master and one much more to his liking, a certain Otto van Veen, who was a distinguished scholar and gentleman as well as a painter of some little note. From him Rubens, perhaps, learned little of technical value, but his studio provided a happy atmosphere for the development of talent. Already Rubens was showing that mastery of his art which made Sir

Joshua Reynolds call him "the best workman with his tools that ever managed a pencil." From this time on one thinks of him as perfectly at home in a congenial and stimulating world.

That Rubens should have gone to Italy when he left Van Veen's studio seems inevitable; the trip was one of those pivotal events of a man's life on which past and future hinge. Van Veen had talked of his love of Italy and of the old masters until his pupil had become utterly possessed by the desire to see and study them for himself. And once in Italy, a happy chance brought him to the attention of the Duke of Mantua and he was persuaded to enter the Duke's service. Eight years followed—eight long and wonderful years as court painter at Mantua under the influence of Italian art.

Few men from the unsophisticated North could have made themselves so at home in the ceremonial court life of Mantua as did Rubens,—handsome, courtly, learned, prepared by all his previous inclinations for just such a rôle. Legend has it that early in their acquaintance his noble patron, passing the studio door one day, heard him reciting a passage from Virgil as he worked upon a picture of the fight between Turnus and Æneas. Amused to hear the Northern painter chanting out the verses in such fashion the Duke made a remark in Latin and to his great amazement received a casual answer in the well-bred idiom of a scholar. Due to such traits, no less than to his paintings, "the Fleming," as Rubens was called, became a great favorite at court. He traveled extensively in Italy, and the Duke even sent him to Spain bearing presents for King Philip III and his minister,—copies of celebrated Italian paintings and a number of the splendid horses for which Mantua was then so justly famed. Unfortunately, on account of heavy rains, the paintings arrived in bad shape, but so skillfully did Ru-



THE CHAPEAU DE POIL (After the painting by P. P. Rubens, now in the National Gallery, London)



bens restore them that the Spanish court, too, sang his praises.

But back in his native Lowlands, perhaps more than anywhere else in Europe, there was just then opportunity for a great artist. The long years of devastating war were over at last, and under Albrecht and Isabella, the new sovereigns of the Spanish Netherlands, Flanders was vigorously entering upon a period of prosperity. Everywhere the Flemish burghers were eager to repair the damages to their public buildings, particularly their churches, for though Holland had become Protestant, Flanders was still devoutly loyal to the Catholic faith. Rubens must have been more or less aware of this new stir of activity in Flanders, but he doubtless thought of it as something that concerned him very little, so wedded was he to life in Italy.

Then the news that his mother was dangerously ill brought him back post haste to Antwerp. His affection for her was so strong that when he learned he had come too late, he shut himself up for four long months in the abbey where she had been buried. On emerging from the abbey, he spoke eagerly of his return to Italy. But his own country claimed him in no uncertain manner. Albrecht and Isabella, hearing of his plans, not only urged him to remain in the North, but appointed him painter in ordinary to Their Highnesses with a princely salary and the "rights, honors, privileges, exemptions" belonging to persons of the royal household; and not to be outdone, the municipality of Antwerp, of which the artist's brother was now secretary, added its promise of commissions. For Rubens, fresh from his lonely vigil and from his eight long years away from home, it must have been a heart-warming experience to have the position of leading artist of Flanders thus cordially thrust upon him. But Rubens never had to struggle against an untoward Instead life opened up to him one inviting avenue fate.

after another. The marvel is that he could broaden the sphere of his activities, again and again, without the flagrant signs of strain or demoralization that would inevitably have developed in a man of less exuberant vigor.

After his decision to remain in the North, Rubens married the beautiful Isabella Brant, known to us from many of his pictures, and built for himself a magnificent home in the Italian style, with gardens and galleries to house the fine paintings which he had long been collecting in Italy. Three years after his return to Antwerp, more than a hundred young men were on his waiting list, anxious for the

privilege of working in his studio.

That studio was an amazingly busy place, with dozens of pupils hard at work helping to keep up with the orders that kept pouring in upon him. As the demand for his work increased, he no longer executed much of it himself-instead he usually made a small color sketch of the composition, which was then reproduced in full size on canvas by his assistants and finally given a few magic touches with his own brush. But Rubens never undertook commissions under false pretenses; his custom was well known and he even based his rates on the time spent and on his own share of the work. Due to his amazing executive talents, a high order of painting was maintained by his studio in spite of such wholesale methods of turning out work. Here was an artist who ran his workshop primarily on a businesslike basis, an artist who knew how to stimulate the best efforts of other men. Though he supervised all the work, he gave his assistants opportunity for independent painting and when pleased, was unstinting in his praise of their achievements. If a man working under him showed particular talent at painting any one thing he was given plenty of it to do; thus Velvet Brueghel painted many of the landscapes in Rubens' pictures. Franz Snyders the animals, and sometimes flowers and fruit.

While Van Dyck was a pupil of Rubens, he executed the finer parts of innumerable canvases.

In his decision to remain in Antwerp Rubens had wholeheartedly identified himself with the interests of his native country and as the years passed, he took a unique satisfaction in the progress Flanders was making in the rehabilitation of her churches and public buildings. From that motive, if from no other, he never refused a commission. He fairly gloried in these great projects. "The large size of a picture," he once wrote a friend, "gives us painters more courage to represent our ideas with the utmost freedom and semblance of reality. . . . I confess myself to be, by a natural instinct, better fitted to execute works of the largest size." It was his delight to paint on a huge scale with figures more than life size. On this account modern spectators who view his work at close range sometimes complain of a certain coarseness that tends to become less conspicuous as one retreats to a proper distance. But this vigorous, earthy quality is part and parcel of all of Rubens' work. His paintings show a magnificent world of flesh and blood, of exuberant animal spirits. But even the religious paintings show little subtlety or spiritual insight. Perhaps his genius appears at its best in the great series of pictures with which he celebrated the life of Marie de Medici, queen mother of France, in the Luxembourg Palace. He received the commission for this great undertaking when he was in his forties. It was the first of many calls that were to take him to Flanders.

Most of these journeys were on political, no less than artistic, missions, for the Infanta now began to send her brilliant courtier painter abroad to paint portraits to her order but at the same time to put through diplomatic tasks of very grave import. He fell in the more readily with her plans because of a desire to throw off the sadness caused by the

recent death of his wife Isabella. But Rubens undertook these diplomatic duties with no mere desire to distract himself or to extend the sphere in which he might dazzle an admiring world. For years he devoted his best efforts to the interests of his country with all the superabundant vigor and high seriousness of purpose that were characteristic of everything he did. He failed in his efforts to bring Holland back under Flemish rule, as no doubt any one else would have failed, but he did negotiate an agreement between England and Spain that was much to the advantage of Flanders.

Meantime he continued to paint—in his studio at Antwerp, at the Spanish court, in England, wherever he happened to be. When he had been a widower four years, this artist of over fifty married a blooming young girl of sixteen, whose beauty he painted again and again. After a time he undertook no more important state missions but devoted himself to his Antwerp studio with renewed zest, and during this period produced much of his best work. He remained, however, in high favor with the Infanta who frequently called upon him for political counsel and service.

When, after her death, Ferdinand of Austria came to take up the government, Rubens planned and executed a great city-wide celebration with triumphal arches and spectacula in honor of the new sovereign's arrival. Ferdinand immediately called and confirmed Rubens in his official standing as court painter. But the artist was beginning to be troubled with gout and though he still maintained his Antwerp studio, spent much time at his country place, painting landscapes. He died in 1640, five years after Ferdinand's accession, at the age of sixty-three.

SIR ANTHONY VAN DYCK

N 1620 an agent of the English Earl of Arundel wrote to his employer from Antwerp: "Van Dyck lives with Rubens, and his works are beginning to be scarcely less esteemed than those of his master.

He is a young man of one-and-twenty. His parents are persons of considerable property in this city and it will be difficult therefore to induce him to remove, especially as he must perceive the rapid fortune which Rubens is amassing." The young Flemish painter was hardly launched upon his career, but already England was urging him to come and paint her world of fashion. His first visit was a brief one. But after some years in Antwerp, where no matter how brilliant his talents, he could never hope to outshine the magnificent Rubens, he gave up the struggle and sought and found his destiny at the English court. Not until shortly after his death would the Puritans under Cromwell finally bring the gay, artificial Cavalier life to its fated end, and meantime though he found in it his ruin, it was his to share to the full, and to record on canvas in some of the most famous portraits of all time.

Anthony van Dyck was the son of a wealthy silk merchant of Antwerp and was born in that prosperous Flemish city in 1599. Something of the atmosphere that surrounded him as a boy is indicated by the fact that of his eleven brothers and sisters, five eventually took holy orders. But Anthony's tendencies lay along other lines than piety. At ten he went into the studio of a local artist and at sixteen

or so into the studio of the great Peter Paul Rubens, lately come back from his eight-year sojourn in Italy.

Fortunate indeed were those young students who gained admission to Rubens' busy establishment, for about this time or shortly after there was a waiting list of no less than a hundred applicants. Rubens had begun to turn out on commission a prodigious amount of work which he himself merely planned, supervised and at the last moment finished with a few magic strokes. The rest of the work was done by pupils and assistants. Almost immediately young Van Dyck was singled out and set at more important tasks than his fellows, for Rubens was always quick to recognize and put to good service the varying abilities of his students. Legend relates of these studio days that when the master had gone off on horseback for his afternoon ride, his pupils would sometimes coax an old servant to give them the key to his private studio, so that they might see the work he had done during the day. One afternoon when a lively group of them were gathered about his easel, one of the boys accidentally pushed another against the master's wet painting and smudged a chin and arm of the Virgin Mary. The luckless students were beside themselves with consternation. By common consent Van Dyck was chosen to repair the damage, and in the rapidly fading daylight set to work and accomplished his task so cleverly that for a time Rubens was quite deceived. Later he realized that his work had been tampered with, but when his pupils confessed their prank, he forgave them readily, so pleased was he at the skill of the deception.

Then and for many a year to come, the name of Rubens was one to conjure with in Flanders. But young Van Dyck was not merely a nameless pupil of Rubens. Before he was twenty-one he was painting and selling canvases of his own quite independent of the work he did in the Rubens studio.

At twenty-one he was the only pupil mentioned by name in a contract Rubens signed with the Jesuits for a series of pictures to be executed by his best pupils and retouched by the master hand. The same year the English agent reported Van Dyck's work "beginning to be scarcely less esteemed" than that of his master. In his attitude toward his most promising pupil, Rubens seems to have been generosity itself. But when he began to urge Van Dyck to leave Antwerp and go to Italy to study the great works of art there, and to give up historical and sacred works for portrait painting, gossip said he was growing jealous.

Van Dyck, however, was eager for Italy. In Rubens' magnificent house he had roamed about through whole galleries of Italian art treasures and had listened often enough while his master talked with a kind of passionate homesickness of those eight wonderful years in the service of the Duke of Mantua. But first came an invitation from England that was too alluring for the young artist to set aside. His visit proved of little importance, for some reason that is not quite clear, since he received a cordial welcome and a pension from the King. He left with His Majesty's special permission to be absent for a period of eight months, but he did not return until eleven years later when another monarch had mounted the throne.

From London Van Dyck went to Antwerp and thence, in course of time, to Italy. When he set out at last, it was with the greatest signs of affection that he parted from Rubens, making him a present of two or three of his best paintings and accepting, in turn, one of his master's splendid horses for the trip. He must have started on the long-anticipated journey with an eager heart, but tradition has made much of his dallying along the way. The story is that he lingered overlong in the little hamlet of Saventhem for love of a charming lady there—a certain Anna van Ophem

who bore the striking title of Mistress of the Infanta Isabella's Hounds. She appears as the Virgin in an altarpiece which the handsome, gallant Van Dyck was persuaded to paint for the local church for love of her. Days and weeks passed, but Van Dyck could not leave off love-making, even for Italy. At last Rubens, hearing of his pupil's defection and failing to move him with letters, sent the Chevalier Nanni who succeeded in tearing him away from the charms of his beautiful mistress. Thus runs the tale, which, alas, is mostly sheer invention with a very prosaic basis of fact. The altarpiece does indeed exist, but it seems to have been ordered at a good price and some unromantic critics even insist, from its technique, that it must have been painted after the artist's return from Italy. Others are satisfied to say that Van Dyck had agreed to carry out certain commissions at Saventhem while he was waiting to travel with Nanni, and that he was doubtless as much the amorous gallant there as elsewhere.

Saventhem was perhaps an idyllic interlude, but only that—such drama as there was lay ahead in Italy. Almost immediately Rubens' two-fold advice began to justify itself. Slowly, inevitably, the young Antwerp artist absorbed what the Italian masters had to teach him, and meantime Italy was generous with commissions, more so as the report of his work began to spread abroad. Some of his most brilliant portraits are these of Italian notables—men and women of stately bearing whose proud, artistocratic spirit appealed to his best gifts of character interpretation.

Now that money and fame came easily, it was a gay life Van Dyck led, with plenty of the young bloods of Italy to keep him company. Fastidious, gallant, handsome, a bit disdainful perhaps, he craved a continual round of pleasures of the most extravagant sort. His dress and mode of life were so lavish that Rome called him il pittore cavalleresco

—the cavalier painter. But he was not happy in Rome, for all his seeming so gay. In that Mecca for ambitious artists of all races was a little group of Flemish and Dutch art students-crude, earnest, jovial fellows who liked to gather together of an evening, sometimes, to enjoy themselves after a day's hard work. Van Dyck had not the slightest desire to be hail-fellow-well-met with this little clique from his native Lowlands. They, on their part, resented everything about him-his scorn of them, his gallant airs, his success in the world of art. Perhaps they set to work deliberately to make trouble for him-perhaps it was merely his own high-strung, sensitive temperament that made him wretched on their account. At any rate he decided to seek a more congenial atmosphere. He had already been in Genoa; now he made the rounds of other Italian cities, repeating everywhere his spectacular successes. At last he decided he had been in Italy long enough; he would return to Flanders.

Rumors of his success had long since preceded him. But it was a strange welcome Van Dyck received on his return to Antwerp. His fellow citizens greeted him with great acclaim; they gloried in his Italian triumphs-but they gave him no commissions. For Antwerp there was only one studio; if a painting were really of importance, it must be done in the Rubens workshop. One day after Van Dyck had been back in his native city for some little time, he pointed out on the street a fat brewer, who, he said, was his only patron. At last Rubens heard of his predicament, called upon him and paid a good price for all of the paintings in his studio. Such a transaction must have required a 'deal of grace on both sides. Shortly afterward Rubens went off to Spain on a diplomatic mission that consumed well over a year, and in this interval Van Dyck made himself master of the situation. If he did not actually rival Rubens after that artist's return, at least his work was in very great demand. But no sooner had he secured this position than he began to be subject to the same sort of petty annoyance from jealous rivals that he had met with in Rome. Another man would have ignored these rumors, these endless comparisons of his work with that of Rubens, but Van Dyck seems to have been particularly susceptible to such torment. Again he began to consider a change. By this time his fame was such that he was eagerly sought after, and it was a comparatively easy matter to secure an invitation to the English court.

For all his experience, his fame, his ennui, Van Dyck was only thirty-three when he entered the service of Charles I. At court in London he found the prevailing spirit akin in some measure to his own. Charles was ruling without the Parliament that he knew would oppose his every move if he should allow it to meet; for eleven years he called no Parliament and meantime the English court sought relief from strain in the gayest artifice and pleasure. This King who would in time be sent to the scaffold by an infuriated people was now in full control. Among other self-willed activities he was spending time and money gathering for the nation an almost unrivaled collection of great works of art. Not fifteen years after Van Dyck's arrival, the Puritans, with their stern hatred of all such frivolity, were to do away with this national collection and with it would go temporarily all regard for art and artists. But meantime England gave the Flemish painter a flattering welcome.

Within three months he was made Sir Anthony van Dyck. He was given spacious lodgings at Blackfriars and often Charles himself came down in his barge to spend a friendly afternoon with his new court painter. During this first year Van Dyck painted the King and Queen no less than a dozen times. He was the lion of the day,—all fashionable London flocked to his studio, to sit for him and to



KING CHARLES I. AND HIS FAMILY (After the painting by A. van Dyck, now in the possession of His Grace the Duke of Richmond and Gordon, K. G.)



praise his wit and gallantry no less than his brilliant painting. Van Dyck, on his part, felt remarkably at home with this London world, its King and Queen, its lords and ladies, whom he knew instinctively how to paint at their best. He was genuinely drawn to these people and it was his habit frequently, after working at a portrait through the appointed hour, to detain the sitter for dinner and take infinite delight in studying him at his ease under the relaxing influence of a well-served repast. He was lavish at providing entertainment for his guests, particularly music, of which he was very fond.

All this, as may well be imagined, proved a considerable expense. Once, when the King was at his usual game of skirmishing about to find money somewhere without resort to the Parliament he did not wish to call, he asked:

"As for you, knight, do you know what it is to be put about to find a thousand pounds or two?"

"Yes indeed, sire," was the ready reply. "A man whose house is always open to his friends and his purse to his mistresses is likely to make acquaintance with empty coffers."

It was not long before these extravagant habits began to take heavy toll of Van Dyck's health and of his spirits as well. He became more and more dissipated, more and more in debt. In the hope of retrieving his fortunes he began to turn out work done in great haste, or even done by his pupils, with the finishing touches, only, added by his own hand. But this latter method, which had been fairly successful when used by Rubens for great canvases of a historical or sacred nature, was ill adapted to portraiture. In his desire to produce a great quantity of work the frantic artist even had garments sent in and painted beforehand and hands done from regular models. Yet, for all that, he could not help painting portraits far superior to those of other artists.

Such painting brought him huge sums of money, but still his debts mounted. Another means he took to try to stem the tide proved even more futile. Pathetic is the picture of this unhappy man of genius turning his energies more and more into the feverish quest for the philosopher's stone,—sitting up late at night over some ill-smelling pot of chemicals that he hoped would prove the magic brew that would turn common metal into gold. A Flemish friend who visited him took back the report that he was a physical wreck—pale and emaciated from these continual experiments. Even the King became deeply concerned, and in an effort to win him away from his life of extravagant dissipation, planned his marriage with Lady Mary Ruthven.

Van Dyck fell in with this plan readily enough, though his bride brought him no dowry other than that provided by the generosity of the King. He even parted from his mistress, the notorious Margaret Lemon-not without stress, for it is said she was so enraged that she tried to injure his right hand. But in spite of all the effort that could be put into it, the marriage came too late, for the artist was already a broken-down wreck. He took his wife to Flanders and then to Paris, where he hoped to secure a commission to decorate the Louvre, but found that Nicholas Poussin had already been appointed. In England a pretentious scheme he had set his heart on for the decorating of Whitehall had to be given up because of the expense entailed. Only a year or two after his marriage, in 1641, Van Dyck saw his royal patrons forced to flee from London to escape the wrath of the Puritans. His friend the Earl of Strafford went to the scaffold that same year. The old era was fast coming to a tragic end. Van Dyck did not live to see it, for he fell ill and in spite of the most careful attention from the King's own physician, died in 1642. He was then only forty-two years of age.

FRANZ HALS

HE great Dutch artist Franz Hals seems to have been born equally predisposed to paint and to drink! There is little use trying to picture this jolly good fellow, this rowdy, drunken Dutchman,

as a dramatic figure struggling with his own destiny. As mere man he is comic and weak, however likable; only the destitution of his old age takes on a sort of pathos. But as artist he took toll of the world he knew in such masterly fashion that no one has ever equaled him as a painter or certain phases of Dutch life.

Hals was Dutch through and through. Yet all his life he was known as Franz of Antwerp. In that great Flemish city he was born, probably in 1580, into a family of Dutch refugees who had fled in distress from their native Haarlem. Those were stirring times in the Netherlands. Hals' father had held not only the office of magistrate in Haarlem but a command in the garrison that defended the city against the invading Spaniards. When at last the Spanish soldiers forced their way into the city, they plundered right and left and made things unbearable for the inhabitants. The Hals family lost everything and with many others in a like state, made their way to Antwerp to retrieve their fortunes.

In Antwerp this good Dutch family lived for some twenty years. But what they did there is a mystery. How Franz Hals and his brother Dirk happened to become artists at all, and from whom they received their first training can only be surmised. It is generally believed that Franz must have spent some time in the studio of Adam van Noort in Antwerp, where he was possibly acquainted with Peter Paul Rubens, an apprentice of Van Noort's about this same time. If so, doubtless Hals found the jovial, rowdy atmosphere of Van Noort's studio more to his liking than did Rubens, who complained of it and finally betook himself to another master.

By 1600, when the Hals family moved back to Haarlem, conditions in Holland were very much improved. Spain had delegated the authority over the Netherlands to the sovereigns Albert and Isabella, but they were never able to bring Holland back under Spanish rule and were soon to give up pretense to governing anything but Flanders. This same year of 1600 saw the founding of the great Dutch East India Company that was to make Holland for a time the most prominent trading nation in all Europe. To such a Holland, with freedom and prosperity at last within her reach, with a new vigor in the very air, the Hals family returned.

Franz was twenty then and his brother and boon companion Dirk a year or so older. Unfortunately we know almost nothing about them for another ten or fifteen years. Franz went at once into the studio of Karel van Mander, a school of art dignified by the name "Academy," and easily taking the lead in supplying the growing demands of prosperous Haarlem burghers. Van Mander was a man of parts, historian, musician and poet as well as painter. To him we are indebted for the Het Schilder Boeck or Book of Painters which is the source of much of our information regarding early Dutch and Flemish artists. He took a good deal of pride in the standing of his Academy, did this worthy Dutchman. For his pupils he formulated certain Counsels of Perfection which show him zealous for their manners

and morals no less than for their art. "Avoid," he says, "little taverns and bad company. . . . Don't let anybody see that you have much money about you. . . . Be careful never to say where you are going. . . . Be straight and courteous and keep out of brawls. . . . Get up early and set to work. . . . Be on your guard against light-hearted beauties."

What young Franz Hals thought of this excellent advice is left to imagination. There is no authentic record of his personal life, no record of his work for a number of years to come. Apparently he caused little stir in the busy city of Haarlem. By the time he was thirty-one, however, he had married Anneke Hermanszoon, for in 1611 the baptismal register of the local church shows the entry of his son Herman. A single dramatic incident gives color to all this period of which we know so little. Five years after the birth of his son, Franz was hauled into the police courts. He was charged with drunkenness and with ill-treating Anneke, besides, and was not released until he had solemnly sworn to mend his ways. Unhappy Anneke died that same year, whether hastened to an early grave by her husband's scapegrace conduct or not it is impossible to tell.

A year later he married again, this time a woman of sturdier spirit, who lived with him contentedly enough for nearly fifty years in spite of all his faults. His Lysbeth could not boast of too much respectability herself, since her first child was born a few days after her marriage, and no doubt she understood her Bohemian husband the better by reason of her own fall from grace. They appear in the artist's painting Franz Hals and His Wife, a comely, goodhumored pair decked out in holiday attire, Franz in lace collar and cuffs and broad-brimmed hat and Lysbeth in her best ruff and cap, her hand resting comfortably on his shoulder. With all the cares of mothering a large family—ten

children including Anneke's Herman—Lysbeth seems to have retained her health and good spirits well into old age. As for Franz, he had his hands full to support such a tribe of children, but by the time they began to make demands upon him he was enjoying a deal of local renown.

Holland had now finally broken free from Spanish rule and the good Dutch burghers whose success in commerce had made them prosperous enough to oppose Spain, were trying their powers in a dozen different ways. Portrait painting was in great demand among these worthy citizens —especially the portrait painting of Franz Hals, who made the sitter come alive upon his canvas with marvelous skill, yet consented always to let him appear at his thoroughgoing best. About this time began, too, the fashion of having group portraits painted of the various gilds, clubs, boards of directors and committees that were springing up to manage the affairs of Haarlem and other Dutch cities. Hals was particularly successful with this type of painting. His fame grew rapidly; not only was he spoken of as the foremost painter of the city but of all Holland, and even beyond the borders of the Netherlands his name was well known.

Meantime, if we can believe report, Hals was still the incorrigible Bohemian. So the Flemish Van Dyck found him once, when he came to Haarlem to pay his respects, lured by a desire to see this painter whose portraits were said to rival his own. Hals was not at home and according to the popular version of the story, the disorderly household, the crying children proclaimed the fact that it was one of his bad days. Withholding his identity Van Dyck told Lysbeth that he was most anxious to have his portrait painted but had only a short time to spare. One of the children was sent for Franz, who was, of course, to be found at his favorite tavern. He came home not too pleased at this interruption, but on being told by the handsome stranger



Mansell

A JESTER WITH A LUTE
From the painting by Franz Hals, in Amsterdam



that he had only two hours at his disposal, set to work with a will and before the appointed time finished the portrait.

Though ready enough with compliments on the result, the stranger remarked that painting did not seem to be such a very difficult task and asked permission to try a portrait of Hals. Franz now saw that his guest was accustomed to handling the brush, and as the portrait began to take shape as speedily as his own, his amazement grew, until finally, when he stood before the completed canvas, it passed all bounds and he exclaimed, "You must be Van Dyck or the devil!" Assured that this was indeed Van Dyck, he hugged that fastidious gentleman to his breast in an ecstasy of delight and the two vowed lasting friendship. Van Dyck, it is said, tried to persuade Hals to follow his own example and try for fame and fortune in England. But Franz was too wedded to his own manner of life in his own Dutch city to be greatly moved by ambition; so Van Dyck, after showering coins upon the astonished Hals children, went his way and Hals watched him go without envy.

Franz and his brother Dirk were members of the Civic Guard, of the Rederijkers-kammer de Wyngaardrankes or Guild of Rhetoric, a genial social club that had branches everywhere in those days, and the Guild of St. Luke, in which the artists of the city were enrolled together with workers in certain allied trades. In these several organizations and in the merry tavern life of Haarlem, Franz Hals was long known as the best of good fellows. Recently biographers have been at much pains to prove that he must have been a soberer, steadier, more virtuous citizen than legend has represented him. It is only reasonable to suppose that they are right, if one weighs the quantity and quality of his work on the one hand and the unreliable nature of tradition on the other. But in the absence of the facts it seems futile to dispute the point. The stories of Hals' dissi-

pation never hint that he drank because of any bitter struggle or agony within him; he had a sort of genius for sociability, for good fellowship, just as he had a genius for painting. Indeed the world he painted in his pictures is a sturdier, merrier one than most artists have found it in their hearts to show. In it are rich Dutch burghers and their wives decked out in their substantial finery, children full of frolic-some vigor, and all the happy-go-lucky, disreputable folk whom Hals knew in Haarlem taverns and Haarlem streets.

As Hals' own children grew up, he pressed them into service in his studio, and in time some four or five of his sons came to be painters of local note. He had besides a number of pupils, who grew to be very devoted to this lovable old sinner. Tradition has it that they used, sometimes, to take him home from his revelry and put him to bed. He would always recover his wits sufficiently to say his prayers, ending piously, "Lord receive me into thy high heaven." One night his high-spirited young pupils played a trick on him and by means of ropes which they had previously let down through the ceiling, yanked him up into the air, bed and all, at the conclusion of his prayer. The artist cried in terror, "Not yet, Lord, not yet," and great was his relief when the bed again descended. But he was so overcome with drunken stupor that he fell asleep at once and never guessed the trick until it was confessed to him long after.

Hals' last years—and he lived into his eighties—were harassed by poverty. Whatever the reasons were, he seemed unable to paint enough to make a bare living. By 1652 things had become so bad that he was sued by one Jan Ykess, a baker, for a debt of two hundred Carolus guilders. The baker was awarded possession of all Hals' movables, which seem to have been a scant lot, hardly worth considering. Time dragged on and ten years after the lawsuit the old painter applied to the city government for aid. He was

given immediate relief and later a regular dole or pension. A pathetic interest attaches to his two most important paintings of these dreary days, for he was at his old task of painting group portraits, but instead of robust, jovial men in their prime, he now painted the governing boards of the old women's and old men's almshouses, on the latter of which were some of his longtime friends.

He was eighty-four and the men and women of these canvases not so very much younger. Two years afterward, on August 26, 1666, the old painter died, leaving poor Lysbeth to survive him for a number of years.

REMBRANDT VAN RYN

S a small boy lingering about the dark recesses of his father's mill, tradition has it, Rembrandt first learned to love the play of light and shadow that gives his masterpieces their unique glory. Rem-

brandt van Ryn was born in Leyden in 1606. Had he been willing, his father, who was well-to-do and already had three sons in trade, would have sent him through the University of Leyden in the hope of his distinguishing himself in a professional career. But from the first the boy's desire was centered upon being a painter. So, after a year in the University, he was apprenticed to a Leyden artist and later sent to Amsterdam to a rather more pretentious master, a man who made much of his sojourn in Italy. Rembrandt did not remain long in his studio but at eighteen came home, "to study and practice painting alone and in his own way," as one early biographer says.

Though the records tell us little of Rembrandt's home life, the various members of that substantial Dutch family are to be seen in many a picture painted during the next few years. His father appears sometimes done out in burnished armor or plumed hat and sometimes as a plain, hard-working, honest Dutch miller; his mother poses as the Prophetess Anna or is seen in simpler guise reading her Bible. Of the fifty odd portraits that Rembrandt painted of himself in his checkered lifetime, many show him in the vigor of these early days when he was mastering his art. He seems to have had no severe struggle to gain a foothold, for in time



REMBRANDT AND HIS WIFE SASKIA.

In the Royal Picture Gallery, Dresden. Painted by himself.



commissions began to come in, many of them from Amsterdam, holding out the promise of a much richer future than his native city could offer. So in 1631, when he was twenty-five, he moved to the Dutch metropolis, to remain for the rest of his life.

Life was overwhelmingly good to the young artist in those next few years. Success, love, wealth, exuberance of spirits—all the things of this world that men covet were his for the taking. The very year after his arrival, he painted the well-known Anatomy Lesson that made his reputation at one stroke. This painting shows the celebrated Dutch surgeon, Dr. Tulp, surrounded by a little group of doctors who are watching intently while he dissects a corpse. Only in Holland, perhaps, could an artist have won his fame by the portrayal of such a gruesome theme. But in Holland surgeons, as well as official boards and shooting guilds, were in the habit of having group portraits painted to hang in their organization halls. By subordinating certain details and centralizing the interest of his scene Rembrandt created a picture that bespoke the simple dignity of scientific research.

Two years after this picture had made him successful overnight, he married the beautiful, fair-haired Saskia, known to us from many of his pictures. She brought him a considerable dowry and a circle of influential friends. But it was her beauty, her charm, herself that Rembrandt loved. He delighted to deck her in jewels and in rich fabrics and paint her as Queen Artemesia or as the wife of Samson, and he himself appears in the portraits of these days brave with scarfs and feathers and gold chains. Though still in his twenties, he was now admittedly one of the foremost of Dutch painters and had more commissions and more pupils than he could well manage.

Rembrandt never set his pupils to work on his own

paintings, as did most of the successful artists of his day. Instead, we are told, he divided the top story of his house into small compartments, so each pupil could work out his own methods without being unduly influenced by his fellow students or even by the master himself. "He lived very simply," says one old biographer of Rembrandt during this period, "and when at work contented himself with a herring or a piece of cheese and bread," and "when he was painting he would not have given audience to the greatest monarch on earth, but would rather have compelled even such a one to wait or to come again when he was at leisure."

Yet for all his simple personal habits and his absorption in his work, Rembrandt squandered money in a sumptuous, extravagant fashion in those days of his prosperity. He received large sums for his painting and had Saskia's dowry at his disposal besides, and temperamentally he had little sense of money values. He spent and gave very freely in a hundred directions. Sooner or later most of his money found its way into the hands of the art dealers, for he was passionately fond of collecting, not only pictures but tapestries, vases, all manner of objects of art. Baldinucci, who secured his information from one of the artist's pupils, records that "when Rembrandt was present at a sale, it was his habit, especially when pictures or drawings by great masters were put up, to make an enormous advance on the first bid, which generally silenced all competitors. To those who expressed their surprise at such a proceeding he replied that by these means he hoped to raise the status of his profession." The same writer adds, "He willingly lent all his possessions to artists who required them for their works." and again, "He was to be admired not less for his noble devotion to his art than for a kindness of heart verging on extravagance."

But these free, happy, lavish days could not last. After

her marriage Saskia lived just a brief eight years, and even they were years clouded with sorrow, for her first three children died and only the last, Titus, was left to survive her. Meantime, though Rembrandt was still handling large sums of money, his financial affairs had become distressingly involved, for he was paying interest on a large debt contracted on his house. Then, ironically enough, the very year of Saskia's death, he painted the ill-fated masterpiece known to posterity as *The Night Watch*.

This picture had been ordered by the Company of Banning Cock, one of the many companies of the Dutch Civic Guard, to hang in their local guild-hall. For these group portraits then so popular in Holland, it was the custom to assess each individual his share of the price, with perhaps some slight variation according to the prominence given him on the canvas. Naturally, if a man paid a goodly sum out of his own pocket, he expected to appear in the picture in a fitting guise. The earlier pictures of this type had been simply double rows of portraits, one beside the other, and even Franz Hals followed the prevailing custom or arranged the men at a banquet table where each could be given his fair share of importance.

Rembrandt, however, instead of showing the Company of Banning Cock frankly sitting for their portraits, decided to paint them issuing from their hall at the call to arms, or possibly on their way to a shooting contest. Though long known as The Night Watch, from the blackened state resulting from generations of neglect, this famous picture, it is now certain, does not represent night at all. The men are emerging from a dark hall into vivid sunlight, and it is just that effect of light penetrating deep shadows, lighting up some corners and obscuring others that the artist has made the principal feature of his painting. The result is a remarkable work of art, full of life, a fitting tribute to the spirit

of the Civic Guard, but no tribute at all to the vanity of the sixteen individual members of the Company of Banning Cock, who had paid to have their portraits painted. Many of them are mere forms looming out of the shadows. When they saw the finished canvas, these good Dutchmen, who had naturally no notion that they were being immortalized in one of the world's finest paintings, felt greatly cheated. But Rembrandt seems to have been too absorbed in his own conception of the painting and in his grief at Saskia's death to take the clamor of their annoyed complaints very much to heart.

After this episode, however, commissions began to fall off, and although many friends and patrons remained loyal, they were not enough to save him from his fate—that strange paradoxical fate, not of suffering alone but of bitter failure and shame, from which he wrested, year by year, some of the richest achievements in the history of painting. For as the color and glamor went out of his life and the shadows deepened about him, he painted on, with a lower and lower toned palette, producing pictures in which the light, penetrating the shadows, revealed truths of deeper significance than he had ever caught before. The troubles that beset him in these later years are like the shadows in his painting—their gloom not to be minimized, yet their details vague and blurred as they throw into relief, perhaps by their menace even create, the masterpieces he painted.

So, at least, it has seemed to a later generation. His own contemporaries saw matters in a different light. The Dutch burghers who had praised his Anatomy Lesson and defamed his Sortie of Captain Banning Cock still continued to order paintings from him for a number of years, but much less lavishly than before. Gradually rumors to his discredit were spread abroad, popular favor turned to other artists and he was more or less forgotten. When commissions were



THE PROPHETESS HANNAH AND SAMUEL (After the painting by Rembrandt, now in the Bridgewater House Collection)



scarce, Rembrandt painted portraits of himself, or of the picturesque old men and women of the Jewish quarter in which his house was located, or went to the nearby country for landscapes. But commissions were not always lacking, for Jan Six, at one time burgomaster, remained his friend and patron, and as late as 1661, eighteen years after the Company of Banning Cock had spread their grievance abroad, Rembrandt painted to order another group portrait, often considered his masterpiece, *The Syndics of the Drapers' Guild*.

Meantime, however, in spite of all he could do, Rembrandt had been unable to pay off the huge debt on his house, and finally he even fell behind with the interest. Saskia's will had expressed her confidence in him and given him the use of the fortune, eventually to go to Titus, but had made the proviso that he should not marry again. For some seven years he kept up his home by employing as housekeeper the woman who had been his young son's nurse, but finally this poor woman went out of her mind and Rembrandt had to advance her relatives the money to put her in an insane asylum. Not long after came the scandal of his having a child by a girl named Hendrickje, who could not even write her own name but who was making a home for him, and for Titus, as loyally as though she had been dignified with the name of wife.

Saskia's relatives, long since uneasy on Titus' behalf, were naturally indignant at this turn of affairs. By this time the artist was so deeply involved in debt that nothing but a miracle could have saved him. No miracle occurred; instead his brother and sister at the old mill in Leyden got into difficulties and, for all his debt, Rembrandt could not refrain from sending them money. His wife's relatives had gone to court to prove that he had dissipated the fortune that was to go to Titus, and finally, in 1656, the inevitable hap-

pened; he was declared bankrupt and deprived of the legal guardianship of his son. The next year everything he owned was sold—all the carefully accumulated works of art, with which the great house was filled, went for a mere pittance, and he took lodgings at a little inn with not a penny to his name. The legal proceedings regarding Saskia's fortune dragged on for some nine years longer, at great expense, before Titus was finally allowed to take possession of what remained. But out of all these years of struggle and torment and shame had come, meantime, some of the greatest paintings in all the world.

Not long after the bankruptcy, when Titus was nineteen, he and Hendrickje entered into a legal partnership as art dealers, and Rembrandt, who by agreement was to be given lodgings in return for his expert advice and counsel, once more had a home. His little daughter Cornelia, whom he had from the first acknowledged, made a fourth member of the family circle. Hendrickje, however, lived only a short time longer, and then just a year or so after Titus had finally been awarded his inheritance and had brought home a wife, he, too, died. Still Rembrandt painted on. When at last his death came, in 1669, at the age of sixty-three, he was living in such obscurity that aside from the official records Amsterdam took no notice of his passing.





INTRODUCTION

N Spain, the home of the Inquisition, medieval painting was far more ascetic and gruesome and lingered longer than almost anywhere else. Emperor Charles V, who, in the sixteenth century,

founded Madrid's royal galleries, was a patron of the Italian Titian and the German Dürer but of no Spanish artist of fame corresponding to theirs. Toward the end of the century, however, El Greco—"the Greek"—won renown in Castile for a strange imaginative art; Ribera living in Italy exerted a wide influence in his native Spain; and in Seville grew up a vigorous school of native painters, among them Zurbaran, the elder Herrara and Pacheco, the last two famed as teachers of Velasquez.

But Velasquez owed far more to the genius that impelled him to seek inspiration directly from nature than he did to either of his masters. His paintings were objective transcripts of the world as he saw it, painted with a serene breadth and vigor that made him beyond question Spain's greatest artist. His best-known canvases are portraits of the royal family and notables of the Spanish court at Madrid, where he was painter to Philip IV for over thirty years. Technically his ability to invest any subject, however unattractive, with the rich interest that comes from skillful treatment of light and local color has made him a potent influence in modern art.

A painter of very diverse temperament was Murillo, a youth of humble origin who, after enjoying the hospitality

of Velasquez at Madrid, returned to his native Seville to paint Immaculate Conceptions and other fervent religious pictures of an appeal bordering on the sentimental. With Murillo, the austere, ascetic character of the old religious art of Spain became a thing of the past, for in his great murals as in the simple *genre* paintings of Sevillian ragamuffins, it was the picturesque, warm-blooded common people of his own southern Spain that he loved to paint.

Velasquez painting in Madrid for the all-powerful Spanish monarchy and Murillo in Seville for the all-powerful Catholic Church show clearly enough the two axes round which the art of Spain revolves. A century later, when both church and state were thoroughly decadent, Goya, an adventurer of peasant birth who had entrenched himself at court, irreverently assailed the bulwarks of both in his satiric etchings. As a painter he made such striking use of color and composition to produce emotional effects that the Impressionists called him first of the moderns. He, like Velasquez and Murillo, each in his own fashion, delighted to paint pictures racy of Spanish low life.

Within recent years Sorolla and Zuloaga, among others, have won new renown for Spanish art.

DIEGO VELASQUEZ

HEN Philip IV came to the throne of Spain in 1621, his country was already well launched on its calamitous decline. The riches of the Americas had weakened the nation's moral fiber; the Inquisition was still sucking out its life blood. Rebellions in many parts of the huge empire showed how near it was to breaking into bits—Holland and Portugal, already in revolt, were soon to gain their independence. In Spain itself there was rottenness at the very core of things.

Philip IV was possessed of a temperament quite incapable of grappling with these terrific problems; he soon proved himself a well-meaning but worthless ruler, easily diverted from his tasks. And chief among the diversions which his all-powerful prime minister Olivarez planned for the youthful monarch was—the official court painter, Velasquez! Who could envy the man with such a rôle to play, in such a court and for such a king? For thirty-six long years Velasquez was court painter at Madrid under Philip IV. Yet he was, according to all accounts, one of the most serenely independent men that ever lived—as well as one of the greatest painters.

Velasquez—his full name was Diego Rodriguez de Silva y Velasquez—was a native of Seville, born there in the year 1599. His father, a lawyer of noble Portuguese descent, brought the boy up "in the fear of God," with the hope of his entering one of the learned professions, but when he showed a decided bent for art, allowed him to have his own

way. Seville had two or three painters who were just then making a name for themselves and their city in Spanish art. Of these the ablest was the elder Herrera, a vigorous painter, whom some critics have gone so far as to call "the Michelangelo of Seville." Velasquez studied with Herrera for a year and through all his subsequent life kept something of the bold and masterly technique of his first master. Indeed one might almost call Herrera this artist's only teacher, for it is a curious fact that of all the potent forces that might have influenced Velasquez, this one, which he rebelled against and ran away from, was the only one that seemed to have any real effect on his art. But a year in Herrera's studio was all the young apprentice could stand, for Herrera was a notorious bully, with an uncontrollable temper.

His second master was a milder man, but unfortunately a much less able artist. A very human figure is this Pacheco, a bit dull and more than a bit complacent to gather in such credit to himself from his pupil's success when it comesbut worthy of respect for all that. He has come down to us as the author of a somewhat pedantic treatise on painting, in which he extols the art of Raphael and attempts to formulate its rules. Velasquez must have listened patiently to a great deal of such talk in the five years that he spent in Pacheco's studio, but he seems not to have taken it very seriously. When he could, he set himself to painting all the simple things of everyday life-pots and pans, fruits, birds and fish, realistic street scenes in his native Seville. why he did not abandon these bodegones or tavern-pieces and paint in the manner of Raphael, he used to say that he would rather be the first painter of common things than the second of the higher art. From Pacheco we learn that Velasquez, in these early days, also "kept a peasant lad as an apprentice, who served him for a study in different actions and postures—sometimes crying, sometimes laughing—till

he had grappled with every difficulty of expression; and from him he executed an infinite variety of heads in charcoal and chalk on blue paper, by which he arrived at certainty in taking likenesses."

Altogether it seems obvious that Velasquez taught himself to paint. But if he was given little in the way of actual technique, he did find the atmosphere of his master's home both congenial and stimulating. Pacheco was a man of culture; his library was an excellent one; his house a rendezvous for the most brilliant intellectuals of Andalusia. And there was another, even more potent attraction. "At the end of five years spent in what may be called an academy of good taste," says Pacheco with reference to Velasquez's stay in his own house, "he married my daughter, Doña Juana, moved thereto by her virtue, beauty and good qualities and his trust in his own natural genius."

Some three or four years after this marriage, fifteenyear-old Philip IV succeeded to the throne of Spain. Velasquez must have almost immediately conceived the plan of seeking the young King's patronage, for the next year he set out for Madrid armed with introductions from Pacheco to a number of friends there. Such efforts as they made to gain for him an immediate entrée to the King came to nothing, since Philip was still thoroughly absorbed in his new political duties. But while the young artist was studying the masterpieces in the royal galleries and painting on commission for his father-in-law the portrait of a certain fashionable poet, he made one or two warm friends at court and a few months after his departure from Madrid, received a letter from no less a person than the prime minister Olivarez, assigning him fifty ducats to defray the expenses of a speedy return. Hardly had he arrived at court when he was received into the royal service and not long after painted an equestrian portrait of Philip which pleased His Majesty so mightily that it was exhibited in front of the Church of San Felipe and acclaimed by the entire city. Pacheco, bursting with pride, produced a sonnet in honor of the occasion comparing the King to Alexander and the artist to Apelles. No less elated, Philip vowed a solemn vow that never again should any other artist paint his portrait. This oath he kept with greater faithfulness than he did his marriage vow, for Rubens and Cramer were the only painters in whose favor he broke over.

So this "immortal employé," as his biographer De Beruete calls Velasquez, began his labors. His first years at court were busy ones; he painted several portraits of the royal family, won an award for a historical painting on The Expulsion of the Moors and found time to delight the artificial court with some of his scenes of Spanish low life. The salary he received was not at all munificent, no more than that paid to the dwarfs and comedians and other court dependents. But he went about his duties serenely and if he found the King's patronage galling, as some writers insist in the very nature of things he must have, there is no clear record of the fact.

Five or six years after Velasquez's arrival in Madrid, Peter Paul Rubens, the great Flemish artist who "sometimes amused himself with diplomacy," came to Spain on an important political mission. At the King's request Velasquez served as his guide and companion during his long stay at the Spanish court. Tradition has much to say of the close bond that grew up between these two men of diverse genius. Yet for all they were so strongly drawn to each other, no hint of Rubens' influence found its way into the younger artist's work. What his contact with Rubens did give him was a keen desire to visit Italy, where the Fleming had spent so many happy years.

When the King learned of this wish, he not only gave

Velasquez permission to make the trip without loss of salary but a present of four hundred ducats, and to this Olivarez added two hundred. The artist spent two entire years in travel, visiting all the great Italian art centers and making copies of a number of old masters to send back to Spain. He was stirred with a deep admiration for the painters of Italy, particularly Titian, whom he once called "first of Italian men." But as he had been uninfluenced by the magnificent style of Rubens, so in Italy also, he held to the promptings of his own genius. Even while he was in Rome copying Raphael and Michelangelo, he could paint a racy, picturesque Forge of Vulcan that showed a Spanish Vulcan, in a very realistic Spanish smithy, listening in horror while Apollo broke the news of his wife's infidelity.

On his return from Italy Velasquez found a new-born heir to the throne, the Don Balthasar Carlos who appears as a lordly little boy in many of his finest portraits. He found the court more depraved, Philip more immersed in ways of folly and stupidity, Olivarez nearer the disastrous end of his desperate game of intrigue. What he really thought of these patrons whom he painted again and again and yet again is nowhere on record. But when Olivarez, beaten at last by the powerful Richelieu in a diplomatic struggle that involved the greater part of Europe, went down to bitter defeat, Velasquez risked Philip's displeasure to stand by his old friend and patron. All Spain clamored for the dismissal of this man they had come to hate, a private scandal brought him additional notoriety, Philip after endless friction at last turned defiant and sent him to ruin. but the court painter remained one of his few friends. He even made Olivarez a visit in his lonely exile at Zamora.

The hapless Philip was by this time trying by fits and starts to manage his own vast empire, going from bad to worse, falling now into this pitfall and now into that. But

apparently he never made Velasquez suffer for his independent conduct. Instead, during the next few years, Philip put on his court painter's shoulders one burdensome responsibility after another—yet each one, in its fashion, a post of trust and honor. The most welcome of these tasks, perhaps, was that of making extensive purchases of statuary for the royal galleries, since it necessitated another trip to Italy, and Italy meant comparative freedom with more opportunity for painting than the artist could find in Spain. In Rome he was commissioned to paint a portrait of Pope Innocent X, but fearing he might be out of practice, would not begin work until he had first painted his servantthe faithful mulatto who had been with him since his Sevillian days and who was by this time, thanks to his master, himself a very good painter. The Pope's portrait was such a success that Velasquez was overwhelmed with orders as long as he remained in Italy.

In Spain, too, his paintings continued to be greeted with acclaim from year to year. Legend has it that when the King saw Las Meñinas (The Maids of Honor), he was so delighted with it that he himself seized the paint brush, dipped it in red and painted into the picture the cross of Santiago which is seen on the artist's breast. This picture. for which some critic in despair of expressing his admiration coined the label of "the theology of painting," is Velasquez's best-known canvas. Royal Cortissoz calls it "the most perfect study of color and values which exists." With a wonderful play of light that gives significance to the scene, it shows the miniature court of the little Spanish Infanta—her ladies in waiting, her dwarfs, her great mastiff, the King and Queen reflected in a distant mirror and at one side Velasquez himself at his easel, dignified and serene. Though the symbol of knighthood appears in the painting, it was not until three years after it was painted, when the cus-



ANTONIO, THE ENGLISH DWARF
From the painting by Velasquez, in the Prado Museum



tomary painstaking inquiry into family history had been completed, that Velasquez was given official rank as belted knight.

During his last years Velasquez was greatly overburdened at court, what with the care of the royal galleries and a new office of aposentador major or palace marshal, which entailed endless ceremonial arrangements, particularly when the King took his court with him on a journey to some scene of political turmoil. Rumor says Velasquez asked for this office, which, of course, carried with it additional income, though no very princely amount.

In connection with this post there fell to him at the time of the marriage of the Spanish Infanta, Maria Theresa, and Louis XIV of France, the task of arranging for the picturesque Spanish pavilion and all the rich trappings of state that could alone do honor to that epoch-making occasion. Velasquez accomplished this feat in a manner that drew admiration from Spanish and French alike—but the strain was too much for him. He fell ill and died, in that same year of 1660, and his wife Juana, only eight days after, followed him to the grave.

BARTOLOMÉ ESTÉBAN MURILLO

N the beautiful city of Seville, "the pearl of Spain," her lovers called her, was born and lived and died the painter Murillo. Only once did he venture beyond the borders of his native province. He

was young and unknown then, and fate set before him an open door at the royal court of Madrid that would have tempted almost any man. But for all the kindness of the great Velasquez, the court and the King himself, he chose not to enter that door. Seville was the city of his choice.

Murillo—Bartolomé Estéban Murillo—had been born of humble working folk, in Seville, about the last of the year 1617. His childhood days are lost in obscurity—one thinks of him as a ragged urchin like those in his own pictures, playing about the city streets in the same filthy squalor and the same whole-hearted roguish glee. Evidently he ran wild and learned at an early age to shift for himself. But his parents took a good deal of pride in the pictures he was forever drawing and one day went with him to arrange for his apprenticeship to Juan del Castillo, a local painter who was a distant relative of the family.

Castillo's studio was a simple affair—a dwelling set about with a few casts and a lay figure ready to be draped with the national cloak or monkish frock as the occasion required. It was only on great occasions that the master would pay for a living model, but the pupils sometimes stripped in turn and stood patiently while their fellows made careful studies of a leg or a shoulder. Great was the rivalry between the pupils of Castillo and those of the three or four

other such "schools" that Seville boasted, for Seville was then fast becoming as important an art center as there was in Spain. During the procession of Corpus and other religious festivals the work of the art students was displayed on windows and balconies and on the steps of the Cathedral, and any painting of promise might become the talk of the town. Murillo was a great favorite in Castillo's school. By and by he painted as well as the master himself—but alas, no better, for that well-meaning artist had instructed him too thoroughly in his own stiff, mechanical style. But Castillo was friend as well as master, and his departure for Cadiz left the twenty-two-year-old pupil quite forlorn.

Cast on his resources, for by this time his parents were dead, the young man drifted about the city making a somewhat precarious livelihood. Seville boasted other masters, of greater ability than Castillo, who might have taught him. But he was probably too poor. For him the great day of the week was Thursday when he took his pictures to the feria, or public fair, of Seville, held then, as for centuries before and after, on a broad street in front of one of the city's most picturesque old churches. There in competition with mendicant friars, gypsies and muleteers the artist cried his wares in the marketplace. If a cultivated Spaniard wished to express his scorn for a bad painting he called it a pintura de la feria (picture for the fair); for the pictures sold at these fairs were proverbially crude. But small pictures of saints and madonnas were in demand by the score, both for local customers and for the new converts to the Christian faith in the Spanish colonies overseas. The street-painters kept brush and pigments at hand ready to alter a painting on the spot if need be, or even to paint a new picture then and there.

Murillo's work held its own in this lively mart, but not much more. Indeed there is no sign that it was particularly deserving of note. Then one day, when he was twenty-five, there returned to Seville, all aglow with adventure, a young artist whom he had known before, perhaps as a fellow student in Castillo's school. This Pedro de Moya had marvelous tales to tell of the paintings of Flanders, and of the great Van Dyck, then at his prime in England. Besides he showed such an amazing change for the better in his own work that Murillo was fairly eaten up with envy. But he had no private means like his friend, no wealthy patron to pay his expenses; his parents were dead and his sister dependent on him for her support. How could he afford the luxury of foreign travel?

Ambition fired him to work a miracle in his own behalf—and all very simply. He bought a great quantity of canvas, cut it into squares of various sizes, and working in great excitement, made it into pictures that he sold to the American traders. His sister he left in the care of some friends, and without more ado, telling no one of his purpose, set out on foot on the long journey over the mountains to Madrid. There he presented himself to his great fellow townsman Velasquez, official painter at the royal court of Spain.

Velasquez, grave, aristocratic, secure in his own fame as an artist and surrounded by all the trappings of royal favor, must have been surprised at the visit of the impetuous young stranger who had not so much as a letter of introduction. But Murillo was too full of his new dreams to be self-conscious. He confided to Velasquez his hope of somehow making his way to Italy to see the great works of art there and asked for introductions to the master's friends in Rome. Velasquez was so charmed by a certain earnestness of manner that he invited the young man to visit in his own studio and study the paintings in the royal galleries of Madrid. Here under the most friendly auspices Murillo drank in the inspiration of the great Flemish and Italian masters, and felt



VIRGIN AND CHILD (From the painting by Murillo in the Wallace Collection)



no need of going farther. He spent the next two years at work copying paintings, chiefly of Ribera, Van Dyck and Velasquez. So skillful did he become that Velasquez, who was nothing if not generous, brought his young protegé to the notice of both King and court, urged upon him letters of introduction to Italian notables and in every conceivable way set him on the path to a brilliant future.

The wonder is that Murillo resisted this fate. Stranger than the sudden storm of ambition that had swept him out of his course and brought him to Madrid was the homing instinct that took him back to his native province. Perhaps his love of adventure had spent itself in that one daring journey, or it may be that for all Velasquez's kindness he found the elaborate ritual of court life trying and longed for the simpler, warmer-hearted folk of his southern province. Possibly it was the thought of his sister that called him back, or some more ardent affection, but if so, there is no record of it.

At any rate, back he went, renouncing the once coveted trip to Italy and all the proffered honors of royal Madrid. So effectively did he close that chapter of his life that at least one contemporary writer tells us he did not even so much as mention it, but reappeared as silently as he had departed and "they fancied he had shut himself up for two long years studying from the life and thus acquired his skill."

Few so much as remembered the street-painter of two or three years previous; no one had heard of his experiences in the far-away capital. Very strange it must have seemed to have to beg the brown-frocked Franciscans of the city for his first commission at a price which was far too low to tempt any artist of local renown. The friars were in a great quandary; they were weary of the endless efforts to collect enough money to employ some one of note and at last

decided to allow the obscure artist to have his way and decorate their cloister.

It was all he asked. He needed only the opportunity to establish himself as the foremost painter of the city. The eleven pictures in the Franciscan cloister were like nothing that Seville had seen before. Instead of the usual conventional lifeless figures of religious paintings, the people in these pictures were Spanish folk of everyday life depicted in Spanish surroundings. All Seville crowded in to gaze in wonder at these lifelike scenes which, for all their realism, were painted with an emotional appeal that stirred the heart of every devout Catholic. From this time on Murillo's position was secure. Three or four years after his return to Seville he married a lady of wealth and rank and their home shortly became a rendezvous for the most interesting people of the city. Murillo had always been a man to win friends. He assumed with simple dignity the rôle of chief painter of Seville and in the course of time, through his prestige and his readiness to conciliate other artists, succeeded in founding a public academy of art—a project that up to that time in Spain had invariably met with failure.

In Madrid Velasquez was painting decadent Spanish grandees on commission from the royal treasury; Murillo, in Seville, painted the picturesque common folk of Spain to the order of the Catholic Church. To be sure, many of his genre scenes, particularly of street imps, were mere fancy pictures, painted to sell to whoever would buy. But he carried the selfsame spirit of genre painting into his great religious pictures. There was in Seville a certain notorious Don who had spent the greater part of his life in dissipation but who hoped to atone for his sins by devotion to the Catholic Hospital, or charitable guild, of which he was a member. At his request Murillo undertook the work that brought him greatest fame—a series of three small and eight

great religious paintings for the Hospital. The work occupied him for four years, perhaps longer—and for the last three years he worked so steadily that he did not so much as leave the building once in all that time. Characteristic of the series is the famous St. Elizabeth of Hungary, which shows the saintly Queen bathing a sore on the head of a ragged little boy, while other poor diseased folk are standing about in need of her attention. Théophile Gautier says of it: "In his picture of St. Elizabeth Murillo takes us into the most thoroughgoing reality. Instead of angels we are here shown lepers. But Christian art, like Christian charity, feels no disgust at such a spectacle. Everything which it touches becomes pure, elevated and enobled, and from this revolting theme Murillo has created a masterpiece."

Murillo was at his best in pictures of this type. knew and loved the common people-he could still remember the days of his youth when he had run wild in the streets of Seville, as poor and ragged, doubtless, as any of them. He loved the Catholic faith and was all his life devout in its practices. It is not hard to understand why he refused an invitation to return to the court of Madrid at the height of his fame. He had no regrets for the choice of his youthful days. He was a Sevillian and a Sevillian he would remain. So he painted on, expressing in his art the religious fervor of the people of his southern province. Critics classify his work in three periods, which they speak of as the cold (frio), warm (calido) and vaporous (vaporoso) styles. For gradually as the years passed, his colors became warmer, his outlines less definite and clear cut, his figures rounder. The result was an emotional art—an art that Faure in his History of Art characterizes as "insinuating, sanctimonious and sugary"-but an art that charmed popular taste in contemporary Seville and has continued to appeal to succeeding generations.

Most appealing of all to his fellow townsmen, perhaps, were his pictures of the Virgin Mary. The dogma of the Immaculate Conception was so dear to the hearts of Sevillians that when, a year before Murillo's birth, a papal bull forbade any one of the faith to oppose it, the whole city went wild with joy. Elaborate ceremonies in the Cathedral were succeeded by a public entertainment in the bull ring to celebrate the wonderful event. The harsh rigors of the Inquisition were giving way to the mild rule of the Virgin Queen who could always find it in her heart to be merciful. Something of all this found its way into the *Immaculate Conceptions* which Murillo painted so often that he became known as "the Painter of the Conceptions."

Murillo was a tireless worker, taking little time from his art except for his private devotions. His death, which occurred in 1682, resulted from injuries received in falling from a scaffolding on which he had been at work on one

of his paintings.

FRANCISCO GOYA

HÉOPHILE GAUTIER, on seeing Goya's painting of *The Family of King Charles IV*, pronounced it "a grocer's family who have won the big lottery prize." Again and again, Goya laid

bare the empty pretenses of his royal patrons at the Spanish court with his satiric brush. The "rococo" period in which he lived was a thoroughly rotten one, nor was this Goya, this former bull-fighter who had been involved in a dozen disgraceful adventures and had not yet lost his trick of making havoc of women's hearts, any other than a child of the age. But all Europe was seething with the revolt against old authority that found outlet at last in the French Revolution, and Goya who allowed himself to be the favored painter of four monarchs of royal Spain, seems to many a revolutionist waving a red flag.

Goya's early life reads like a picaresque romance. He was of sturdy peasant stock, this Francisco Goya y Lucientes, born March 30, 1746, in a little Aragon village called Fuendetodos. Not far away was the city of Saragossa, and here, at fourteen, he began to study with a painter of local note. Vigorous and headstrong, always into some daredevil adventure of love-making or dagger-drawing, the boy was the terror of the studio. At last blood was drawn in one of these adventures, the Inquisition got wind of it and Goya had to be hidden away until he had recovered sufficiently from his own wound to be hurried off to Madrid. There he roamed about the streets at night serenading lovely ladies and doubtless making many a heart beat faster, for he had,

all his life long, a marvelous singing voice. Finally the nineteen-year-old Don Juan was wounded in a love affair and caught in the toils of the police. Escaping, he joined a band of bull-fighters on a tour of Mediterranean towns and so eventually arrived in Rome. In Rome, more intrigues, more adventures! If he haunted the Vatican and stood in humility and awe before the works of Raphael and Michelangelo, the world heard nothing of it. But he did his best to abduct a beautiful young nun from her convent, was caught and only saved his life by his usual skill at headlong flight.

After a few more peccadillos, Goya reappeared at Madrid in his late twenties, now in good and regular standing as the son-in-law, or it may be the brother-in-law, of the artist Francisco Bayeu. His wife was a long-suffering woman who bore him twenty children in spite of his roving affections. Through Bayeu, Goya came to the notice of Raphael Mengs, a German artist then highly honored at the court of Spain, and Mengs ordered a number of designs for the royal tapestry works which were being revived by royal order. Goya's exuberant, naturalistic treatment of Spanish pastimes and other genre themes came as a welcome change from the artificial shepherd idyls then in vogue and made something of a sensation among the Spanish nobility. From that time on, he was increasingly in favor at court.

Superficially, at least, the ex-toreador adopted himself to the amenities of court life. He painted the portraits and religious pictures that were in demand in a style so like his contemporaries as to seem almost commonplace. But he renounced none of his prowess in love or in the war of wits or of rapiers. When he came to some disagreement with the Duke of Wellington, whose portrait he was painting, he made no bones about hurling a cast at the obnoxious Duke's head. The court was often agog with his liaisons, particu-

larly one with a certain beautiful young Duchess of Alba. But scandals were accepted as of common occurrence at this court where the King's prime minister, Manuel Godoy, was openly rumored to be the paramour of his Queen.

There was little love lost between Goya and the prime minister, who though now a duke, was an ex-guardsmanlike Goya of common origin. Time and again he was the butt of the artist's venomous caprice. Legend has it that Goya would sometimes amuse the court by sprinkling sand on a writing table and tracing caricatures of the man whom every one else felt compelled to treat with deference. Once, upon being refused admittance by the ushers because he appeared at some function in white stockings at a time of court mourning, the artist departed, only to return in a short time with his legs adorned with funereal pen and ink sketches of Godoy. Of course such independence made enemies at court, but women, as always, were fascinated by Goya, men had no desire to face him in a duel, and his daredevil whims were instinctively felt to be the whirling straws cast to shore by some terrific current. James Huneker aptly says the mention of Goya's name suggests a dozen comparisons—comets, cataracts, whirlwinds and wild animals.

In time this almost ferocious energy that had squandered itself for years in adventure began to find its way also into Goya's art. A series of drawings which he made of the etchings of Velasquez had a potent influence,—Velasquez, Rembrandt and Nature, he boasted, were his masters. Gradually was evolved the technique which led the Impressionists of a later day to enthrone this painter as first of the moderns. In his portraits, whether of the royal family or not, he began to use the resources of his art to convey his own powerful impressions; and when he painted a squad shooting down prisoners in his Scene of May 3, 1808, he could make the white shirt of one of the victims and a pool of red blood

cry out from the depressing gray of early morning like a shriek of agony.

Just how deliberately Goya threw his herculean powers into exposing the horrors of war or the hypocrisies of royalty or any other evil of his times is a moot question. He had never shown any signs of idealism and though he won his fame in a country that was Catholic and monarchical to the core, is said to have flaunted quite openly his lack of faith in church and state. "His whole art," writes Richard Muther in his monograph on Goya, "seems like a bull-fight; for everywhere he sees before him some red rag, and hurls

himself upon it with the frantic fury of the toro."

In his etchings, particularly, Goya treated with biting scorn the illusions and hypocrisies and even the faiths of his age. One of them shows a dead man come to life and writing on the wall the one word nada—nothing. But his imagination was so prolific, so grim, so capricious, that even in his etchings the thrust of his satire is seldom such an obvious one. And meantime, whatever may have been his thoughts, he frequently dedicated these etchings to the Spanish King and continued to live on terms of favor with the Spanish nobility. The daring with which he maintained this equivocal position at the reactionary Spanish court, in an age when in France Voltaire was being followed by Robespierre and Robespierre by Napoleon, made Goya a significant figure. When he visited Paris in his lonely and bitter old age, he was welcomed by Delacroix and other of the young romanticists with something very like veneration. Says Muther: "In Goya's oeuvre all these melodies of the Time Spirit are blended together into the wildest potpourri. In the battle of his age he stood in the forefront of the fray, himself its standard-bearer, its focus. Like some Harlequin with his wand and cap of bells he skips after the funeral car of the old aristocratic society. As a daring reformer he



THE PARASOL (From the painting by Goga in the Prano Gullery, Madrid)



seeks to make ready the pathway of the new age . . . and yet it is as a Pessimist, despairing of everything—even of the Freedom he had once loved so passionately—that he closes his eyes at the last."

But the course of Goya's later years has puzzled those who have been most ardent in proclaiming him a soldier in the cause of humanity, and has even led some writers to dispose of his so-called revolutionary principles as a "Goya legend." For, as Caffin puts it in his Story of Spanish Painting, "In the troubles which overtook Spain Goya proved himself neither patriot nor hero." When Napoleon's regiments conquered Spain and set Joseph Bonaparte on the Spanish throne, Goya was loud in his support of the new monarch. But Spain soon wearied of King Joseph, and no sooner had the old royal line got the upper hand than this revolutionary Goya came of his own free will offering allegiance to Ferdinand VII. Ferdinand remarked that Goya deserved to be hanged, but that there were no more such artists in Spain, and gave him back his old post of court painter.

But though a crooked path was thus apparently made straight for him, Goya's last days were dreary ones. He was an old man and growing very deaf-so much so that he could no longer enjoy the piano that had been for many years his solace and recreation. His wife was dead and his large family had grown up and left him for homes of their own. More and more he withdrew from the court and lived a lonely life in a house on the very edge of the city, where he amused himself by decorating his walls with the bitter and terrifying visions of which his mind seemed to be full. At last he decided that the Spanish climate was too trying and went to spend his last years in Bordeaux. On a final visit to Madrid when he was over eighty, the old painter was received with the honor which Spain had never grudged him. He died in Bordeaux, April 16, 1828, at the age of eightytwo.







INTRODUCTION

RENCH art began under the shadow of Italian influence when Francis I invited Del Sarto, Da Vinci and other artists of the Renaissance to France to live and work. The French "school of

Fontainebleau," so called, which flourished in the sixteenth century, was in large measure an Italian school. In the seventeenth century the two French artists of outstanding genius, Poussin and Claude of Lorraine, worked almost entirely in Rome. Though Claude's canvases were more purely landscape, both men painted scenes of classic grandeur, in which occasional figures and imposing buildings were seen against a background of hill or valley. Poussin, especially, exerted a powerful influence on the art of his native country. Under Louis XIV the classic school deriving from Poussin received official sanction in the founding of the French Academy, which had a branch Academy also in Rome. The art of this period was dominated by Le Brun, painter in ordinary to the Grand Monarch, an artist of mediocre, grandiose spirit, but nevertheless a dictator who held potent sway.

In the first years of the reign of Louis XV, Antoine Watteau, a poor provincial youth of Flemish antecedents, began to create some stir in Paris. Watteau had caught the piquant gayety and charm of the artificial Parisian life of his age and idealized it with a hint of melancholy that was a welcome change from the classic formalism so long in vogue. After Watteau Fragonard painted other idyllic scenes with vivacity, though without Watteau's light touch, and Boucher

and Greuze, with their prettified shepherdesses and their scenes from lowly life, carried the same tendency into an art that became in time affected and sentimental.

With David the pendulum swung back to classicism. His stern and formal compositions presented the heroic stories of antiquity in a manner that seemed to the patriots of the French Revolution truly inspired. During all the political upheavals of the Napoleonic era a severe classic spirit continued to be the vogue in French art. After David, his pupil Ingres continued the tradition of academic painting.

But the nineteenth century brought a steady succession of assaults against the classic art fostered by the Academy. A painting by the short-lived Géricault was the opening gun in the warfare between the so-called classic and romantic schools. Then Delacroix assumed the leadership of the new romantic movement with work that his critics said was painted with an "intoxicated broom." Classicism, still firmly entrenched, soon had to resist attack from another source, for the Fontainebleau-Barbizon men, headed by Théodore Rousseau, were painting landscapes that were instinct with a poetic view of nature. Dupré, Diaz and other of the Barbizon painters, like Rousseau, painted nature in her intimate moods. Corot's idyllic scenes were in close sympathy with the Barbizon ideal. Millet, the peasant painter of Barbizon, painted the life of the hard-working French peasants in a poetic spirit that opened up new vistas in the world of art. About the middle of the century, Troyon began to win some little note as a painter of animals, and Rosa Bonheur, a more popular though a less able animal painter, was widely acclaimed.

A reaction against the poetizing tendency of the Barbizon painters set in with the work of Meissonier, an artist in high favor at the time of the Franco-Prussian War. painted small pieces and elaborate military scenes alike with

the most meticulous care for the accuracy of every detail. But Meissonier represented only a back current in French art. A new generation of rebels had come to the fore under the leadership of Manet and later, also, of Claude Monet, whose picture entitled An Impression was the occasion for the coining of the term "Impressionism." Manet, who was not strictly speaking an Impressionist, in his early years startled by his realism and his use of brilliant, high-toned colors in close juxtaposition, and later by his plein air or open-air painting. Like him the school of landscape painters known as Impressionists worked in the open air, but in their effort to show effects of light and local color, began, instead of mixing their pigments on the palette, to paint in tiny points of pure color that would blend at a distance from the canvas. Degas, Renoir, Cezanne, Van Gogh, Gaughin came into prominence during this period, and through them and many others French art exerted a revolutionary influence on modern painting far beyond France.

CLAUDE GELÉE OF LORRAINE

NE of the greatest of landscape painters was Claude Gelée, better known from his birthplace as Claude Lorraine. Claude was born in 1600 in Chamagne, a little town of Lorraine near Toul.

From the vague and contradictory accounts of his early years handed down by tradition, there emerges the picture of a slow, patient, awkward country boy, so dull of wits that he had difficulty even in learning to read and write. Legend has it that his parents apprenticed him to a pastry cook and that later, with a party of cooks on adventure bent, he made his way to Rome. But alas, this picturesque story is now said to be a mere romantic invention which may have had its origin in the fame of the culinary art of Claude's native Lorraine. Another account of the artist's early years, perhaps no more trustworthy than the first, represents him as learning wood-carving from an older brother and starting out in life as an assistant to a relative who was a lace merchant. He is said to have accompanied the lace merchant to Naples, studied there with a German painter, Gottfried Waels by name, and then moved on to Rome. At any rate, by some means or other, he did arrive in Rome and there entered the employ of Augustine Tassi, a painter of some little note.

In Tassi's household Claude held for a number of years the post of general servant. Among the many duties that devolved upon him was that of grinding and mixing his master's colors, in those days a considerable task. But Claude





took such obvious delight in handling the pigments and in watching the pictures which took shape on his master's easel that he was soon being allowed to help with the simpler parts of the painting. It is an appealing story, this, of the master's teaching his slow-witted servant to paint, for Claude never appears as a brilliant prodigy; always he is the modest, faithful plodder, going ahead in his own conscientious fashion. In time he had profited by Tassi's instruction enough to assist with the decorations with which his master was just then embellishing some of the most palatial residences in Rome.

But instead of drifting along into the conventional future that might have opened up in Rome had he remained with Tassi, Claude determined to return to his native Lorraine. Superficially the long tour must have meant one disappointment after another. In his old home, where his parents had long since died, nothing offered itself in the way of employment, and he made but a short visit. He did stay for a number of months in Nancy, where he was engaged as assistant to a local painter on some church decorations. But difficulties arose; the work proved uncongenial and after a time he broke away to take a meandering course back to Rome. Adventures were by no means lacking; for, according to legend, he was always almost penniless; he fell ill once, and was robbed of even what little money he had. But before he finally returned to Rome Claude had traveled, chiefly on foot and alone, through much of Germany, France and Italy. Over and over he must have watched with keen delight the never-ending changes in some picturesque countryside as the sun rose, or set, or made its slow steady progress through the heavens. The vivid memories he stored up made him endlessly dissatisfied with the formal painting then in vogue in the schools.

So, on his return to Rome, Claude opened his own studio

and set to work in earnest. Followed a period of struggle with poverty, a period when he was patiently discarding the methods of other painters and as patiently working out his own technique. About this time he made a warm friend and admirer in the German Sandrart, an artist some six years his junior then studying in Rome, and the two men took courage, each from the other, through many difficulties. Sandrart it is who has given us most of our information about the great French landscapist. In his *Academia* he says of Claude's methods:

He applied himself with much zeal and diligence to grasp the true principles of art. In order that he might be able to study closely the inmost secrets of nature he used to linger in the open air from before daybreak even to nightfall, so that he might learn to depict with a scrupulous adherence to nature's model the changing phases of dawn, the rising and setting sun, as well as the hours of twilight. When he had in this manner well considered his subject in the open air, he forthwith mixed his colors according to the tints before him, and then returning home, applied them to the work which he had in hand, with greater truth than any one had done before him. In this most difficult and toilsome mode of study he spent many years, making excursions into the country every day, and returning even after a long journey without finding it irksome. Sometimes I have chanced to meet him amongst the steepest cliffs at Tivoli, handling the brush before those well-known waterfalls and painting the actual scene, not by the aid of imagination or invention, but according to the very objects which nature placed before him. This mode of working so much commended itself to him that he always adhered to the same course.

One might expect from this account of Sandrart to find Claude's paintings exact transcripts of the scenes that charmed him so, but the English artist, Samuel Palmer, tells how he searched the vicinity about Rome for Claude's magical combinations and miles apart "found the disjointed members, some of them most lovely." As a matter of fact, not only were Claude's landscapes put together from their sep-

arate parts but his composition was extremely formal; he made no attempt to give the intimate glimpses of nature so beloved by modern painters. As accessories to the landscape, a ruined temple hinting of classic grandeur and a figure or two were almost always introduced. Claude attempted little deviation from this general formula, in spite of the fact that he was constantly dissatisfied with his own painting of figures. He accepted, to this extent, the conventions of his day, introducing great variety yet within prescribed limits. But conventional though they might be in composition, his landscapes were absolutely unrivaled for the wonderful, luminous effects of his skies and the golden sunlight in which his scenes were suffused. Two centuries afterward, in a daring gesture of rivalry that was in itself a tribute, the English Turner bequeathed two of his paintings to the National Gallery in London with the express proviso that they should hang beside two Claudes; and not Turner alone but many another artist has been a debtor to the stimulating influence of this earliest of the world's great landscape painters.

For all his humble, painstaking beginnings, Claude's fame came to him fairly early. He was not yet forty when, in 1637, he etched to royal order the fireworks that celebrated the accession of Ferdinand, king of the Romans. By that time, however, he had won the good will of Pope Urban VIII and was on the high road to prosperity. He was the favored painter of four successive popes and many wealthy Roman citizens in the years that followed, and even beyond the Italian borders there was steady demand for his work. Much is to be learned regarding his landscapes of this later period from his famous Liber Veritatis, a book consisting of some two hundred sketches of the pictures sent out from his studio, with dates, patrons and sundry other data laboriously recorded in each case. Doubtless this rec-

ord helped the artist to keep a closer watch on the imitations that were sometimes passed off as genuine Claudes. It is a striking testimony to his love of methodical procedure, and perhaps, also, to a feeling of personal attachment for the pictures on which he lavished such care. The landscape that he regarded as his best he refused to part with, even when Clement IX once offered to cover its surface with gold pieces.

In the heyday of his fame Claude remained the same simple, hard-working, conscientious artist. Even when he had more commissions than he could handle, he worked with his proverbial slowness. Not only did he linger over the skies and hills he loved, but he took endless trouble with those figures of his, which he never could learn to paint successfully. He used to say that he sold his landscapes and gave his figures away. For years he tried to perfect himself in figure painting by practice at the Academy in Rome, but so conscious was he of weakness in this respect that after he could afford it, he often hired another artist to paint in the inevitable figures without which no landscape seemed complete.

Strangely little is known of the Claude of these prosperous days; indeed not much more than when he was an obscure country boy, for he was too thoroughly absorbed in his work to give much time to the amenities and after Sandrart left Rome, had no intimate dealings with his fellow painters. His quiet life was in marked contrast to that of his countryman Poussin, then, like Claude, living in Rome and at the height of his fame. Student though he was in his own field, Claude had remained in many respects unsophisticated, even unlettered, to judge from the inscriptions of the *Liber Veritatis*, where his own name of Gelée appears spelled in five different ways, and other words accordingly. Claude lived in his own house in Rome, with a nephew to whom he en-

trusted all the practical details of their simple household routine, and an adopted daughter, or perhaps a niece, a little girl who was only eleven at her foster father's death. To her he left the precious *Liber Veritatis* and a half of his considerable fortune, the other half going to his nephew. Claude died in Rome in 1682.

ANTOINE WATTEAU

F Watteau, the Comte de Caylus, his friend and first biographer, says: "He created a new world—a people came forth from his brain marked by caprice and elegance in a manner unknown before." Watteau's world—the Paris of the Grand Monarch and his successor—was indeed one of caprice and elegance. Genius enabled the artist to seize upon and record the piquant, fragile charm of that world at its best, while the man was growing more and more restless and unhappy in its actual confines.

Antoine Watteau, whose art seems so thoroughly French, was of Flemish parentage and indeed would have been of Flemish birth if a treaty six years before had not happened to make Valenciennes a part of France. In this still typically Flemish city he was born in the year 1684, of humble working people. Watteau's father was by trade what is best described as a tiler. Early biographers speak with resentment of his attempts to keep his son from being a painter, though in recent years he has been presented more sympathetically. Antoine seems, at any rate, to have attracted sufficient attention to his talents by drawing pictures in the margin of the big family Lives of the Saints when he was a mere child. At fourteen he managed to get himself apprenticed to a Valenciennes painter by the name of Gérin, and he remained in Gérin's studio until that artist's death some three years later.

By this time, whether from some talk of Gérin's or not,

young Watteau had set his heart on going to Paris. Perhaps the hard-working tiler could not scrape together enough money for the project, or he may have seen enough of his son's restless temperament to distrust the idea of sending him off alone to the gay capital. At any rate, tradition says he set himself against the plan with might and main and poked a good deal of fun at the boy's silly calling and meager financial prospects. At eighteen, goaded beyond endurance, Watteau broke away from home and after a weary tramp, arrived almost penniless, alone, unheralded, not yet even master of his tools, in that Paris whose caprice and elegance he was to celebrate to the world.

Paris was quite oblivious to his presence. He tramped the streets, the story goes, until he became so hungry that he had to sell his hat in order to buy bread. Finally he secured work under a decorator painter who ran a sort of factory, turning out devotional pictures in wholesale, mechanical fashion. A few francs a month and a bowl of soup or other scanty dish each day comprised the wages. Watteau worked in this establishment until he won promotion from the worst of the drudgery to the more congenial task of painting St. Nicholas. But one day he grew so sick of the whole stupid business that he could stay no longer. Legend has it that he threw his brush into the holy-water stoup in the church where he was then at work and departed without further ceremony. Afterwards he said of this impetuous act, "My pencil did penance then."

Watteau's career was to be a series of such capricious episodes, each one rich with material for his art. So far he had caught nothing but entrancing, far-off glimpses of Parisian lords and ladies, but as luck would have it, he became, now, pupil and assistant to one Gillot, in whose studio he saw the Parisian world of fashion at somewhat closer range. Louis XIV's long, pompous rule was drawing to a close,

and Paris, weary of such grandeur, was beginning to yearn for the light-hearted frivolity that later broke out into a perfect extravaganza on the accession of Louis XV. Gillot's studio was very much à la mode. Primarily he was a decorator, a man of exuberant fancies which he embodied in wall arabesques and fantastic theatrical costumes, even more than in formal pictures. He was delighted with his new pupil's facility for this sort of work. He showed Watteau every kindness. Watteau, on his part, was appreciative; and master and pupil worked together for years as the warmest of friends.

Those were the days when the Paris Grand Opera House was being redecorated in lavish style and Watteau, under Gillot or some one else, had his own small share in the work. Legend has it that at the opera he became infatuated with a beautiful, capricious ballet-girl known as La Montague, that she kept him at a distance but taught him much of the ways of Paris. If so, it was like most experiences in his fitful career, one that enriched his art but came speedily to an end. The magnets that drew Watteau so powerfully never held him. So it proved now, with his relationship with Gillot; some misunderstanding came between them and they parted on bad terms.

Taking with him Pater and Lancret, Watteau went from Gillot's studio to that of Audran, keeper of the galleries of the Luxembourg. Here, as Audran's assistant, he lived in the Luxembourg palace, roamed at will through the famous galleries and was able, also, to enroll as a regular student at the French Academy. His seemed, indeed, an enviable position for a young and ambitious artist. But when he failed to win the *Grand Prix* and shortly afterward, on showing Audran a military picture he had worked at in secret, received nothing but disparaging comment, his way suddenly seemed intolerably blocked. So convinced was he of the

worth of his painting that he came to the conclusion he was being discouraged simply because his employer feared to lose a competent assistant. He decided to break off relations with Audran and seeking a plausible excuse, found one in a visit to his native Valenciennes. But in order to raise enough money for the trip, he had to dispose of the little camp picture. By a lucky chance, the purchaser was a certain Sirois, a well-to-do art dealer, who became from that moment one of his warmest friends.

Back in Valenciennes Watteau found the whole countryside thick with military camps and shortly after his return a grenadier from Marseilles was detailed to the Watteau home to recover from his wounds under the care of Antoine's mother. He and Watteau became great friends, for the young artist had been for months on fire with ambition to glorify the life of the soldier and during the year or so that he spent with his parents worked almost entirely on military paintings. But in time he grew restless at home; Valenciennes seemed dull and provincial, and Paris the one place he longed to be.

So once again Watteau set out for Paris. Eight years had passed since he had left home by stealth, a poor, uncultured, ambitious boy seeking fame in the French metropolis. Now, in a sense, it was his own city to which he returned, for during those years Paris had irretrievably set her mark upon him. This time he was received with cordiality; his friends had not forgotten him, and almost at once his work began to attract public favor. In the eleven years that remained to him he would be praised and fêted to the point of surfeit. Yet Watteau's life in Paris was fitful, given over to inner restlessness and outward change. Walter Pater says of him that he was "a sick man all his life. He was always a seeker after something in the world that is there in no satisfying measure or not at all."

But if for himself he found little in Paris that proved satisfying, for his art Watteau took toll of everything that life brought. Ever since his early student days he had been in the habit of sketching with feverish delight the bits of Paris drama that set his fancy afire. He could not help being charmed and disillusioned, almost in a single breath, with many things he saw. As he went about the Paris streets, as he watched the brilliant world of fashion at the opera or in the Luxembourg gardens or at closer hand in the studio or fête, he was constantly aware of the sheer loveliness of the little plays in which these affected little puppets of the French court were so absorbed. The charm of some exquisite, fairylike gown, of some gesture of gallantry, some courtly bit of byplay, would give him a sudden glimpse into a world where life might be truly gracious and beautiful. But he was a merciless critic, always dissatisfied with himself and with every one else. If he fell in love with his world again and again, the spell was always passing. At the root of his feverish discontent lay the tuberculosis from which he suffered for years. Yet the more restless he grew, the more brilliant the pictures he painted, pictures that hint of disillusionment, but merely hint of it in a world of vivacity and charm. The De Goncourts call him, "a painter of Utopias, a beautifier, the most amiable and determined of liars, a painter of pictures where the fiddles of Lérida play marches that lead the way to death, where smart La Tulipe struts and swaggers, and Manon flirts between two gun shots and a host of little love birds flutter light-heartedly into war's stern discipline."

Externally Watteau's life in Paris during these years of his fame, though fitful, was at times a brilliant one. Not long after his return he was invited to live with M. Pierre de Crozat, "a man amiable, spirituel, and fond of artists," whose magnificent residence housed one of the finest private

galleries in all Europe. This wealthy art patron kept open house for painters from Italy and Flanders as well as France. There Watteau met not artists only, but the best society of Paris and had entrée to the brilliant masked balls and fêtes and picnics that were so much in vogue. The Comte de Caylus, who became his biographer, and many another friend and admirer first learned to know him in these brilliant surroundings. But the exact dates of his stay there and of many events of these years are a moot question.

Soon his studio was thronged with fashionable patrons who kept him busy with their demands. They ordered portraits and fancy pictures, but were even more insistent on having their coaches, their furniture and their powder boxes decorated with Watteau's exquisite little scenes. Then at last the Grand Monarch died, and the reign of Louis XV was ushered in with extravagant gayety. Every possible diversion was indulged in, but the greatest rage of all was the Italian comedy that had so long been banished from France. Long since, in Gillot's studio, Watteau had become adept at painting these half grotesque and altogether graceful comedians-Columbines and Harlequins and Scaramouches; and now again he turned to them for the themes of some of his best paintings. In this gay puppet show with its light whimsical charm, and beneath its mask of high spirits the merest hint of some deep-rooted melancholy, he found a subject so closely akin to his own temperament that if he were not known first of all as the peintre des fêtes gallantes, it would be as the painter of the Italian comedy.

After a time Watteau left his apartments at M. de Crozat's, from a desire for greater independence, or it may be mere longing for change. Even now that his work had won popular favor, he was subject to spells of moody discouragement when he could hardly be persuaded to finish the commissions he had on hand. Once he hid himself away

in the house of his friend Sirois, ill and depressed, refusing to see any one or even let his address be known. He talked of nothing but Italy, for he longed above all things to see the great works of art there and if possible regain his health under the Italian sun. But he had saved no money and the journey seemed out of the question. Anxious to rouse his friend from such low spirits, Gersaint, Sirois' son-in-law, suggested that he apply for a pension du roi. Watteau asked Sirois for two of his own military pictures, one the little camp scene that had brought about their friendship, and hoping to gain official favor, hung them in an anteroom at the Academy. There they won outspoken approval from the great Academician, Lafosse, who sent for Watteau and said, "You have no need of study in Italy. You are already our equal—come and take rank with us." On the stimulus of this cordial praise Watteau ceased to dream of Italy and began once more to work.

He had already, it seems, been made a provisional Academician, in 1712, when he was only twenty-eight. But he delayed five whole years in submitting the picture on which his entrance was conditioned. At last, on receiving peremptory notice that it must be painted within a month or the title of Academician would be forfeit, he painted his famous Embarkation for the Isle of Cytherea in a fever of inspiration. This painting, which shows the fashionable lords and ladies of the Louis Quinze court playing at love-making "in groves that never were," is Watteau's masterpiece. It made a great sensation. The world of fashion at once took to picnicking and playing at life in a dozen ways à-la-Watteau. The brilliant young artist became the idol of all Paris.

But Watteau was still seeking something not to be found in this world and all his success brought him little happiness. He could idealize the Paris life of fashion and paint it like a lover, but at close range he found little to content him in



EMBARKATION FOR CYTHERA
From the painting by Watteau, in the Louvre



the society of the frivolous, affected lords and ladies of the Louis Quinze court. Tormented by a feverish restlessness he moved from place to place, leaving old friends to take up his abode with new ones. His Paris was never a home to him. Even with Sirois and Gersaint, where he found a genuine affection that made many allowances for his whims, he was not happy.

He had been suffering for years from tuberculosis and the desire to consult with a famous London physician, Dr. Mead, led him, now, in one of those moods when change seemed imperative, to journey to England. But the dreary, foggy climate proved unutterably depressing and after eight months he was back. He was already quite ill and lived just two years longer, most of the time in the house of a kindly Abbé at Nogent, not far from Paris. Within a few months of his death he sent for his friend and pupil Pater, with whom he had quarreled, asked forgiveness and devoted himself to teaching Pater many of the secrets of his art. His thoughts dwelt constantly on his native Valenciennes, during these last months, and it seemed to him, so potent is illusion, that if he could only go home, he would be contented. To raise the money for the journey the faithful Gersaint sold all his friend's belongings for him. But Watteau was by this time so weak that his physician counseled him not to attempt the trip. He died July 18, 1721, at only thirty-seven years of age.

JACQUES LOUIS DAVID

N the seventeen-eighties court painter and *protegé* of Louis XVI of France; by 1792 became Citizen David, master of pageantry in the Reign of Terror and a member of the Convention, sternly cast-

ing his vote for the death of the King; in 1794, with the fall of the Robespierre government, himself cast into prison; by 1800 the favored painter of Napoleon's court; finally, with the return of the Bourbons, exiled from France for the rest of his life—surely Louis David had enough of adventure in his checkered career. As for his pictures, aside from a few of the portraits, they seem now by general agreement very dull. Yet strangely enough, these severely classical paintings were extolled to the skies in an age of perhaps the most unrestrained passions of all history.

What David might have achieved in another day and age is hard to imagine; he was so essentially a man for the times. He was born in Paris, April 30, 1748. When he was nine, his father was killed in a duel. His guardian took him, by and by, to the studio of François Boucher, then the leading artist of France. But though Boucher praised his talents, instead of teaching the boy himself, he sent him on to an artist named Vien. The two masters were of opposing temperaments; for Boucher's was an art tending toward sentimentality, Vien was beginning to stand for the classical influence with which David would later "purge" French painting.

At first, though his master was so imbued with the classic

spirit, young David regarded it with some impatience. Even when he won the French Academy's coveted *Prix de Rome* and set out for Italy, he is said to have boasted, "The antique won't influence me; it is too cold and lifeless." But the five years which he spent in Rome aroused in David the one consistent passion of his life—the love of the antique. Vien had made the trip to Italy with his pupil, for he had just been appointed director of the thriving French Academy in Rome. There, stimulated by the great paintings of the Renaissance but far more by the marbles of ancient Greece and Rome, David evolved his characteristically academic style of painting.

In France, meantime, the spirit of revolt that would culminate in the French Revolution was fast gaining momentum. Extravagance and artifice had been carried to extremes in the long reigns of Louis XIV and Louis XV. In David's boyhood fashionable Paris had been mad over the sumptuous, prettified, sentimental shepherdesses and village girls depicted over and over in the pictures of Boucher and Greuze. Within recent years, however, in the artistic as well as the political world, reaction had set in. The German Winckelmann, who had unearthed the ruins of Pompeii and Herculaneum, was provoking keen interest throughout Europe by his discussion of the spirit of the antique. Classic art with its severe simplicity, its perfection of form and nobility of spirit, seemed to many besides young Louis David to be the only type of art worthy of the name.

So when David returned to France in 1781, preceded by the fame of work he had done in Rome, he found a ready public for his paintings. From the first they dealt with the ancient history and legend that seemed to him so full of significance for the world of art. David's imagination took few flights of its own, either in his pictures or in the realm of ideas, but such ideas as he held, he clung to with vigor

and tenacity. He thought of himself, now, as the prophet of a new day about to dawn in French art, and when His Majesty Louis XVI bought his principal works and made him official court painter, he accepted these signs and symbols of his high calling with genuine satisfaction. Later, when he became painter to the Republic and still later to the Empire, in spite of the flagrant inconsistencies forced upon him by these various rôles, he was still throwing all the strength that he could muster into the one great purpose of his life.

Came the French Revolution, and on all sides David was hailed as the painter of the new régime. His famous Brutus, extolling the patriotism of that stern Roman who condemned his sons to death for their support of the Royalist Tarquin cause, appeared in 1789 when the first exuberance over the Revolution was at its height. Since it had been started before the Revolution, its timeliness was largely a freak of fate. But it thrilled the public none the less; it came as a clarion call to the great task in hand. David's office as painter to His Majesty was forgotten by every one, by David himself first of all. Almost at once he became painter to the Jacobins and set to work to paint for them a picture celebrating the famous Oath of the Tennis Court. He was made official master of ceremonies, and began to arrange those great public festivals at which republican Paris, intoxicated with the illusion of a new and happier world, hastened to make merry. In 1792, he was elected deputy of the Convention; later he held office as Convention president and a member of the Committee of Public Safety. He was a factor to be reckoned with in the new state.

The political crisis had brought to the fore many qualities in the artist other than skill with the brush. Hesitancy or diffidence or self-distrust were not in David's make-up. He did not lack the courage to act, this painter patriot. He



PORTRAIT OF MADAME SERIZAIT (By David. The Louvre)



gave his vote for the death of the King who had been his chief patron with no signs of qualm. From the studio of a friend he watched Marie Antoinette riding through the street in a tumbril on the way to the guillotine and in a clear-sighted little sketch recorded with his pencil what he saw. Many are the tales told of his stern refusal to use his influence to save acquaintances and even personal friends from going to their death. He even abolished the French Academy at Rome, which had given him his years of precious study in Italy. In each case the motive he pled was devotion to the state. "In the name of humanity," said he, "in the name of all that is due to the love of art, above all for your love of youth, let us utterly destroy the Academies which, intolerably harmful, are impossible under a free rule."

When the Robespierre government fell, David was arrested on seventeen charges and thrown into prison. There he remained for five long months, by no means free of concern for his life. Nevertheless, once released, he soon came again to the fore, since he had already won favor with Napoleon and was pleased to win and hold more, when the victorious general in time became the Emperor.

Even in the midst of these years of turmoil David had found time to paint many pictures, and now that he was no longer holding political office, he devoted himself with greater energy than ever to his self-appointed task of "purging" French art. He painted steadily; he taught many pupils; he exerted a powerful, if somewhat dictatorial, influence upon the art fostered by the Academy. His unquestioned sincerity and vigor, quite as much as his technical attainments, made him respected throughout France.

Those were the days when the "grand style" was lauded everywhere. David's historical canvases in grandiose, heroic vein won him a host of admirers, in France and out. His contemporary, Sir Joshua Reynolds, the outstanding figure in the English world of art, as he was in the French, said of his Socrates, "It is the greatest endeavor in art since Michelangelo and Raphael; it had been a credit to Athens in the time of Pericles." High praise, this, and praise that the critics of later generations have not confirmed. Modern taste prefers David's portraits, many of which show extraordinary power, especially his portrait of Marat and his several portraits of Napoleon. But to his own age, David's historical paintings seemed even more genuinely inspired.

Once, so the story goes, a certain admiring lady urged David to try his hand at a sacred picture based on the Gospel story, as so many other painters had previously done. He agreed, but when she saw his painting, she protested in dismay that he had made of his Christ simply another Cato. "I told you so," was David's impatient answer. "There is no inspiration in Christianity now." To him true inspiration was to be found only in the simple heroic spirit of classic antiquity. He painted classic subjects in a classic manner, not as so many artists have done, out of mere adherence to tradition, but because they really seemed to him the greatest subjects in all the world.

So with work and honor the years passed. But there were still other vicissitudes of fortune in store for Louis David. For all his record as a revolutionist and advocate of empire, Louis XVIII took no action against him after Napoleon went down to defeat and was banished to Elba. But during the Hundred Days when Napoleon's star was again in the heavens, David signed his name to the Acts excluding the Bourbon succession. In consequence, after Waterloo, he was doomed to perpetual exile. He settled at Brussels, gathered about him a little school of pupils and painted on in a dignified retirement that was in marked contrast to the exciting tenor of his previous years.

In all David's life there are few passages so appealing

as his delight and consternation at sixty-eight over the unearthing of the Elgin marbles in Greece. It seemed to him that all his best efforts had been inspired by a sort of pseudoantique that he now saw was only second best, and though he yearned to start afresh, it was too late. But this last proof of the sincerity of his lifelong passion for classic art implies no underlying sense of failure. On his death bed as he was correcting an engraving of his *Leonidas* he said in the faltering voice of a very ill man, yet with an air of infinite pride, "No one else could have conceived the head of Leonidas." He died on December 29, 1825, at Brussels. An attempt was made to take his body to Paris for burial but the procession was stopped at the border, an incident that gave rise to one of Béranger's popular songs.

JEAN AUGUSTE DOMINIQUE INGRES



DO not belong to this apostate century," Dominique Ingres said bitterly in his prime, and in order to escape from the quarrelsome art world of Paris, fled to Rome as director of the French Academy

there. His long life spanned an era of change, and however consistent his art, his public was fickle. Yet his whole career was intimately bound up with the life and spirit of his own nineteenth-century France.

Jean Auguste Dominique Ingres was born at Montauban, August 29, 1778. Of his father, Ingres once wrote that he was "born with a rare genius for the fine arts. I say fine arts because he executed painting, sculpture and even architecture with success. . . . Finally he attracted everybody by his lovable character, his goodness, his eminently artistic tastes." The elder Ingres, who was a native of Toulouse and had studied in the Academy there, was indeed a gifted individual, one whose talents made many friends, although "rare genius," even the merest hint of it, was denied him. His forte was plaster decoration, but he sometimes tried his hand at more pretentious work, and sometimes, also, accepted local engagements as a musician. Young Dominique studied both music and art as a matter of course. time it even seemed possible that he might have a musical career; he became a member of the Grand Theater orchestra at Toulouse and played a concerto of Viotti's there with almost sensational success. But his vocation for art, too, had asserted itself when he was a mere child

In old age, looking back over the periods when he had been assaulted, now by classicists, now by romanticists, Ingres could never see any inconsistency in his own course and used to protest that he was exactly "what the little Ingres of twelve had been." By the time he was twelve he had moved to Toulouse, and there, in the Royal Academy under Vigan, had begun a rigorous training in the drawing on which his strength as an artist so preëminently depended throughout his long career. In the studio of another Toulouse painter, a certain Roques, he had received his baptism into what he liked to call "the religion of Raphael." Roques had brought back from Italy copies of a number of famous paintings, and among them was Raphael's Madonna of the Chair. When the little Ingres first stood before this picture, he was so overwhelmed with its beauty that he was choked with tears. As long as he lived, he could never forget that experience Raphael became to him a divinity whose laws he never questioned.

At eighteen he went to Paris, where he "had the good fortune," as he expressed it, to be admitted as a pupil of Louis David. Those were the days when David was virtual dictator of the art world of Paris. Ingres had no greater ambition, then or later, than to fall heir to David's mantle—to be acknowledged as leading painter of the academic school. When he won his master's approval, he was very happy. In 1800 he was awarded second prize in the Prix de Rome competition and the following year, for his Achilles Receiving in his Tent the Envoys of Agamemnon, the coveted prize itself.

But those were chaotic times in France. The French Academy at Rome, which David had abolished with such a grand gesture during the French Revolution, would not be officially revived for some years to come. The government was too impoverished to send Ingres to Rome and instead

he was given lodgings in a Capuchin convent in Paris until his journey could be financed. For five long years he remained there, kept in a state of constant suspense, though aside from two official commissions for portraits of Napoleon, the state left him more or less to his own resources. Meantime, as an outcome of some enthusiastic comments on his Achilles made by John Flaxman, the English sculptor and illustrator, he had incurred David's displeasure. The critics began to say of his work that it showed talent but a tendency

to be singular and extreme.

But all seemed well again when, at last, the state treasury had money to spare for official patronage of art. Not only was Ingres sent on his long anticipated trip to Rome, but once there, he began to receive many commissions from the state. So bright did his prospects seem that he decided to take the risk of matrimony. In the beginning there was little romance about this affair, for it was managed by mutual friends and Ingres did not so much as see his bride until she came on from Guéret, where she had been employed, and, shortly before the wedding, met him at a prearranged spot near Nero's tomb. But she came with a heart full of faith in the venture, for in a letter to her sister written before leaving Guéret, she had said, after breaking the news, and discussing their financial prospects: "You see that with that we shall not die of hunger. He has a good character and is very gentle. He is neither a drinker, a gambler nor a rake. He has no faults. He promises to make me very hapry, and I love to believe he will." Her artist husband's prosperity was of short duration, and in the early years of their marriage Mme. Ingres had to endure great poverty and hardship. But this somewhat naïve faith of hers proved a dauntless one, more than equal to the trying demands that were made upon it. For over thirty years she and Ingres shared whatever came of bitterness or triumph.



From the portrait by Ingres, in the Metropolitan Museum of Art



Ingres remained in Rome for some years, at first because he was busy and prosperous there, later simply because his circumstances were too straitened to risk going back to France where he felt he was so thoroughly misunderstood. It is difficult, even now, to understand the horror with which the paintings he sent back to the Paris Salon from year to year came to be regarded. Ingres never could understand it. He was spoken of as a rebel, yet at heart he was the most devout worshiper of the classic spirit that could well be imagined. Since boyhood he had never wavered in his devotion to the religion of Raphael. To be treated as a heretic and classed with other heretics whom he abhorred, was gall and wormwood to him. If, as has been said of Ingres, he occupied a middle ground between the classic and incipient romantic schools, sharing enough of each to lay him open to assault from the other, certainly he was innocent of any conscious taint of romanticism. All his life he hated romanticism; he hated any deviation from the academic.

Wyzewa says of him that he "received at birth a defect and a quality intimately connected—lack of imagination, exceptional power of seeing and reproducing reality." It seems to have been this innate genius for reproducing reality, in spite of all his theories, that made his pictures seem radical. His Œdipus and the Sphinx was branded as revolutionary, perhaps because he made his Œdipus an individual and not merely a heroic type; his Rogero Delivering Angelica was dismissed with utter scorn as "Gothic." In 1814 his official patronage came to an abrupt end with a political change of administration in France. The commissions he had on hand from the state were canceled, and pictures already finished, though they were resold by the new administration, were never paid for.

Such treatment was hard to endure and even harder was the poverty that came in its wake. Ingres took his calling with the utmost seriousness; he could hardly bring himself to paint for mere money. "As I paint only to paint well," he wrote in 1818, "I take a long time over them [his few commissions and consequently earn little." Much against his will he was forced to make his living largely by chalk or pencil portraits, which though they brought in little money, were at least steadily in demand. Mme. Ingres told a friend in later years that after almost every portrait the humiliated artist would swear never to do another as long as he lived. "Nevertheless," she added, "it was necessary to live and M. Ingres again took up his pencil." Though he resented the necessity for this work so bitterly, today these portraits are almost as highly prized as anything Ingres ever did. Critics have always praised his genius for drawing from the model, and aside from a few of his happiest groups, his portraits and Odalisques, or single figure compositions, are considered his best work.

But from year to year prospects of success in Rome grew steadily worse. Finally the artist joined a friend in Florence in the hope of better fortune, but the four years there brought even greater mortification, for he could find almost no work at all. He suffered intensely, from actual want and failure and most of all from a sense of being fundamentally misunderstood. Through these grueling years, Ingres confronted his fate with little imagination, perhaps, and less adaptability, but with a stubborn courage. What Finberg calls "his stormy and inflexible, his unquiet and haughty genius" kept him from yielding an inch of his position, however hard he was pressed.

Then at last, after he was well into his forties, his Vow of Louis XIII made such a favorable sensation at the Paris Salon as to reverse his fortunes completely. Of this picture he had written to a friend that he was sparing no pains to make it Raphaelesque and his own. He might have said

that of many a painting that had met with little approval. But the times were in a state of flux and Paris taste was fickle. So phenomenal was the success of this picture that Ingres came back to Paris in triumph and assumed with an air of authority the leadership of the academic school!

France had greatly changed in the eighteen years of his sojourn in Italy. Napoleon had gone down to defeat; David was now an old man in exile; Delacroix had already begun to attract attention with paintings that frankly defied the laws of classic restraint. The cordial welcome that Ingres received, he accepted as just tribute to David's successor and a champion of the old order, for that was the rôle he had always felt himself born to fill. Paris, so long neglectful of him, was generous now in her acclaim. In 1824 he was awarded the Legion of Honor; the following year he was elected to the Institute; he was given an official commission to decorate a ceiling in the Louvre and a few years later became professor at the École des Beaux Arts. To him these were no empty honors but a call to duty. With all the energy at his command he set himself to combat the romantic tendencies of Delacroix and his followers. He did not hesitate to apply the ruthless tactics he himself had suffered from, for he firmly believed that the traditions of the Academy must be maintained at any cost. He was still a devoted adherent of the religion of Raphael and could brook no other faith.

For a time he carried the entire art world with him, with the exception of the romanticists, who could get little hearing. Then, some ten years after his return, at the height of his career, to his angry bewilderment, his own Martyrdom of St. Symphorien was greeted with adverse criticism, was accused of caprice and exaggeration. Such treatment seemed to him horribly unfair and threw him into a fury. He swore he would never exhibit again. With tremendous relief he

accepted the directorship of the French Academy in Rome. "The day I quitted Paris," he wrote a friend of this move, "I broke forever with everything that has to do with the public. Henceforth I will paint entirely for myself. I belong at last to myself and I will belong only to myself."

But his friends had not really forsaken Ingres, nor did he cease to regard himself as a public figure. Official commissions followed him to Rome; he was a dictator in parvo there, with considerable influence over younger artists; and after some seven years, he returned to Paris to spend the rest of his days. He was then, it is true, already past his prime and the leader of a losing cause. Not only Delacroix but Rousseau, Millet and the entire Fontainebleau school were beginning to win open favor with art that showed little trace of the academic. Yet though this fact embittered his outlook and kept him in a more or less belligerent state of mind, Ingres had his own following and his own prestige. At the Universal Exposition of 1855 his work was given a special gallery and received such high praise that he was made an officer in the Legion of Honor. During his last years, much of his time was given to painting replicas of his early works, no mere copying but an effort to improve upon what he had done years before, for to the end of his long life, his brush was vigorous. Ingres died January 14, 1867, at the age of eighty-eight.

EUGÈNE DELACROIX

N 1827 a new word was popularized in France and then in all Europe. Sooner or later the term "romanticism," or another like it, would have had to be coined, in a world where Byron, Victor

Hugo, and a host of others were expressing the spirit of a new age. But the immediate occasion of its use was the painting Sardanapalus by Eugène Delacroix, exhibited at the Paris Salon. The painting brought a torrent of abuse. One critic said it was painted with an "intoxicated broom," another called it the composition of a sick man in delirium. Delacroix was labeled "romanticist," and romanticist he remained for the rest of his life.

Eugène Delacroix was born April 26, 1798, at Charenton-St.-Maurice near Paris. His father died when he was seven, so he could hardly have had many clear memories of this man who had been a member of the most radical faction during the French Revolution and foreign minister under the Directory. In his infancy Delacroix survived an astounding series of adventures. One careless nurse set his coverlet on fire; another dropped him into the sea from the side of a ship. He choked on a grape he had swallowed; he was poisoned with oxide of copper; and at two and a half he hung himself in a noose and was rescued in the very nick of time. A fortune teller read the adventurous baby's horoscope and predicted, "This child will become a celebrated man, but his will be a life of the greatest labor and torment, always given over to contradictions." Apropos as this

prophecy was to prove, the childhood within Delacroix's memory was, as a matter of fact, quite free from anything unusual or turbulent. Not until he was sixteen did he make up his mind that he wanted to be an artist. When that time came, however, he was allowed to have his own way, and became a pupil of Guérin, a very able painter of the conventional school.

With Guérin and Delacroix it was the old story of conservative age and rebel youth. But the times were ripe for rebellion. A new spirit was in the air, a spirit that stirred the young artist more deeply than did all the careful instruction of his master. He felt it in the romantic melancholy of Byron, whose poems he read with passionate interest in English as they appeared, in the spirit of his friend Bonington, the English landscape painter, but most of all in Géricault, whose Raft of Medusa, a painting depicting a great catastrophe of the day, boldly struck the note of the romantic movement in French art while Delacroix was still a student. From all of these he heard the new gospel of the age—freedom from old restraints, faith in the powerful emotions that were to be found in one's own heart, love of nature, love of the strange and the beautiful.

When he was twenty-four Delacroix, still under Guérin's tutelage, painted in the privacy of his own studio his Dante and Virgil, treating a classic theme in a romantic manner that spoke frankly of his own emotions. Before he sent it to the Salon, he showed it to Guérin, hoping for his approval. "Why did you ask me to come and see this? You knew what I must say," Guérin stormed. But for all that, it received more praise than blame at the Salon and was purchased by the state at a good price. So, also, was Delacroix's next picture, The Massacre of Scio. After it had been sent to the Salon, Delacroix saw Constable's Hay Wain and two other pictures that had been sent over from England for this same

exhibit. Constable's treatment of sunlight was a startling revelation to him. In the greatest excitement he withdrew his own canvas, shut himself up in his studio and repainted it before the opening of the Salon.

Both these paintings aroused adverse criticism, yet on the whole their reception was friendly and their purchase by the government gave the young artist considerable prestige. Not until he exhibited Sardanapalus, a theme from his beloved Byron, did he mortally offend the critics. Delacroix himself confessed that when he entered the Salon on varnishing day and saw this canvas among all the other, more conventional paintings, he received a distinct shock and began to hope uneasily that other people would not see it through his eyes. In those surroundings it seemed too much alive, even to him; it had that same quality that made Gautier say of another of Delacroix's paintings, "The little canvas howls, yells and blasphemes." The critics were so horrified that, in their attempts to characterize the state of mind of the artist who could paint such a picture, they rang the changes over and over on drunkenness, delirium and insanity. After its display the state bought no more paintings from Delacroix and the Minister of Fine Arts actually called upon him with the sarcastic suggestion that he study drawing and adopt another style.

Delacroix was then twenty-nine. Géricault was dead; the romantic movement was gaining momentum every year, and on all sides, in tones of aversion or respect, he was acclaimed its leader. "I became the abomination of painting," he said of this experience. "I was refused water and salt," but he adds, "J'étais enchanté de moi-même." In his diary, which was then given over to the delights and torments of introspection, he has recorded much of his own inner life during that tempestuous period.

The next few years were exciting ones for him and for

many another young romanticist in France. Two or three years later, amidst clapping and hissing and stampeding by friend and foe, the three sacred unities of the classic French stage were gloriously thrown to the winds in Victor Hugo's Hernani. Everywhere the jealously guarded barriers of tradition were being vigorously assaulted. Aside from his paintings, Delacroix showed little outward sign of temperament; his manner was one of dignity and reserve, and to a large measure he held aloof from the quarrels of his age. But within he was on fire. The spirit of the eighteenthirties was one that bid the individual break bounds and go free to experiment and explore. It undid the rigid classic restraints of composition and set Delacroix to painting human beings in the grip of emotion so overwhelming that the whole canvas seemed alive with noise and movement and drama. Often this romantic painter purposely slurred his drawing, for spirit was what he sought, not literal fidelity to facts. In the search for congenial subjects he went as far afield as the romanticists of the world of letters, keeping some of them company on their way, for much of his early painting was illustration. He painted one dramatic scene after another from Byron, from Scott, from Goethe, from Shakespeare—all the literature of his own and other times from which his vivid imagination caught fire. Like others of his day he found in the colorful romance of far-off times and places relief from the torment of a restless melancholy.

Except as he laid himself open to this stimulus that came through poetry and drama and travel, Delacroix's life was comparatively uneventful. Fortunately his small inheritance was enough to live on if he managed with economy, so that even in the days when he sold no paintings, he was comparatively free from worry. An early trip to London quickened in him not only that fellow feeling for the English which had been first aroused by the poems of Byron and the paintings



Moreau

THE TAKING OF CONSTANTINOPLE
From the painting by Delacroix, in the Louvre



of Bonington and Constable, but many new interests as well, including a passion for the stage. Five or six years later he left France for a second journey, this time accompanying an embassy to Morocco and returning by Algiers and Spain. He was enchanted by what he called this "sublime and fascinating life." "Think, my friend," he wrote, "what it means for a painter to see lying in the sunshine, wandering about the streets and offering shoes for sale, men who have the appearance of ancient consuls, of the revivified ghosts of Plato and Brutus and who do not lack even the proud and discontented look which these lords of the earth must have had. . . . How much truth, how much nobility in those figures. There is nothing more beautiful in the antique." Those months in Morocco and Algiers opened up new vistas. From then on the color and romance of the Orient gave Delacroix's pictures more and more of the richly decorative effect that finally brought him fame as a painter of murals. He began to sell some of his paintings and settled into a life that, while not highly fêted, was outwardly one of dignity and steady achievement.

But all Paris still knew him as the leader of the romantic movement, "the Victor Hugo of painting." The pictures he sent to the Salon, though still regarded with disfavor by the old guard, had won him a large coterie of friends among the younger generation. Hugo, Baudelaire and Gautier thought of him as a fellow crusader against the old order and took every occasion to express their admiration for his work. But as time went on Delacroix came to have less and less sympathy with these aggressive romanticists of the world of letters and to dislike intensely to hear his name coupled with theirs. He longed, instead, to be received into the ranks of the Academicians whose canons his paintings were still violating. But that august body could never for a moment forget its early grievance against him. In 1837 he

sent in his name at news of a vacancy and afterward applied no less than six separate times before he finally gained admission twenty years later. Even then his welcome was not a cordial one and after a year or two he ceased to exhibit.

This attitude of meek supplication toward the Academy has seemed to many a sign of weak vanity and compromise in Delacroix, although to others it is eloquent of a strength of character won with difficulty through the years and of a rare humility of mind. The old soothsayer had prophesied truly when he said that Eugène Delacroix's life would be "given over to contradictions." For though Delacroix made no public show of his temperament, temperament there was in abundance through all these years, as his paintings and his

diary both testify.

He painted often in a perfect fever of inspiration. At such times he would go without food or sleep and seemed utterly unconscious of a physical body, though as a matter of fact he suffered constantly from ill health. When the spell was on him, his friend Dumas used to say, it took him longer to prepare his palette than to paint his entire picture. But there were other times when the mere act of painting anything, good or bad, seemed impossible; and in the pages of his diary he was constantly fighting off these moods by vigorous berating of his own idleness. Though the diary came to reflect much more healthy, objective interests in his later years, it was never free from introspective suffering. It is hard to characterize such a man. One writer speaks with scorn of his "sickliness of soul"; another, Faure, in his History of Art calls him "the strongest and greatest paintersoul since Rembrandt," and adds that "a singular discord reigns between his temperament and his culture, but if he takes the brush in hand, everything obeys."

Despite his lack of Academy recognition, Delacroix enjoyed a large measure of worldly success and honor in his

later life. His popular fame was won by his great public murals, chief among them, perhaps, his ceiling of the Apollo gallery in the Louvre and the Salon de la Paix at the Paris Hôtel de Ville. During his last years when his health permitted he was constantly engaged on those great decorative projects. He died August 13, 1863, at the age of sixty-three.

JEAN BAPTISTE CAMILLE COROT



N the simple story of Camille Corot's life is to be found something of the idyllic spirit of his own landscapes. Many a man in Corot's place would have fretted and rebelled against fate, instead of

living on contentedly, as he did, until the gifts he longed for came to him one by one. Corot was born in Paris, in July, 1796, and christened Jean Baptiste Camille. In his thrifty bourgeois home, concerns quite other than art engrossed the family; not only was his father in business but his mother kept a prosperous dressmaking establishment, which added considerably to the family income. The Corots took it for granted that their son would go into trade. So from the time he was sixteen until he was twenty-six Camille dutifully went to work each day, in a fancy goods concern and then in a draper's establishment, for which he had little love. Never could he get over an instinctive dislike of what he called "business tricks" and he often used to while the time away with day-dreaming of the happiness of spending his life painting pictures. But rebellion was quite foreign to Corot's nature, even if the discipline of that simple French household had not been tempered with an affection that made the rebel's rôle unthinkable.

So the years passed. But the Corots were good, sensible folk, absolutely devoted to this son of theirs, and even they could see that he was making little headway in the world of business because his heart was not in his work. Though they did not take his painting very seriously, they were above



THE FERRYMAN
From the painting by Corot, in the Metropolitan Museum of Art



all things anxious to see him happy. At last after the matter had been debated pro and con in family council, it was decided to give him a modest allowance to do with as he chose.

Corot was overjoyed. He was almost too excited to work—it is said he walked the streets for days in sheer exuberance. But down by the Seine he set up an easel and "looking toward the Cité, full of joy, began to paint." The girls from his mother's workshop came trooping down in great excitement to see what was going on, and one in particular came very often. Long afterward, Corot loved to tell his friends of those happy days. But though he cherished memories of Mademoiselle Rose, whom he still saw occasionally in after years, no romance was allowed to interfere with his art. When sometime later his father planned a good, sensible marriage for him, for once Camille was recalcitrant, answering gayly that another young woman had just left his room and would shortly return—his Muse, whom he had trouble enough to placate as it was.

During the next few years Corot studied painting under two masters in Paris and spent considerable time at work in Rome. No one, however, seems to have taken his possibilities very seriously in those first years, his fellow students little more than his father. But Corot had no feverish desire for money or fame and was happy enough merely to be painting. He hardly expected praise, much less demanded it, though he was grateful beyond words when sometimes it came. In Rome, when a fellow artist found him sketching the Coliseum and spread enthusiastic comments on his work through the art colony, he was so touched that he kept the little sketch as long as he lived.

Once, in later years, some one asked Corot whether art were not in many ways mere folly. Instead of resenting the question as many another man would have done, he merely replied, "It may be so, but I defy anybody to find in my face the traces of sorrow, of ambition or remorse which mar the faces of so many unhappy people." Then he gayly went on to say he considered this a sufficient reason why we should "not only pardon that folly but seek it." Such a spirit, with the immunity from daily care that came from his regular allowance, his bachelordom, his peaceful family life, set Corot worlds apart from men like Millet and Rousseau, with whom, since his work, like theirs, tends to treat nature poetically, he is often associated. Of Millet he once said, "His painting is for me a new world. I do not feel at home there; I am too much attracted to the old. I see therein knowledge, air and depth, but it frightens me; I love better my little music." And of Delacroix, "He is an eagle; I am only a skylark; I send forth little songs in my gray clouds."

Corot's daily life was a very simple one. From his business routine he carried over regular habits and would rise at the same hour each morning, sing gayly as he dressed, and enter his studio at three minutes of eight precisely. In the country it was another matter, for he was up long before the sun. A frequently quoted letter, written perhaps by Corot himself, more probably by one of his friends, gives a charming account of such a morning. It begins:

See, now the day of the landscape painter, how charming it is. He rises early, at three, before the sun; he sits beneath a tree, he looks, he waits. At first nothing is noted in particular. Nature is a white sheet upon which the vague profiles of things are barely seen; there is a scent all about one, everything trembles in the little breeze of dawn.

Bing! The sky brightens... the sun has not yet plucked away the mist behind which lurk the fields, the valley, the horizon hills. The breath of night still hovers above the chilly green grass. Bing!... Bing!... the first ray of sun... Each has its trembling dewdrop; the shivering leaves are busy in the morning air.... Beneath the leaves the birds, invisible, are singing... and their

songs seem to be the prayers of the flowers.... Cupids with butterfly wings are sweeping the fields, and the tall grasses undulate beneath them. Nothing is seen ... everything is there.... The the blade of the silver river, the meadows, the cottage, the flying dislandscape is behind the veil of fog, rising, rising, revealing tance. That which before was but divined is now seen...

Corot's forbears had been peasants, and in the vineyards of Burgundy, where the family had greatly multiplied, he used to listen with pride and delight to the men calling to each other "Hé Corot." He loved nothing better than to sketch in the open country and was known and loved by many simple folk with whom he would sometimes lodge on such a sketching trip. But in the fields he often "flew into a rage with his pictures," so far were they from expressing what he saw in nature.

For years Corot sold almost none of his landscapes—when he did happen to sell one, it was for a mere song. His annual entries were, invariably, accepted at the Salon, but there was an end of the matter, since few people so much as noticed their quiet silvery light and charm. Once the artist naïvely tried standing in front of his own picture, on the theory that most spectators were merely following the crowd and would like his landscapes well enough if they could once be made to look at them. Sure enough, while he was standing there a young couple came up to see what was interesting him so much, and the man seemed to like the picture, but the girl said, "Bah, it is awful—let us go on."

Corot's first official recognition came at forty when he was awarded a medal of the second class. At this sign of material success his father began to have a little more respect for him and when, some ten years later, he was awarded the Legion of Honor, the old man said in bewilderment, "Camille seems, after all, to have talent." Then he added, "I think we shall have to increase Camille's allowance."

Corot, middle-aged though he was, accepted this parental reward with simple pleasure. He still spent most of his evenings peacefully at home with his family, played a rubber of whist with his mother almost every night and always accompanied her to church. On occasion he was extremely fond of social functions and was the gayest of companions there, as elsewhere. He read little, protesting each year that he was going to finish Corneille's *Polyeucte* before he began anything else, but he had a consuming passion for music, and always thought of his pictures as "little songs."

There is abundant charm in all the accounts of Corot's later life. In his studio, dressed in his blue blouse and little cap of striped cotton and smoking his inevitable pipe, he was host and friend to many younger artists who knew him as Père Corot. He was successful now; his pictures brought large sums, but he was quite unspoiled. "What an astonishing thing it is for me to find myself today an interesting man," he reflected. "What a pity that it was not told sooner to my father, who had such a grudge against my paintings and who did not find anything interesting therein because I did not sell them." And again, "All my happiness," he said of his easel, "is there. I have followed my path without flinching, without changing, and for a long time without success; it has come late, it is a compensation for youth flown away and I am the happiest man in the world." One story after another is told of his thoughtful, lavish generosity in these last years when his pictures brought him far more money than he could think of using for his own simple needs.

Just two months before Corot's death a group of friends held a great dinner in his honor in order to present him with a silver medal. "I am very happy to feel I am loved like this," the old painter of seventy-nine said in an undertone to the man at his side. He died February 23, 1875.

THÉODORE ROUSSEAU

EAR the village of Barbizon on the edge of the forest of Fontainebleau, one may see imbedded in a wayside boulder a medallion portrait of two friends whose names, more than any others, have given that little place its world-wide renown-Iean François Millet and Théodore Rousseau. Rousseau, the elder of the two, came first to Barbizon, but for years he made only occasional visits, spending most of his time in his Parisian home or in the mountains that were his first love. Pierre Étienne Théodore Rousseau was born in the city of Paris, April 15, 1812. His parents were fairly prosperous bourgeois folk, who expected as a matter of course that Théodore would go into trade. But by a happy chance the boy's first position opened up other vistas. At twelve he became secretary to the owner of a chain of saw mills, and for a year lived in the very heart of the forest. Here the joy of the true nature lover struck deep roots into the very fiber of his being. When his employer failed, he went back to school with other ambitions than that of a commercial career stirring in his boyish heart.

The idea of art was not utterly foreign to Rousseau's household. The boy had a distant relative, an uncle he called him, who was a landscape painter, and from his early childhood had spent blissful days in this man's studio. Family traditions there were, besides, of a forbear who had been gilder to the King and on intimate terms with the artists of his day, and of a portrait painter so distressed at a common sign a fellow artist had painted that he betook himself to India and died there, protesting that he would not remain in

a country where art had sunk so low as in his own. So when Théodore began to talk of being an artist, his parents, though surprised, were not greatly disconcerted. They called the landscape painter to a family conclave and willingly accepted his advice.

"There is nothing so pernicious as a bad beginning to a campaign," Rousseau said long afterward with regard to the landscape painter to whom his uncle sent him. "It took me a number of years to get rid of the specters of Rémond." This Rémond was entirely too dull and conventional to suit the ardent boy. Under his tutelage was begun a canvas for the Prix de Rome competition on the subject announced for that year, Zenobia Dead in the Waves of Araxes Picked up by Fishermen. But before young Rousseau had finished he became completely out of patience. "What need had they of digging up Zenobia in order to put soul into a landscape?" he asked.

At eighteen he broke away from studio routine and went sketching in the mountains, almost beside himself with his delight in their wild, picturesque scenery. But when he returned, he was told, with brutal frankness, that the drawings he had brought back were the work of delirium. These same delirious drawings, however, came somehow to the attention of Ary Scheffer, who hailed them with delight and even stuck them up in his studio to be remarked on by every one who came in. Through his influence Rousseau was swept into a circle of young radicals who were wont to meet about a restaurant table of an evening to indulge in food and talk. The word "romanticist" had been coined a year or two before and the quarrel between the romantic and classic schools was in full blast. Several of this little group were promoting a newspaper called La Liberté. "They picked the Institute to pieces," says Rousseau's biographer Sensier, "and laid an interdict upon the Academy; the great volcano

of 1830 had one of its little craters there." Rousseau was only a nineteen-year-old boy and the nickname, Père Tranquille, which his new friends gave him, hardly seems to imply any violent partisanship in their radical schemes. But he struck up a great intimacy with a certain Théophile Thoré who was said to hold dangerous revolutionary doctrines, and in the years that followed Thoré sometimes burst into print in his friend's behalf. This taint of radicalism is frequently said to have been responsible for that other nickname Rousseau bore so long—le Grand Refusé.

For the first few years of his career, however, fortune was good to Rousseau. At twenty-one he made his first visit to Barbizon, which had then been a haunt for artists for some ten years. But he was not yet ready to settle into its quiet life. The savage in nature, the romantic and bizarre appealed to him just then above everything else. For a time he debated whether to take lodgings somewhere with his new friend Dupré or journey to the Alps, but when another friend wrote that it might be the last time he could persuade himself he was a bird and soar the mountains, he could not resist. "He turned himself," Sensier says, "with a kind of delight to the most sinister mountains, the widest horizons, the secret places invaded by the capricious travails of the genesis." Never again would the blood course wild and free and exuberant through his veins. His hopes were high and justly so. That year his entry at the Salon received a third medal and brought him before the public as a man of unusual promise.

Then, whatever may have prejudiced the Salon jury against him, for twelve years every painting Rousseau submitted was consistently refused. Without recourse to his father's generosity he would have found it utterly impossible to make ends meet, for few customers cared to buy the pictures of a man whose work was so little regarded. The

mountain trips he longed for were utterly out of the question during those lean years, and so, more or less as a makeshift, he settled into a habit of going out to Barbizon to spend a few weeks or months there at his painting. At Barbizon he and his great friend Jules Dupré shared their joys and their discouragements through the years. Gradually, despite his failure to achieve recognition at the Salon, Rousseau came to be much talked of as the leader of that little group of landscape artists who were painting, not formal landscapes, but their own intimate glimpses of the moods of nature.

Dupré, it is said, used often to take his friend's canvases from the easel to save them from too much retouching, for Rousseau was never satisfied with his own work. He used to long, sometimes, for what he called "Pygmalion's crushing happiness" of creating something so perfect that he could himself fall in love with it. "Were I allowed a wish," he once said, "it would be that I were a millionaire, with nothing to do but to labor upon the creation of a unique work; to devote myself to it, to suffer and enjoy it until I should be content with it and, after years of proof, I could sign it and say, 'There stops my strength and there has my heart ceased to beat.' The rest of my life should be passed in drawing or painting for my amusement studies which would be but flowers thrown on the work of which I should be satisfied."

During the brief Revolution of 1848 Rousseau and Dupré both shouldered guns and paraded the boulevards of Paris. The republic it proclaimed brought a new régime in painting as well as politics, in consequence of which Rousseau himself, le Grand Refusé, actually received a place on the Salon jury and a commission from the State. At last he felt he was being given his just dues. But Rousseau's long years as an Ishmael had made him extremely sensitive on the score of his rights and the following year when Dupré



THE RIVER LANDSCAPE From the painting by Rousseau, in the Metropolitan Museum of Art



received the Legion of Honor and he only a medal of the first class, his resentment was so keen that it caused a breach in their friendship. A year or two later, his pupil Diaz received the coveted Legion of Honor and he was again passed over. The loyal Diaz, however, was so angry that he created dismay at the banquet in honor of the decorated by proposing as a toast "Théodore Rousseau, our master who has been forgotten."

In 1848 Rousseau had settled permanently at Barbizon, in a little cottage with a simple, unlettered girl who had come to him for protection and whom he had married without the formality of a church ceremony. At first their life together seems to have been very pleasant, but La Malade, as Sensier calls her, soon became an invalid, in need of constant care, and in time a raving maniac. Rousseau, however, steadily turned a deaf ear to the counsel of friends who urged that he put this unhappy creature in an institution, and devoted himself with endless patience to her needs. In spite of his poverty, during the earlier years of her illness, he managed somehow to find money for frequent trips in hope of benefit to her health.

But two years after the establishment of the new order that had seemed to promise so much, he found himself not a whit better off than before, for he had fifty-three unsold canvases in his studio and needs that were desperately pressing. He determined to dispose of his pictures at auction. All fifty-three, the work of years, brought only a little over thirty-one hundred dollars, and of this meager sum, half went for the expenses of the sale. Rousseau was so depressed at this outcome that he thought seriously of leaving France for Amsterdam or London or New York.

At last, however, after so many years of waiting, the tide of fortune did definitely turn in his favor. At the Universal Exposition of 1855 his canvases were exhibited as a group, and from then on he began to enjoy considerable success. He piled up no great fortune, but his pictures brought enough money to free him of worry; he could at least give his wife adequate care and support his old father, who had come to serious straits. In his new security he went to his long-time friend Millet with the good news that a certain wealthy American had asked him to arrange the purchase of one of Millet's pictures. His friend, even harder pressed than usual just then, took the money as a godsend, and not until long afterward did he learn that the "American" was Rousseau himself.

During this period of his prime Rousseau painted many of his best landscapes. But with the constant strain he was under, worries told heavily upon him. A friend in straits, for whom he had made a haven in his Barbizon home, committed suicide there in his absence; his wife became constantly worse; and a trip to the mountains that had once filled him with such exuberance, left him weak from a severe cold. Then in 1867 came another Universal Exposition, and though serving as president of its jury, Rousseau was again passed over in the awarding of the Legion of Honor. Worn out from his arduous jury duties, he was seized by a stroke shortly after being told of this new slight. He was taken back to his little Barbizon cottage and lay quite helpless, with his wife in another room making life unendurable with her cries. Still he refused to have her sent away. The misery of these last days was redeemed only by the faithfulness of Millet, who assumed charge of his friend's household, sat up with him night after night, and promised to look after the affairs of La Malade when Rousseau should die-a promise loyally carried out. Some of Rousseau's friends had drawn up a petition to the Emperor in his behalf, and in this last year he finally received the Legion of Honor. He died at Barbizon, December 22, 1867, at the age of fifty-five.

JEAN FRANÇOIS MILLET



HE gay side of life never shows itself to me," wrote the peasant painter Millet once to his friend Sensier. "I do not know where it is. The gayest things I know are the calm and the silence, which

are so sweet, both in the forest and in the cultivated field. . . . I see figures digging and hoeing, chopping and tying; first one and then another raises himself, stretches his bent back and his arms and wipes off the sweat upon his brow with his hand. This to me is the marvelous poetry of toiling humanity."

In these characteristic sentences is the ring of sincerity, for Millet was himself a peasant and his life was never free from hard work and suffering. He was born in the village of Gruchy near Gréville in Normandy, October 4, 1814. At twelve he went to work in his father's fields. The Millets were simple, industrious, devout folk, too hard-pressed by circumstances to think of giving their oldest son any education other than he had received from the village priest. Millet's capable old grandmother, a Normandy peasant through and through, kept a firm hold on all the affairs of house and farm. Neither father nor mother ever spared themselves from the endless round of labor without which they would not have been able to wring even a meager living from the soil, and their nine children early learned to follow their example. But the simple, austere discipline of the Catholic faith gave dignity and even a certain sweetness to the concerns of the household.

François worked manfully away in the fields and said nothing of the emotions that stirred him when he looked at the old engravings in the great family Bible. But as he went about his duties he saw everywhere scenes that made him think of those engravings. After a time he began to draw pictures in secret. His father, not unconscious of the boy's inclinations and suffering intensely because his own need was keeping his son on the farm, at last decided to lay the matter before a competent artist. François was eighteen when father and son took the long walk to Cherbourg, carrying with them a number of those boyish drawings. After looking them over the artist was emphatic in his verdict that the boy must by all means be given a chance to develop such a remarkable gift. So the Millets, deciding in their pious fashion that God meant François to paint pictures, managed somehow, at great sacrifice, to let him study with a teacher in Cherbourg.

But at the end of three years the elder Millet died. Giving up his thoughts of an artistic career, François dutifully returned to assume the responsibilities of running the farm. Soon, however, the wise old Mère Millet saw that her grandson had become unfitted for farm life, and firm in her belief that it was God's will he should paint, urged him to go back to his career. "But remember, my François," she told him, "that you are a Christian before you are a painter." So, proud of his family's faith in him and full of high hopes on his own account, Millet set out for Paris. His Cherbourg master had secured for him from that municipality a small yearly allowance for study and to this the local district had added a certain amount. It was thus not his own people alone but in a sense the entire district who believed in him and wished him well.

But Paris was another world and a strange, unhappy, hateful world it seemed to the lonely young peasant—this



O Mansell

From the painting by Millet, in the Louvre THE ANGELUS



Paris of the studios. Never, so long as he lived, did he really feel at home there. Though he was registered at the Beaux Arts, at first in his misery he could not even bring himself to choose a master. He finally went into the studio of Delaroche, but not without misgivings, for he was stubbornly critical of everything he saw in this artificial atmosphere. At the studio his fellow pupils were quick to make sport of him and nicknamed him "l'homme des bois" on account of his awkward, countrified manner. He was desperately unhappy. Delaroche tried his best to be kind, even arranged to give him free admission at one time when his funds were low. But Millet did not respond to his master's advances and finally, quite abruptly, he left to open a little studio with a friend. He never would admit to having learned anything from formal instruction either in Cherbourg or Paris

Followed a wretched period of several years during which Millet kept trying, first in one way, then another, to adjust himself to conditions in Paris and somehow manage to make a living by his art. So poor was he that on the advice of his studio mate he took to turning out cheap little pastels in imitation of Watteau and Boucher, which he could dispose of in wholesale fashion to a nearby dealer. After a time he married, but during the three years his wife lived, she was constantly ill, their poverty was harassing and there was little peace or happiness.

The year of her death Millet left Paris and lived for some little time in Cherbourg, painting landscapes in the nearby countryside. Here he married again, and meantime won his first little success at the Salon, with a pastel and a picture entitled *The Milkwoman*. But he was still distressingly uncertain of his course. The Millets returned to Paris, settled into lodgings there, and because there was a good demand for them, the young artist drifted into painting pic-

tures of a classic type with their chief attraction in graceful nude figures, which he came in course of time to paint with great skill.

But one day as he was standing idly by a window where one of these pictures was on display, he heard two men talking. "Yes," said one of them in a somewhat flippant tone, "that picture is by a man named Millet who never paints anything but nude women." Millet was thunderstruck. He thought of his old grandmother, of his own dreams and ideals; and when he went home that night, he told his wife that if she were willing he would never paint another picture of the nude as long as he lived. His courage and that of his wife in adhering to this resolution is sufficiently indicated by Sensier when he tells how Millet was time and again forced to make such trades as "six beautiful drawings for a pair of shoes; four portraits of Diaz, Barye, Victor Dupré and Vechte, life size to the bust for five francs each, and any number of charming sketches at prices ranging from five francs to one."

But though his path was at no time free of obstacles, once he had passed the turning of the ways Millet never flinched from his decision. From that moment, he gave up his unhappy, half-hearted struggle to make himself other than he was and put heart and soul into the painting that really appealed to him. There was little doubt in his mind as to what he wanted to paint. No one had ever before seen in the simple tasks of hard-working French peasants, themes for great pictures. But Millet, a peasant himself and knowing the hardships of that peasant life too intimately to be accused of any false sentiment, had always been stirred by a sense of the poetry of daily toil in the fields.

By and by he left the Paris he hated for the little village of Barbizon, where Rousseau, Dupré, Diaz and others of his fellow artists were already at work. His first visit there was in the company of his friend Jacque, a land-scape painter, who could only remember concerning this little hamlet that it ended in "-zon" and was about a mile's walk from the station of Chailly, some thirty miles from Paris. After making their inquiries the two friends tramped the country road and the well-beaten cowpath and came at last to the picturesque little cluster of houses that constituted the village. To Millet Barbizon seemed a real haven. There in a little three-roomed cottage he lived for the rest of his life, there most of his fourteen children were born, and in his low, dark studio he painted the pictures of peasant life that are now famous.

Millet's life at Barbizon had much of the spirit of his own early home. He tilled his own little garden and his wife wore the simple costume of the peasant, ready to leave her never-ending labor and pose for him at a moment's notice. In her he had a helpmeet in every sense of the word. Their children grew up in the midst of the most harassing poverty and hardship; for Millet's pictures brought pitifully small prices for many years. Not only were there no luxuries, but the barest necessities were often out of the question. But Millet was an earnest, kindly father, and for all the bitter struggle, life in the little cottage had a certain dignity. The American Hunt, who studied at Barbizon, tells how he once found the painter laughing over Aristophanes and more than once listened spellbound while Millet with impressive simplicity read aloud to his children from the Bible.

Out of those difficult years came a series of pictures now familiar the world over—The Gleaners, The Sower, The Angelus, The Man with a Hoe and others. But at the Paris Salon these canvases, as they appeared from year to year, were regarded with many misgivings. They were said to be radical, socialistic propaganda, a menace to the social

order. When people in general spoke of them seriously at all, it was usually from this standpoint and not as good or bad art. The idea of making an ordinary peasant the subject of poetic treatment in a picture was so unheard of that it took the public a long time to recover from its instinctive

prejudice against such a procedure.

So Millet's pictures had to be sold for whatever he could get. In spite of his hard work and strict economy, at forty-five he was painting his now famous Angelus under threat of a bailiff at the door. A letter to Sensier shows him in almost unendurable straits. "It is frightful," he writes, "to be stripped naked before such people; not so much for one's pride, which, of course suffers, as because it is impossible to get what we need. We have wood for only one or two days and we do not know how to get it, as they will not give it to us without money. Next month my wife will be confined and I have nothing. I am suffering and sad. Forgive me for telling you these things. I do not pretend to be more unfortunate than a lot of other people, but each feels his own pain."

Out of such grueling conditions came Millet's Angelus. Yet the same year, at the bare possibility of compromise with his ideals, he could blaze out with the words, "They wish to force me into their drawing room art, to break my spirit. No, no; I was born a peasant and a peasant I will die. I say what I feel, I paint things as I see them and I will hold my ground without retreating one sabot; if necessary I will fight for honor." And this same Millet, in another mood, painting as he so often did against the pain of blinding headaches, could write to Rousseau of his Gleaners on which he hoped for another month of quiet work, "If only it is not too disgraceful."

Millet never found life easy, but in later years his pictures began to be received with more favor at the Salon and to bring him at least fair prices. In 1867 he was given the Legion of Honor and an ovation at Paris that placed him among the outstanding painters of the day. But that year was saddened by the distressing illness and death of his closest friend Rousseau, at whose bedside he sat night after night. To Rousseau he had once written, "You are right; life is a sad affair and few spots in it are places of refuge." No mere external fame could change Millet's simple, earnest philosophy of life as something to be endured nor free him from the obligation of enduring nobly. During his last months, when ill health made him too feeble to do much painting, he leaned more than ever upon the consolation of his Catholic faith. He died January 20, 1875, and was buried with simple ceremony in the churchyard at Chailly.

ROSA BONHEUR

LL the world knows Rosa Bonheur's Horse Fair. To make the necessary studies for this picture, the dauntless painter disguised herself as a man and hobnobbed for days with the roughest of horse dealers at the Paris fair—and thoroughly enjoyed the ex-

perience!

Her spirit was her own, but Rosa Bonheur came naturally by her talent for art, for her father was a drawing master and two brothers and a sister also became artists. Rosa was born in Bordeaux, March 16, 1822. Of her early days she writes: "I refused formally to learn to read, but before I was four years old I already had a passion for drawing, and I covered the white walls as high as I could reach with my shapeless sketches. What amused me also was to cut out subjects; they were always the same. To begin with I made long ribbons, then with my scissors I used to cut out, first a shepherd, then a dog, then a calf, then a sheep, and then a tree, invariably in the same order. I spent many days over this pastime."

When Rosa was very small, the Bonheur family moved to Paris, and there she spent her somewhat turbulent, self-willed childhood. "You think you have a daughter. You are mistaken; Rosa is a boy in petticoats," her observing old grandfather had said. Rosa's parents were apparently willing to have her remain a tomboy, for they sent her with her brothers to a boys' school where she was perfectly at home,

a leader in all the games and quite able to use her fists in her own defense should the occasion arise.

At home, however, affairs went not any too well, for with the political turmoil of 1830 the drawing master lost most of his pupils and had desperate work to make ends meet. Hardly had affairs begun to improve when Rosa's mother died. Rosa, who was too small to be left at home alone, was a deal of a problem to her impractical, impulsive father. Knowing him, one understands better the headlong impetuosity with which she later threw herself into schemes for perfecting her art. He was always supporting some new cult and his small daughter, too, supported them in her own fashion. When he belonged to the Saint Simonists, Rosa wore their tasseled bonnet and was hooted at by the street gamins; later when they gave way to the Order of Templars, she was baptized with an elaborate ceremonial that she described as greatly pleasing to her romantic disposition.

Left motherless at eight, young Rosa's subsequent adventures were full of the variety created by her own undisciplined nature. For a time she was placed in a pension, but one not to her liking; then she was apprenticed in a dressmaking establishment, but a few days of that were all she could manage to endure. Some friends came to the rescue for a few months and let her help them with the simple parts of the heraldic paintings they worked at in their own home. Then she was sent to school again, but not long after her arrival she organized a play battle that ruined the garden of the teacher. When she came back in disgrace she begged her father to allow her to stay at home and learn to draw and paint. She was certain she wished to be an artist.

Rosa was thirteen now, and with a heartfelt relief at being able to deal with her problems in a field he understood, her father gave his consent to this new plan. However fickle he might be in religion or politics, M. Bonheur was a patient and able drawing master, devoted to art and above all things ambitious that his three talented children should accomplish more in art than he had. To him Rosa owed not only a thorough grounding in draftsmanship but much of the ardent spirit that carried her triumphantly over the obstacles in her path.

There was a vigorous, forthright quality about Rosa Bonheur's ambition, even when she was a girl in her teens copying the old masters in the Louvre. "The little Hussar," the other students who worked there used to call this energetic, boyish-looking little person who invariably arrived early in the morning and left just as the doors were being closed at night. When she was only nineteen, her first work was accepted at the Salon-a painting of some rabbits nibbling at carrots and a drawing of sheep and dogs. Already, in her own mind's eye, she was a painter of animals; they absorbed her more than all the fancy portraiture and other, typically "feminine" themes in the world. When the Bonheurs moved to the suburbs of Paris about this time, one of the first things Rosa did, in her exuberance over having open space about her, was to acquire a pet sheep, which she used to watch by the hour. Then even the suburbs proved too confining for her; she went off adventuring by herself in peasant's lodgings in the country in order to study all manner of farm animals at close range. In her eagerness to master the principles of anatomy she even cut into the carcasses of dead animals.

Meantime, in this first two or three years of exhibiting, Rosa's animal pictures were winning almost sensational recognition at the Salon. By the time she was twenty-two, her father could write, "She has secured for herself a position far above the reach of the malignant criticism of cabal and is independent of the worthless puffing to which many of her rivals, whom she has left behind, owe their notoriety. . . .

I should fear if I were less convinced of the high character of her mind, that she might suffer herself to be unduly elated."

Three or four years later Rosa opened up a studio of her own with her childhood friend, Nathalie Micas, who had also become a painter. Here, more independent than ever, she continued her vigorous methods of study. For a time she went every day to a nearby slaughter-house "in order to perfect myself in the study of nature," though she afterward admitted that "one must have a cult for one's art to be able to live in the midst of horrors and amongst those terrible people." At the slaughter-house this inquisitive young miss was not any too welcome and might have fared badly, indeed, if it had not been for a friendly and very stalwart butcher who constituted himself her special protector. But Rosa Bonheur was not to be deterred from her ambition by any mere matter of the conventions. To avoid annoyance, she began now to go about frequently in male disguise. She took the pains to secure special permission from the Paris prefect of police and intermittently, for the rest of her life, wore men's clothing, feeling quite as comfortable in trousers as in petticoats, and it may be more so. Even when she was most obviously a woman, Mademoiselle Bonheur's short hair and severe attire made her seem anything but feminine in a group of typical Parisians of her sex. Once when she was striding along the streets, she was arrested as a man masquerading in woman's clothing! Having appeared to confirm her accuser's suspicions by striking out at him when he attempted some rudeness, she had to interview the officials of the police station before she could convince him of his error.

During the first ten or twelve years of her career Mademoiselle Bonheur achieved a steady succession of triumphs at the Salon. Greatest of these was that won by her *Horse* Fair painted in 1853 when she was just over thirty. Its bold, masculine vigor astonished and fascinated the critics. Rumors of the lengths to which she had gone to make her studies for the painting went like wildfire about Paris, setting the world of art and fashion agog with curiosity concerning this strange woman who dressed and painted like a man.

The Horse Fair proved to be a turning point in the artist's career. When it was shown in England and afterward engraved by Thomas Landseer, brother of the famous animal painter, its popular fame there was nothing short of phenomenal. For all her industry Mademoiselle Bonheur could not begin to keep up with the commissions that now came pouring in upon her from England and America. Under pressure of supplying this demand she decided that the annual entry for the Paris Salon was too trying an interruption to her work, and after the Universal Exposition of 1855, practically ceased to exhibit in her own country. Soon after she moved from Paris, and buried herself in a quiet little village in the forest of Fontainebleau, where she painted almost exclusively on foreign order.

France had few women so well known outside her borders, and within those borders there was genuine national pride in her achievements. In 1865, during the Emperor's temporary absence in Algiers, Empress Eugénie conferred upon Rosa Bonheur the Cross of the Legion of Honor, taking advantage of her power as regent, she said, to honor, not only an artist of international repute, but a woman who had brought a new distinction to her sex. After this recognition, which pleased Mademoiselle Bonheur greatly, she departed from her custom of the previous ten or twelve years and exhibited in the Salon of 1867. But for all her fame, the policy of catering to the English trade and neglecting to exhibit her work had aroused intense resentment in her native country. The consensus of opinion among the



WEANING THE CALVES

From the painting by Rosa Bonheur, in the Metropolitan Museum of Art



critics was that Mademoiselle Bonheur had become a mere follower of the British Landseer, content to paint mediocre imitations of his and of her own early work. So violent was the outbreak against her that after this Salon she did not exhibit again until the year of her death.

Instead, she continued as always, a law unto herself, disregarding her critics and painting steadily for England and America. With Mademoiselle Micas and the Micas family she had settled into a spacious home of her own at Bye in the forest of Fontainebleau. Here she had an entire menagerie—sheep, gazelles, deer, goats, birds of various sorts, horses, cows, every variety or breed of dogs, boars, lions, monkeys, parroquets, ponies from Skye and Iceland, bulls and wild horses from America. Her animals were a constant delight to her, and she used to say that although we cannot always understand them, they never fail to understand us. "I live here happily," she wrote once, "far from the world, working my hardest and receiving visits only from intimate friends."

Her busy life at Bye had few breaks, for Rosa Bonheur was a woman of almost unbelievable energy, seeming never to tire of her animals or her painting. All the strength she had she put into her art. Yet she was no mere machine. Of the period of the Franco-Prussian War she wrote: "I had no heart for work; I read, I thought, I waited. When the peace was signed which gave us back our lives, I began to work with redoubled ardor." She was then over fifty, but for almost thirty years longer she continued to paint. During this last period of her life she relaxed ever so little in her strenuous routine, held free classes in art in the forest near Bye, and almost every winter went south to Nice, where she built a villa when Mademoiselle Micas became too ill to stand the rigors of the northern climate. The two women had long been boon companions. No one else ever

understood Rosa Bonheur half so well as this clear-sighted and affectionate friend who began, as Rosa herself said, by scolding her, spoiling her and mending her clothes for her, and kept it up for a lifetime. When at last Mademoiselle Micas died in 1889, it was a grief perhaps as great as any in the artist's entire life.

Ten years afterward, at seventy-seven, Mademoiselle Bonheur once again sent an exhibit to the Paris Salon. Forty-five years of turmoil and chaos had engrossed the world of art since Paris had applauded her Horse Fair. The old rancor against her had long since faded; to this new world Rosa Bonheur was of a bygone day. There remained only a feeling of pride in the indomitable woman, who, however her achievements may be rated, had spent herself for art with such tireless devotion. All France marveled at the continued vigor of her painting. While the exhibit was still open and a spontaneous tribute to her achievements was on every one's lips, Rosa Bonheur suddenly fell ill and died, May 25, 1899.

ÉDOUARD MANET

ITH the exception of Richard Wagner and Ibsen, I know of no artist who was vilified during his lifetime as was Manet," says James Huneker in his Promenades of an Impressionist.

Édouard Manet was born in Paris, January 23, 1832. His father was a wealthy magistrate, sometime judge of the Tribunal of the Seine, his mother the goddaughter of Charles Berna'dotte, king of Sweden. Such a family entertained high hopes of a brilliant professional career for their eldest son and when he said he intended to be a painter. were vigorous in their opposition. But even as a boy Edouard was headstrong. At sixteen he announced that if he could not have his own way, he would go to sea. Thinking that a few months of adventure would serve to work off his youthful rebellion, his father fell in with the scheme, went with him to Le Havre and saw him off as an apprentice on a vessel bound for Rio de Janeiro. In after years the thing Manet liked best to recall about that voyage was that he made a successful job of painting some badly weathered and discolored cheeses which the captain had ordered him to refurbish, knowing of his predilection for art. On his return he was even more determined to be a painter. So since there seemed little else to do, his parents gave in and allowed him to enter Couture's studio. He had come out the victor in his first combat with life.

Another combat followed hard upon that one. Couture, into whose studio Manet went, was an able but a more or less conventional artist, devoting himself chiefly to historical paintings. With him Manet remained until he was twenty-four, but long before then he had become impatient with his master's formal methods, was quarreling with him frequently and irritating his professional models by his insistence that they pose in unheard-of attitudes. Young Manet was nothing if not belligerent in these days when he was just beginning to feel his own power. But though he showed such vigorous independence of spirit, he did not think of himself, then or ever, as a rebel against the finest traditions of the past. Not only did he spend much time eagerly studying the masterpieces in the Louvre, but after he left Couture's studio and opened one of his own, he made special pilgrimages to Holland, to Germany and Italy and afterward to Spain. Hals, the Venetians, Velasquez and Goya in turn exerted a potent spell upon him and his early technique was reminiscent of that spell. He set himself apart from other young Parisian painters at first not so much by his technique as by his habit of persuading everyday Parisians to pose for him, instead of employing the models of conventional physical type, who made a business of heroic posture. No one seems to have thought very highly of his talent in those days. Long after he left Couture's studio he was still unknown. At last when he was twenty-nine, his first pictures were accepted at the Salon and one of them awarded an honorable mention.

Two years later he painted the Breakfast on the Grass, that branded him at once insurgent and outcast. At the Salon the jury would have none of it. But this high-handed jury rejected so many pictures that dissatisfaction ran rife and after a deal of wire pulling, Napoleon III was induced to issue a permit for the famous Salon des Refusés, a special exhibition by the men whose work had been rejected. Here Whistler, Monet and other young painters who would

be heard from again, had pictures on display. But the one outstanding feature of the Salon des Refusés was Manet's canvas. On it the critics of the old school, already roused to a high pitch of jealousy for the honor of the official Salon, poured all their bitterest resentment.

Even in a gallery of refusés, where the conventional type of work was not greatly in evidence, Manet's picture fairly assaulted the eye, so independent was its technique. It showed a little group of modern picnickers, some fully clothed, two of the women nude for the bath. At one side were strewn a heap of objects, hats, picnic remains and the like. To get the effect he wanted, Manet had painted in such high, brilliant colors, with so little of the conventional shading to blend his hues together, that the picture seemed to the critics a mere "patchwork." Today, in a modern gallery with Impressionist, Cubist and Futurist tendencies in evidence on all sides, this forerunner of them all would not be particularly conspicuous. In the eighteensixties it was another matter. Besides, Manet's treatment of modern Parisians in the nude seemed an offense against good taste-something radically different from the ideal beauty of the nymphs and goddesses who roamed the groves in classic paintings. Nothing good was said for the picture from which he had hoped so much; instead all Paris reverberated with anathemas against it.

Manet bitterly resented this hostile reception. "You complain about attacks," wrote his friend Baudelaire, a year or so later, when the maligned young artist was debating whether to expose his Olympia to the scorn of the critics. "But are you the first to endure them? Have you more genius than Châteaubriand and Wagner? They were not killed by derision. And in order not to make you too proud, I must tell you that they are models each in his own way and in a very rich world, while you are only the first in the

decrepitude of your art." This letter aroused Manet's fighting blood and though Olympia met with a fresh outbreak of derision, from that time on he never flinched from exhibiting, even when he had to create his own exhibits.

But he was now a marked man—better known in Paris, as Degas said, than Garibaldi in his red shirt. His work did bring him one outspoken admirer in the person of Zola, then almost as notorious a young radical in the world of French letters as Manet in the world of art. Zola was practically forced to sever his connection with one of the Paris journals as a result of his enthusiastic comment on Manet's paintings. Instead of bettering the reputation of either, the friendship that developed put both men a little further beyond the pale.

All this was a severe ordeal, and though Manet's naturally high spirits and stubborn faith in himself kept him free from any sign of real morbidity, he was by no means free from "nerves." His biographer, Duret, tells of meeting the young artist for the first time in a public dining-room in Madrid in 1865. At dinner Duret was half conscious of a stranger who was obviously not finding the Spanish food to his liking, since he sent away one dish after another with peevish complaint. Duret, as it happened, had a particularly ravenous appetite and demanded more of a number of the same dishes that the stranger had refused. At last Manet burst into angry protest, for so accustomed was he to his notoriety that he thought even here in Spain some one must be purposely trying to annoy him. When he saw by Duret's manner that he was mistaken, he was profuse in his apologies and the two men cemented their friendship by a visit to the galleries of Madrid.

Manet hated his notoriety. If in a sense he courted it, the reason seems to have been that he kept expecting it to turn into fame overnight, for in his scheme of things worldly



From the painting by Manet, in the Metropolitan Museum of Art



recognition loomed large. He had, as some one has said, the Rubens ideal of the painter's life. He believed in himself, he worked earnestly and hard, and would have entered into the large honors he hoped for with a full sense of the responsibilities they implied. Manet was never the Bohemian by temperament; good bourgeois blood ran too steadily in his veins for that. All his life he played his rôle of rebel and pariah with a resentful feeling that it was some temporary disguise that he would soon be free to throw off.

Fortunately Manet had means enough to live comfortably during the long period when no one could be induced to buy his pictures. He had married a woman of Dutch family, a brilliant pianist and in every way a congenial helpmeet. The Manets kept up their household with a sober respect for tradition that was in striking contrast to what popular opinion might have supposed. Their formal Empire style of furnishings, their weekly receptions, the dignity with which Manet's mother, who lived with the couple, greeted their guests, Manet's own ease and gayety in these surroundings, would have astonished many of those who reviled him as an iconoclast. Every day for years Manet went for his walk on the Paris Boulevard and almost every day lunched at the Café Tortoni, not a Bohemian resort but an old respectable café, where he chatted with other men of the world about many things aside from art. Duret calls Manet one of the last of the old-style Parisians, a man in whom sociability was a daily necessity. Such a man naturally found the fact that his Paris persisted in regarding him as an outcast hard to endure.

His pictures were, however, being consistently barred from the Salon, and when, in 1867, he was also excluded from the Universal Exposition, he decided to hold an exhibit on his own account near the *Pont de l'Alma*. This display contained some fifty pictures, practically all he had painted up to that time, for he had sold nothing. But he was full

of a stubborn faith that public opinion must veer. In the "Reasons for Holding a Private Exhibition" printed in the catalogue, he said with simple directness, "M. Manet has never wished to protest. On the contrary the protest, quite unexpected on his part, has been directed against him," and again, "He has tried simply to be himself and not another."

People flocked to this exhibit. The pictures there still puzzled and shocked and infuriated nine out of every ten who saw them, but from this time on, it was impossible to ignore Édouard Manet. A little group of independents began, one by one, to champion his cause. His canvases were again accepted by the Salon and for a time it seemed as though he might even win a widespread approval. The Parisian art dealer, M. Durand Ruel, who had always been tolerant of new tendencies in art, decided to promote his work and bought a number of canvases. At the Salon The Bon Bock, a portrait of a jovial old man in the Franz Hals style—"drinking Haarlem-brewed beer," as Stevens said -actually brought him popular acclaim.

But Manet was not content to rest on his laurels. "Each time I paint," he once said to Mallarmé, "I throw myself into the water to learn swimming." His picture of 1874, The Railroad, focused attention on a feature that speedily became known as plein air, or open-air painting. Again he was the occasion for a battle royal. That same year, however, the Impressionists held their first group exhibit, and from then on they shared the abuse that had so long been leveled at Manet. Though not in the strict sense an Impressionist, since he never adopted their method of painting in tiny dots of pure color, Manet threw in his lot wholeheartedly with theirs, accepted their homage as a warrior of many scars gained in a common cause, and gave them the benefit of the little prestige he had so dearly won. He and Claude Monet were for years close friends: he often visited

Monet and his family in their studio boat on the Seine and more than once painted them. Duret once received a hasty note from Manet saying he had just left his Impressionist friend in desperate straits and urging that the two of them share the cost of a picture to be purchased under an alibi.

This, though Manet's own pictures were selling badly or not at all during all these years. M. Durand Ruel even found that his attempt to promote them had seriously injured his business. At the Salon, The Railroad shut the door on Manet's hopes of fame, and made him again an outcast. After its unfavorable reception the artist began to exhibit his work in his own studio, keeping a book where visitors could register their impressions, and very vigorous some of them were! Perhaps it was true that, as Huneker says, "'The most notorious painter in Paris' was a description which he finally grew to enjoy," yet there was undoubtedly a growing bitterness as the years of Manet's prime passed without any adequate return in worldly honors.

But at the very end of his life came the official recognition so long and so confidently expected. In 1881, with a change in the format of the Salon jury, Manet received a medal and later the Legion of Honor, regarded everywhere as a vindication of his long fight. He entered into his new fame with very frank pleasure, calling on each of the committee in person to express his appreciation. But the next year was the last in which he could exhibit. Already he had been stricken with paralysis, and was, for the most part, confined to a chair, though he continued to paint. He died April 20, 1883, at the comparatively early age of fifty-one.







INTRODUCTION

ANY centuries of vigorous national life came and went in England before there was any great native art. Meantime, however, the English court had been hospitable to foreign painters; in the six-

Henry VIII; in the seventeenth the Flemish Van Dyck painted the beauty and gallantry of the Cavalier court and left a tradition that was to bear fruit in the English school of portraiture a century later. During the Restoration period it was again German artists, this time Lely and Kneller, who held posts of honor at court.

As a result of this homage paid to foreign art, such English painting as had existed had been largely imitative. But now appeared an artist who was thoroughly English, who scorned the conventions of the schools and made racy, vigorous pictures of the things he found to satirize in his own everyday London. Because Hogarth's prints exposed certain shams and evils of the day in entertaining fashion, they reached a wide public and brought him considerable renown as a reformer of public morals. As art, however, his work was made light of and had little influence on the trend of British painting.

Instead, under the leadership of Sir Joshua Reynolds, there arose, in the latter half of the eighteenth century, a school of English artists who deliberately sought their inspiration in the work of the old masters. The Americanborn Benjamin West, mediocre painter though he was,

played a prominent rôle in the London art world of this period, and through his influence with George III was founded, in 1769, the Royal Academy, of which Reynolds was long president. In his annual Discourses Sir Joshua urged his fellow artists to "study the great works of the great masters forever" and follow ardently in their wake. But though the so-called "grand style" was in great vogue during this entire period, these eighteenth-century painters are not half so famed for the pretentious allegories and historical paintings which they affected as for their portrait painting. In the brilliant portraits of Reynolds, of Romney and of Gainsborough, England's Georgian age still lives in all its spirit and charm. Among others, Raeburn in Scotland and Hoppner and Lawrence in England carried on the traditions of the Reynolds school into the next generation. But the real impetus had spent itself, and under the presidency of Lawrence the art fostered by the Academy became increasingly conventional.

New life came not from the adherents of the old school but from landscape painters, who were going directly to nature for their inspiration. The first quarter of the nineteenth century found Constable painting the peaceful Suffolk countryside in the full glitter of a summer noon, Turner reveling in gorgeous, fiery sunsets on land and sea. Today these men have a fame that is beyond cavil, but in their own generation the bizarre quality of Turner's later work lost him his following, and Constable, though acclaimed by the romanticists in France, had never any great influence in England. The next generation turned not to any art deriving from them but to Landseer, whose pictures of dogs and horses made him easily the most popular painter of the Victorian era. By the middle of the century academic art was at low ebb. But from this dull traditionalism it was rescued. in 1849, by the sensational clamor aroused against three young student artists-Millais, Hunt and Rossetti-who had organized the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood. The name they had chosen for their movement was enough to anathematize them, since England had for generations worshiped at Raphael's shrine. Starting from the belief that affectation had crept into art with Raphael, the Pre-Raphaelites proposed to seek their inspiration in the Italian primitives, to find what additional impetus they could in legend and in poetry, and to "paint on canvas what they saw in nature" in a very literal sense, without regard to the conventions. When the resentment against these young rebels was at its height, Ruskin came forward to champion them with the statement that they were creating the foundations of an art "nobler than the world has seen for three hundred years" and to weave their theories into an elaborate system, in time hardly recognized by the Brothers themselves. Indeed the remarkable influence of this man of letters, whose criticism was sometimes more eloquent than sound but whose earnestness at least aroused the English public to a pitch of vital concern about art, can hardly be ignored in even so brief a summary as this. It offers a striking instance of the theory so often advanced that England's art can be best understood as an offshoot of a national genius that finds its primary outlet in literature and in didactics.

In time the three original members of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood grew apart in the methods and spirit of their work—Millais devoting himself to objective pictures with a straightforward, popular appeal, Hunt to Biblical scenes done under realistic conditions in Palestine and Rossetti losing himself more and more in his visions of Beatrice and other Dantesque subjects. Burne-Jones, who began by following Rossetti, won a place for himself with pictures that aimed at being no mere copy of nature but "a beautiful romantic dream of something that never was on land or sea."

Of other painters prominent in the last half of the century, Watts, though not a Pre-Raphaelite, was much in sympathy with the spirit of the movement; Leighton, for years president of the Academy, was, on the other hand, a painter in the traditional manner with which Millais had aligned himself. Toward the end of this period considerable influence began to be exerted by the modern French school, by Whistler and later by Sargent, two American artists who had set up studios in London and, in a sense, cast in their lot with British art.

WILLIAM HOGARTH

HEN the artist Hogarth, in the seventeen-thirties, set all England to talking of his Harlot's Progress, he won for himself fame enough and to spare. It was a naughty, sophisticated world, this eighteenth-century England, yet not so dull but that there were plenty of folk to applaud such a keen exposure of its naughtiness. From then on, Hogarth could count on an appreciative public for his satiric work; indeed he was surfeited with tributes to his service as a moralist. But the England that was so generous with its recognition in the sphere of public morals denied it utterly in the sphere of art,—even when Hogarth went out of his own field and took to courting it in the conventional Italian manner. Only time righted his grievance. Today after the lapse of two centuries he is known as artist and satirist alike.

William Hogarth was born in London, November 10, 1697. Logically he should have grown up with a thoroughgoing respect for academic tradition, for his father was a schoolmaster. But by a boy's own simple species of logic, young William soon came to be of a quite contrary mind. This father of his, who had moved to London from a country district hoping to better his fortune, had found nothing more to his liking than an unpromising little school and some literary hack work of the dullest sort. He did manage to eke out a living, but only a meager one. Before Hogarth was well into his teens, he had made up his mind, with the sturdy independence that was characteristic of him all through life,

that, for his part, he would have done with schools and learn a trade. So, since he was clever at drawing, he was apprenticed to an engraver, and when his period of apprenticeship was at an end, set up for himself in the business.

Legend has it that he was none too prosperous in these early years and once had to make a hasty sketch of his landlady in all her wrath and sell it to pay her bill. But he engraved billboards, cards, a few illustrations, everything that came his way. In course of time he was earning a good living and could free himself from routine work. Meantime, as he went about London, he was always making sketches of the people and incidents that caught his attention. A characteristic story relates how once, during his apprentice days, he and two or three of his friends were in a tavern when a quarrel broke out among a group of rowdy customers. In the excitement one fellow was given a terrific blow on the head with a pewter pot. He looked so ridiculous in his distress that Hogarth could not resist taking out pencil and paper and sketching him then and there. The drawing was hailed with delight by every one, including the abashed victim, and peace soon reigned supreme.

Good-humored, realistic satire such as this seemed Hogarth's natural field. Gradually he began to give most of his time to issuing prints of his own—cartoons they were, as a matter of fact—in ridicule of various foibles of the day. One of these entitled Masquerades and Operas, engraved when Hogarth was in his late twenties, gave him his first taste of notoriety. It took a fling at a number of people then in the public eye, chief among them a certain pretentious architect and painter of whose schemes London had heard ad nauseam from his patron, Lord Burlington. When Hogarth showed him in ridiculous attitude, perched on top of the Burlington gate supported by Raphael and Michelangelo, there was glee in many quarters over his discomfiture.

By this time Hogarth had quite definite plans of being an artist and no mere engraver. He was always independent, "ambitious of being singular," as he himself puts it; so, instead of haunting the galleries and studying art in the conventional fashion, he had long since worked out certain methods of teaching himself to draw and paint. He says with a characteristic bluntness that it was because of his "idle disposition" that he trained himself to observe the world about him very carefully and to retain clear-cut images of everything he saw that interested him. However that may be, he had been free to develop his genius in his own way during these impressionable years, and not only his methods of work but his whole outlook on life were by now quite clearly defined.

But about this time, or not so very long before, this independent young engraver, thinking to profit by some systematic instruction in art, enrolled in a school that had recently been opened by Sir James Thornhill. Here he was taken in hand and taught that the only way to learn to paint was to imitate the old masters. As for such racy, spirited pictures of common English life as he delighted to make, no one dreamed they would ever be classed as art. There had been no great English artists up to this time, and such ones as England could boast were bent on following earnestly, more or less slavishly, in the footsteps of the great painters of Italy and Flanders.

Hogarth was too independent, too stubborn, too sure of his own star, ever to feel at home in this art school. Perhaps he gained a good deal technically from his work there, but he insisted with some vehemence that its methods were all wrong. He seems to have spent most of his time trying to convince his fellow students of the foolishness of copying other paintings instead of going directly to nature. He lingered on, not from any hope of learning to paint in the man-

ner of Raphael but because he had managed to win the love of Jane Thornhill, the only daughter of the house. The match was vigorously opposed by Sir James, who had no faith in the future of the self-assertive young engraver. At last the lovers took matters into their own hands and eloped. Sir James held aloof for two whole years, but finally when his wife showed him the proofs of A Harlot's Progress, he decided that his son-in-law was worthy of forgiveness.

This whole experience had put Hogarth very much on his mettle. After his marriage he worked hard at portrait painting whenever he could get any commissions, and painted many of his so-called "conversation pieces," or little portrait groups twelve to fifteen inches high. But it was with A Harlot's Progress, a series of pictures satirizing the evils of contemporary English life in his own inimitable fashion, that he won his real success. These six pictures tell with powerful, realistic detail the story of a certain Moll Hackabout, from her first gay dissipations through various stages of misery to her sojourn in Bridewell prison and at last her wretched death. At the funeral there is a great show of mourning from Moll's associates, but her little son sits on the coffin winding his top, as Lamb says, "the only thing in that assembly that is not a hypocrite."

"I therefore wished," writes Hogarth, with reference to his satiric painting, "to compose pictures on canvas similar to representations on the stage, and further hope that they will be tried by the same test and criticized by the same criterion. . . . My picture is my stage, my men and women my players, who by means of certain actions and gestures are to exhibit a dumb show." It was as a dumb show, an entertaining yet relentless exposure of London life, that A Harlot's Progress was designed and received. The pictures struck at a phase of existence that was much to the fore just then—one need only dip into Restoration drama or follow



PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST (After the painting by William Hogarth: No. 112 in the National Gallery, London)



Richard Lovelace or Tom Jones through a few pages of adventure to be reminded that this was an age of rakes and dandies. In Hogarth's pictures popular haunts of the day could actually be recognized and notorious characters were said to be introduced under thinly veiled disguise. Naturally the pictures made a tremendous sensation. Pirated engravings appeared almost overnight; Cibber made Moll Hackabout's story into a pantomime at Drury Lane: it was sung in ballads, painted on fans and even transferred to cups and saucers.

From this time on Hogarth was a man to be reckoned with in English life. No sham or evil of popular concern was safe from his attack. Gambling, drunkenness, cruelty, extravagance, infidelity, idleness—all were subjects for his moralizing. Nor did he confine his satire to abstract vices; individuals were often mercilessly treated. In many quarters he was both hated and feared. For no matter how dull or unwelcome the moral his pictures might preach, they were so full of spirit, so teeming with a life well within the experience of the average Englishman, that they seldom failed to make their impress upon a large public. The novelist Fielding said of Hogarth's Rake's Progress that it was "calculated more to serve the Cause of Virtue, and for the Preservation of Mankind, than all the Folios of Morality which have ever been written."

Meantime, though Hogarth's pictures were the talk of all England, the little world of art remained closed and barred against him. In the eyes of the élite, for all his success, this William Hogarth was no artist at all but merely a popular entertainer and moralist. His very success, coupled with the fact that he took little pains to conceal his distrust of the conventional art of the day, aroused the most intense resentment. And when his combative spirit got the better of him, as it frequently did, of course he was misun-

derstood. "The connoisseurs and I are at war, you know," he once confided to Mrs. Piozzi, "and because I hate them, they think I hate *Titian*—and let them!"

So the breach widened. However independent he might seem, in time Hogarth became extremely bitter over his lack of official prestige. During his early years he had been eager to try his skill at portrait painting, but he finally had to admit that he found this branch of his art "not sufficiently profitable to pay the expenses my family required," and with perhaps a good deal of justice attributed his failure to the report spread by his rivals that portraits were outside his province and to his refusal to fall in with their practice of flattering every sitter. Nevertheless Hogarth did paint some notable portraits, among them one of himself with his dog Trump, and one of Garrick as Richard III, for which, he proudly states, he was paid more than any English artist had ever before received for a single portrait.

In the corner of the portrait of Hogarth and his dog appears on a palette a serpentine curve described as "the line of Beauty." This striking feature attracted some curiosity, and a few years later it was followed by the artist's one literary work, The Analysis of Beauty, an attempt to prove all pictorial beauty one form or another of this same curve. The book, alas, was a subject of widespread derision and is usually regarded as a muddleheaded and pretentious essay. Pretentious, also, were Hogarth's few attempts to prove that he could paint in the grand manner when he cared to. Two Biblical scenes painted on the staircase of a London hospital, though not remarkably successful, escaped with little comment, but his legendary painting Sigismunda was refused by the patron who had ordered it and pounced upon by the critics as a most atrocious work. Hogarth, by way of retort to this humiliating reception, stubbornly set the price of the canvas so high that it found no purchaser until after his widow's death. Today Sigismunda ranks as better than the best that any of his jealous contemporaries could do though far below his more characteristic work.

Fortunately for posterity, Hogarth had continued to devote his best talents to realistic satire, and these attempts to invade a field that he pretended to despise were merely incidental. Meantime he was issuing in steady succession the prints that have preserved for us with such a wealth of detail the dress and manners and spirit of the England in which he lived. Though scorned by the critics, Hogarth never lacked popular acclaim, and in this later period he held the gratifying official post of sergeant painter to His Majesty. But his experience had proved embittering. His last years found him at odds with the world, cartooning even two of his old friends with genuine venom in his pencil. A pleasanter account pictures him as spending hours under the great mulberry tree of his country place at Chiswick, talking with the children of the neighborhood who used to gather there. It was in the Chiswick cemetery that he was buried, and his little red brick villa was long afterward made into a Hogarth museum. Hogarth died October 26, 1764, at the age of sixty-six.

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS

HE most invulnerable of men"—such was the comment of the great Dr. Johnson on his intimate friend, Sir Joshua Reynolds. The world knows Reynolds as the father of English art, the first

English painter to achieve world-wide recognition. But is there another artist in history to whom the adjective "invul-

nerable" would readily be applied?

Reynolds' boyhood days were spent in an English parsonage. Not only were his father and grandfather clergymen but his mother and grandmother were daughters of clergymen. He was born July 6, 1723, in Plympton, Devonshire, one of a family of eleven children. Joshua's father was a kindly, easy-going, absent-minded English parson, who in addition to his clerical duties served as master of the local grammar school. In the story of his son's life he seems to be notable for nothing quite so much as for the epigram which he wrote on his wife's name Theophila:

When I say "The"
Thou must make tea—
When I say "Offy"
Thou must make coffee.

A serious-minded little boy was Joshua, fonder of the books he found on the parsonage shelves than of boyish mischief. He soon began to indulge his bent for drawing. "Done by Joshua out of pure idleness" was written by his schoolmaster father on the back of one sketch made at an

inopportune moment; but usually his pictures met with a more sympathetic reception. When he was some eight years old, he read *The Jesuit's Perspective* to such good advantage that he astonished his family with a sketch of the grammar-school colonnade in which the row of pillars receded into the distance in most realistic manner. A volume that made an even deeper impression, one that Reynolds never forgot, was Richardson's *Treatise on Painting*, with its thorough discussion of the supremacy of the old masters and its glowing faith that some day an English painter would add his name to theirs.

When he was twelve, Reynolds painted his first oil canvas on a piece of boat-sail. When he was eighteen, his father sent him to London, to study under Thomas Hudson, the best-known portrait painter of the day. He remained with Hudson for two years, and then, suddenly, was dismissed from the studio. Possibly there may be some truth in the story that Hudson's jealousy had been aroused by a portrait this enterprising apprentice had painted of his old serving woman, but on the surface he was simply displeased because Reynolds had postponed delivering a picture on a rainy day. Whatever the apprentice may have thought of the affair, he apparently harbored no deep-seated grudge against Hudson, for they were soon again on friendly terms. One sees little sign of the temperamental young artist in the way in which Reynolds adapted himself to circumstances that must have been very trying. No doubt his best course seemed uncertain, for during the next few years he was sometimes in London and sometimes back in Devonshire, where he gradually became "much employed in portraits" and where he finally, after the death of his father, took a house with his two unmarried sisters. He was always fond of Devonshire, and of all the honors that came to him in later life, that of being made "Mayor of Plympton" pleased him most, as he once told no less a person than George III, adding quickly "except those conferred upon me by Your Majesty."

Thus far Reynolds' prospects were far from remarkable, but when he was twenty-six, a chance encounter opened up other vistas. He met and was greatly attracted to the brilliant young Commodore Keppel, two years his junior, who had put in to Plymouth for repairs to his vessel. Keppel was bound on a government mission to the states of Barbary, and enthusiastically urged his new friend to accept a passage out. To Reynolds this seemed an opportunity that could not be set aside. He borrowed the necessary funds from his married sisters and started for Italy. On his way lay Lisbon, Cadiz, Gibralter, Algiers and in due course—Rome.

From the boyhood days when he had pored over the pages of the Treatise on Painting, Reynolds had felt something like reverence every time he so much as thought of the works of the Italian old masters. He must have approached the treasures of the Eternal City with a heart beating with excitement. Imagine, then, his distress at finding himself cold and disappointed when he stood at last before the works of Raphael! He says, "My not relishing them as I was conscious I ought to have done was one of the most humiliating things that ever happened to me," and he admits, too, that he was human enough to pretend to admire these masterpieces to conceal his own humiliation. Undoubtedly Reynolds had few emotional experiences in his entire life so overwhelming as this one. It was a spontaneous denial of everything about art that he had believed in up to that moment-of everything that he was to devote his life to afterward. One almost needs to draw upon religious parallels to understand it. Heaven and earth shook and were not steady again until he had groped his way back to faith. For Reynolds was humble at heart; he dared not trust his own impressions. Convinced that the fault was in himself



LADY SMITH AND HER CHILDREN

From painting by Sir Joshua Reynolds in the Metropolitan Museum of Art



and not in Raphael and Michelangelo, he fairly haunted the Vatican, copying the works of the masters early and late. He caught such a severe cold from exposure and over-exertion that deafness resulted and for the rest of his life he was compelled to use an ear trumpet. But he emerged triumphant from the struggle. He had become so thoroughly imbued with the spirit of the old masters that he now saw for himself how immeasurably superior they were to all other works of art in the world. He never doubted again. One must feel the marvelous assurance of this reward that came to crown his days of humble, self-imposed discipleship if one is to understand the high and mighty utterances of his later years as president of the Royal Academy.

But other, more tangible rewards than faith came out of Reynolds' sojourn in Italy—there was the sure technique that made money and fame his for the taking. Not long after he returned from the Continent and settled in London he painted a portrait of Admiral Keppel by the seashore that took London by storm and at one stroke made secure his position as the first painter in the land. To read the lists of sitters in his pocket-books for the years that followed, is to pass in review a brilliant pageant of Georgian England—statesmen such as Burke and Fox, seamen such as Keppel, authors such as Johnson, Sterne and Goldsmith, stage favorites such as Garrick, Mrs. Abington and Mrs. Siddons, courtesans such as Kitty Fisher, fashionable nobility, famous beauties of the court—a mere enumeration of well-known names would satiate the reader.

In his studio, brush in hand, Reynolds was the most genial and urbane of men. He was always a favorite with women, flattering them by his compliments without ever losing his head over their charms. Typical of his delightful courtesies is the remark made to Mrs. Siddons, whom he painted as the Tragic Muse, "Madam, I could not resist

sending my name down to posterity on the hem of your garment." Gossip sometimes busied itself over his attentions to one fair lady or another in his list of sitters, chief among them, perhaps, his charming fellow artist Angelica Kauffmann, whom he allowed to paint his portrait. But Sir Joshua often expressed his firm belief that the artist should keep himself free from family ties, and his attentions were never such as would cause him to waver from a single-hearted devotion to his art.

Behind the scenes, with his sister Frances, who kept house for him for many years, Reynolds was a shade less affable. Poor Frances was ill fitted to stand the strain of living with her brother, since, though talented and ambitious, she had none of those qualities that made him "the most invulnerable of men." Fanny Burney said of her that she was "a woman of worth and understanding, but . . . [lived] in an habitual perplexity of mind and irresolution of conduct, which to herself was restlessly tormenting and to all around her was teasingly wearisome." She, too, loved art and literature; indeed her Essay on Taste was praised by no less a critic than Dr. Johnson. But she painted copies of her brother's pictures which he declared "make other people laugh and me cry." In the heyday of his prosperity Reynolds vaunted an elaborate chariot, with allegories of the four seasons painted on the wheels and gorgeously liveried servants in attendance, and since he had no spare time to show it off, he insisted that his shy, embarrassed sister should go out in it as much as possible, whether she wished to or not. He himself had always been free from any taint of morbidness. The smallpox that pitted his face as a child, the injury that disfigured his lip, the inevitable ear trumpet, would have made life embarrassing and unhappy for many a man, but Reynolds, who had framed for himself in boyhood the maxim, "The great principle of being happy in this world is not to mind or be affected with small things," was able to disregard them. He could even find satisfaction in painting his own portraits, of which there are said to be nearly a hundred in existence—not unhandsome in spite of his disfigurements. Such a man could have little sympathy with the introspective brooding that tormented his sister Frances. Whatever may have been her faults, it is certain that Reynolds did not understand this sister. One prefers to dwell, instead, on his relations with his sunny-tempered niece Theophila, or Offy, Palmer, to whom he played the part of a genial father for some years before her marriage, and with his charming little grandniece, Offy Gwatkin, familiar to us as Simplicity.

A courtly man of fashion in his studio, a bit of the Grand Mogul at home,—such was Sir Joshua Reynolds. But he appears in another aspect among his lifelong friends, John son, Goldsmith, Garrick, Burke and the rest of the famous Literary Club. It was, indeed, at his suggestion that the club was founded and as one of its most active members he moves through the chattering pages of Boswell's Life of Johnson, a stately and affable companion. These were men of no less individuality and strength of character than Reynolds himself and he was proud to be their friend. A keen interest that was almost a passion drew him to the literary world—we even hear of his sitting up all night, on one occasion, to write for Johnson's Idler. In the stimulating atmosphere of the Literary Club, with its endless discussions on letters, art and public affairs, all Reynolds' best qualities were brought out-keen, mature intellect, catholic tastes, sociability, a willingness to respect the opinion of others. We are told that Sir Joshua never became involved in the personal differences that arose between certain members of the club, but used his influence, always, in promoting good will. Strong ties of friendship existed for years between Reynolds

and Goldsmith, Reynolds and Burke, but most of all, Reynolds and Samuel Johnson.

Space will not permit of more than a hint of this unique and very famous friendship. Reynolds had become interested in Johnson, shortly after his own return from Rome, through reading the *Life of Savage*. He had picked this book up by accident somewhere and without stopping to sit down, read so absorbedly that when he finished it he found his arm completely numb from leaning against the chimney-piece. Shortly afterwards the two men met, "by accident or design," at a small social gathering, and Boswell, who was present, reports:

Sir Joshua, indeed, was lucky enough at their very first meeting, to make a remark which was so much above the commonplace style of conversation that Johnson at once perceived that Reynolds had the habit of thinking for himself. The ladies were regretting the death of a friend to whom they owed great obligations, upon which Reynolds observed: You have, however, the comfort of being relieved from the burden of gratitude.

They were shocked a little at this alleviating suggestion as too selfish, but Johnson defended it in his clear and forcible manner, and was much pleased with the mind, the fair view of human nature, which it exhibited, like some of the *Reflections* of Rochefoucault. The consequence was that he went home with Reynolds and supped with him.

There is, in this curious beginning, little hint of the romantic idealism that welds hearts together in the period of early youth when most friendships are formed. But the two men were soon bound by ties of loyalty and affection as well as intellectual companionship. Whatever concerned one, concerned the other. Johnson broke a custom of years to drink to Reynolds' health when the artist was knighted. Even on his death bed the gruff old doctor sent for his friend of many years and asked him to forgive a small debt, read the Scriptures and refrain from painting on the Sabbath

day! Said Reynolds in tribute to Johnson: "Those observations which he made on poetry, on life, and on everything about us, I applied to our art, with what success let others judge."

Johnson was by all odds the dominating figure in the literary England of his day; Reynolds, on his part, was the dominating figure of the period in the world of English art. He was not only the foremost painter of London; for the last twenty-three years of his life he was also president of the Royal Academy. This office was an important but an exceedingly difficult one, for the Academy was newly organized as an outcome of friction and jealousy in an older society. Though Reynolds had little to do with the founding, which had been brought about by the energy of Benjamin West, he was generally agreed to be the one man who could make such an organization a success. He weighed the matter of accepting the presidency with so great a deliberation that he and West arrived at the meeting of the new group only when it was about to break up in failure. But once committed to the office, he accepted its responsibilities with his accustomed thoroughness and gave much of himself to Academy affairs.

His dignity, his diplomacy, his outstanding position soon made the new institution a force to be reckoned with. It became the guardian of the traditions of English art. But England had never had a native art of any importance and there were few vital traditions except those then in the making. So we find Sir Joshua constituting himself priest and prophet. "Study the great works of the great masters forever," he urged, and delivered a series of annual Discourses on this theme that exerted a potent influence on British painting. Even yet they are regarded as a classic in their field. But the generations since Reynolds have had little sympathy with the so-called "grand style" for which he pled

with such eloquence. Like the pompous grandeur of Dr. Johnson's long, involved sentences the "grand style" is today dismissed as an eighteenth-century affectation.

Says Ruskin, in his amazement at these Discourses: "Nearly every word that Reynolds wrote was contrary to his own practice; he seems to have been born to teach all error by his precept and all excellence by his example." Other critics, although less sweeping in their statements, have been equally dubious regarding Sir Joshua's theories of art. If his own paintings illustrate at all what he meant by the "grand style," it is in Lady Sarah Bunbury Sacrificing to the Graces ("She never did sacrifice to the Graces," objected Mrs. Piozzi), Lady Blake Receiving the Cestus from Venus, The Infant Hercules, and similar works, and today these pictures seem incredibly dull and pretentious when compared to his portraits and simple studies of children. But Reynolds remained happily unconscious of this hint of inconsistency in his position. He never wavered in his belief that English art must derive directly from the old masters. It was the honest thought and sentiment of a lifetime that he crystallized in these annual addresses, which he brought at last to an end with the words, "I reflect, not without vanity, that these Discourses bear testimony of my admiration of that truly divine man; and I should desire that the last words I should pronounce in this Academy and from this place might be the name of Michelangelo."

There are many stories told of Reynolds' relations with his fellow artists, which were more formal and on the whole much less happy than with his literary friends. As may readily be imagined, the task of guiding the affairs of the Academy was beset with difficulties every step of the way. True, no single adversary worthy of his steel stood out in opposition to his insistence on the "grand style," but there were murmurings. Reynolds preferred to meet as many difficulties

as possible by a courteous aloofness that was frequently criticized. Both Romney and Gainsborough, who were at the height of their fame during this period, resented the attitude of the Academy toward their work as unfair and had little dealings with it; and undoubtedly some of this same bitterness was felt by other, less prominent artists with whom the great Sir Joshua was associated. There were things he left unsaid and undone that might have made the path of his fellow artists a little easier, and his attitude is frequently described as being that of an Olympian Zeus. Yet this very manner, together with his invariable courtesy, kept the affairs of the Academy on a high, impersonal plane. He himself was above all resentments, and throughout his long career never permitted himself to speak critically of any of his contemporaries. And Goldsmith testifies:

His pencil was striking, resistless and grand. His manners were gentle, complying and bland, Still born to improve us in every part His pencil our faces, his manners our heart.

Toward the end of Sir Joshua's life, troubles began to gather on the horizon. He had a paralytic stroke, from which he, however, recovered; then he lost the use of his left eye. A year or two before his death came a rupture with the Academy; a vote against his expressed wishes caused him to tender his resignation, and although he resumed the presidency, it was only to resign a few months later on account of ill health. He bore all these afflictions with his accustomed composure, only losing it, so far as is known, on one occasion when his pet bird escaped beyond recovery. He died February 23, 1792, and was buried with great pomp in St. Paul's Cathedral, all London uniting to do him honor.

GEORGE ROMNEY

LL the town is divided into two factions—the Reynolds and the Romney, and I am of the Romney."

It was no less a person than Lord Chancellor Thurlow who, thus declaring himself in 1781,

brought George Romney into even greater prominence as a painter of fashionable London. In the heyday of his fame, between the years of 1778 and 1787, Romney's lists of sitters were crowded with the most distinguished names of the period. This shy, intense, suspicious man of country upbringing who at the age of twenty-seven had set out from his Lancashire town, leaving wife and children behind in pursuit of fame, had thus achieved his goal. But his story is a sad one.

Romney was born in the little country town of Dalton-in-Furness, Lancashire, in December, 1734. His father was a carpenter and cabinet-maker, an ingenious person who could turn his hand to many things, including the management of his small farm. At the age of ten, George, who showed no particular fondness for school, was put to work at the carpenter's bench in his father's shop. But the boy was always drawing, drawing, drawing. If some passing Cimabue had only seen this Giotto, if there had been even a chance encounter to give him a glimpse into another world, how different Romney's life might have been. But art was a closed book to the good folk of Dalton. Now and then one of the neighbors would exclaim with delight over some lifelike sketch, but for the most part they agreed



Mansell

EMMA, LADY HAMILTON
From the portrait by Romney



with John Romney that his son's habit of making pictures was a foolish waste of time. Only one person gave the boy any real encouragement, Williams, the Dalton watchmaker, a man of Bohemian temperament who had left his wife and was living alone in the little town. Williams had a passion for music that he taught Romney to share, and the young carpenter and the middle-aged watchmaker became boon companions, talking for hours on end of music, art and other matters about which they knew very little but cared a great deal. There were few books in Dalton, but Romney somehow acquired a copy of Leonardo da Vinci's Treatise on Painting and another book called Art's Masterpiece. From these pitifully meager sources of inspiration he fed the uncontrollable fire within him.

He was twenty-one—he had been a not too skillful carpenter's assistant for eleven long years, before his father finally agreed to let him give up the trade of carpenter and learn the trade of painter. Even then no one, not Romney himself, seems to have seriously considered London or any master of note. The people of Dalton had very vague ideas about painting, but stories had filtered through from the nearby town of Kendal concerning an artist there at that time whom the townsfolk called "the Count," from his dandified Parisian manners. To this wandering portrait painter, Christopher Steele by name, George Romney was apprenticed for a period of four years, and shortly afterward he painted his first work for exhibition—a sign for the Kendal postoffice on which was shown a hand holding out a letter. Such was his situation and such his prospects at the age of twentyone!

Steele welcomed his young apprentice with open arms in his own happy-go-lucky fashion, taught him to grind colors and to paint a little, and made use of his skill in wood-carving to provide frames for portraits. But the most important thing on the horizon was a love affair between the Count and one of his drawing pupils, a young lady not without charm in his eyes, and, moreover, the possessor of a small fortune. Romney served as messenger and became thoroughly experienced in the ways of intrigue before the jaunty Count and his sweetheart finally eloped to Gretna Green.

While his master was away on his honeymoon, fate had it that Romney was taken seriously ill. Fate had it, also, that his landlady's daughter, Mary Abbot, nursed him through long days and nights of fever. Had he already been half in love with her? At any rate propinquity did its work, the young couple became engaged and when Steele wrote asking his apprentice to join him at York, a wedding cele-

brated Romney's departure.

At York the Count conducted himself in his usual heedless, scatter-brained fashion and in the course of a year or so had piled up so many debts that he moved on to another town, leaving Romney behind to settle with the indignant creditors. Upon joining his master only to find him again on the point of departure, this time for Ireland, Romney in disgust made arrangements to buy his release. He and the Count parted on the best of terms, and he returned to Kendal, where he set up a modest studio and was soon busy painting the family portraits which, in those days before the ubiquitous camera, were much in demand even among simple country folk. Though little is known of Romney's family life, Mary bore him two children, John born in 1758, and a daughter who died young. His talented but unstable young brother Peter came to live with the Romney family at Kendal about this time, with the idea of learning to be a painter. Later, in London, Romney again and again gave Peter friendly assistance and money, and he was generous also to another brother, whom he sent out to the East Indian service. These are facts to be borne in mind in any effort to understand his attitude toward the ties of blood and marriage.

It was in 1762, when he was twenty-seven, that Romney abruptly broke with his past and set out alone to try his fortune in London. To finance the venture he had a hundred pounds, most of it raised by a last-minute lottery of twenty canvases at which he had been working for months. He and Mary divided this sum between them at parting. No one really knows what was said or thought on this occasion, but there seems little doubt that Romney intended to send for his wife and family as soon as his success should warrant such a move. That he never did so, that he allowed his London acquaintances to think of him as a bachelor, that he made for himself friends and fame and a life quite apart from that simple Kendal existence, is indisputable. He seems to have kept his wife supplied with money, and he never quite lost touch with the son who became a clergyman and his biographer. Of Mary's real attitude we have almost no clue. John Romney says that although he often wondered how his mother felt about her desertion, he only once ventured to ask, and her simple reply was that she had done everything for the best.

Romney wasted little time in getting to work in London. The very next year after his arrival, his painting The Death of General Wolfe was awarded honors in the competition of the Free Society of Artists. Unfortunately, by a reversal of judgment which may or may not have been due to Sir Joshua Reynolds, another painting was finally given first place, and thus began a suspicion of Reynolds and of official organizations that was to poison much of Romney's life. From that time on, however, Romney had no cause for financial worry, for his paintings were in constant demand. He worked steadily for a period of about ten years. But in spite of his growing reputation he felt himself greatly handi-

capped by his lack of early training and at last he closed his studio and left England for Italy. Here he spent two full years, haunting the Vatican, inspecting old frescoes from scaffolding, studying the nude from the living model, visiting Florence, Venice and other art centers, all with the most intense sort of single-minded devotion.

Finally, in 1775, when he was forty-one, he returned to London and boldly rented a huge studio in Cavendish Square, which had been empty for years because no one cared to occupy such a pretentious establishment. Here he entered upon his period of greatest prosperity. Several times within the next few years he raised his prices, and the more he charged, the more fashionable London thronged into his studio and praised his portraits in the same breath with those of the great Reynolds. His industry was tremen-'dous; in less than twenty years there were over nine thousand sittings enrolled on the books of the painter whom his Olympian rival never referred to except as "the man in Cavendish Square." Romney, on his part, was suspicious and aloof: after his return from Rome he refused to exhibit in public, had no dealings with the Academy and took little pains to conceal his dislike of its president, the lofty Sir Joshua.

Thus far Romney had made no close friends in his new world, but the year after he settled in Cavendish Square he met and was soon on intimate terms with William Hayley, a poet of sorts, the author of the then popular Triumphs of Temper. Hayley lived, not in London, but in a villa at Earthem, where he gathered about him from time to time a group of literary men and artists, among whom were Cowper, Gibbon and other men of note. In this pleasant villa, over a period of many years, Romney spent his summers. John Romney says that Hayley's friendship for his father was "grounded on selfishness, and the means by which

he maintained it was flattery," but Hayley seems, though sufficiently vain and officious, to have been genuinely attached to his friend. Hayley it was, however, who foolishly persuaded Romney to continue his policy of holding aloof from the Academy, "to guard him," he explains, "against that incessant disquietude and vexation which I imagined his connection with the Academy must inevitably produce. . . . [and using arguments] chiefly founded on the mental peculiarities of my friend." The unhappy result of his act was

only to confirm those same ingrowing peculiarities.

Hayley, too, was largely responsible for making Romney believe that portrait painting, which critics regard as his forte, was a mere means of making a livelihood and that his real work as an artist lay in the more pretentious field of imaginative composition. Consequently we find the artist writing of being shackled by "this cursed portrait painting" and throwing himself heart and soul into schemes such as that of Boydell's Shakespeare Gallery, which was, indeed, founded at his suggestion, and for which he painted a number of pictures. Some of his work in this field was considered very successful. But such painting caused him endless torment; he left a dozen unfinished canvases standing about and made numerous excuses to sitters while he feverishly searched out new subjects and began new pictures, sometimes only to abandon them before they were well started. Nevertheless, the sitters still thronged to his studio and it seemed as if nothing could interfere with his sensational success.

It was during this period of his greatest vogue that Romney met Emma Hart—the divine Emma. "I cannot give her any other epithet," he wrote to Hayley, "for I think her superior to all womankind." When she first became acquainted with Romney, Emma was the mistress of the Honorable Charles Greville, who brought her to Cavendish Square to sit for her portrait. Romney painted her in

her own person and as Cassandra, St. Cecilia, Calypso, Magdalene, Joan of Arc—about thirty canvases in all. Scandal busied itself about their names, but Greville, who was in other instances a more than jealous lover, seems to have trusted them and there is no evidence that their relations were other than platonic. "My dear sir, my friend, my more than father," she wrote to him from Venice, where she went as the mistress and afterwards the wife of Greville's uncle, Sir William Hamilton, British ambassador at Naples. For Emma Hart was that same Lady Hamilton who was later beloved by England's Nelson.

Emma's return to London, just before her marriage, revived Romney's spirits for a time, but he began, now, to be subject to terrific spells of physical and mental depression, which held him more and more in their grip as time went on. When he was not too utterly exhausted to work, he threw himself feverishly into the most grandiose schemes imaginable. His young friend John Flaxman, the sculptor, had sent him from Rome at his request ten large cases of classic casts which taxed the studio in Cavendish Square to its fullest capacity. He became extremely dissatisfied with this studio of which he had once been so proud and began to draw and redraw plans for a great house and elaborate series of galleries in which he should be able to display his paintings and sculpture to best advantage. Finally, after much tormenting indecision, he bought a house and land at Hampstead and. acting as his own architect, spent huge sums in the erection of a gallery which even the sympathetic Hayley refers to as a "singular fabrick." But he was more and more wretched in mind and body, as his letters to Hayley testify.

Then came that strange, pathetic end, which inspired Tennyson's dramatic monologue, Romney's Remorse. Little is known but the mere facts, and we cannot do better than repeat a part of the quotation from Edward FitzGerald's

letter that stands as a preface to the poem. "I read Hayley's Life of Romney the other day. . . . How touching is the close of his life! He married at nineteen, and because Sir Joshua and others had said that 'marriage spoilt an artist,' almost immediately left his wife in the North and scarce saw her till the end of his life, when old, nearly mad, and quite desolate, he went back to her, and she received him and nursed him till he died. This quiet act of hers is worth all Romney's pictures, even as a matter of Art, I am sure."

Romney seems to have been quite feeble and helpless at Kendal, even in his lucid intervals, but his letters to Hayley, dictated to an old friend, speak gratefully of his wife's care. During the last months he recognized no one. He died November 15, 1802, within a month of his sixty-eighth birthday, and was buried in his native town of Dalton. Mary Romney lived on with her memories to the age of ninety-four.

THOMAS GAINSBOROUGH

HOMAS GAINSBOROUGH'S name calls up visions of charming women in graceful picture hats. His early love was landscape painting, but in his prime his portraits of notable men and women

of eighteenth-century England rivaled those of Reynolds and Romney. Gainsborough was the ninth and youngest child of a prosperous cloth manufacturer and was born at Sudbury in Suffolk, sometime in May, 1727. A vivid glimpse of young Thomas is given in the oft-told story of how he was one day sitting quietly in a corner of his father's orchard, drawing a pear tree. Suddenly a head appeared in his line of vision and he quickly sketched in the features of a greedy peasant who had come to taste the pears. His father recognized the thief at once and was so impressed that he determined to send Thomas to London to become a painter, or at least so goes the tale, and a painting of later years known as Tom Pear-tree's Portrait exists in confirmation.

Young Gainsborough had some three years of instruction in London, where he lived very economically in a little room by himself and worked very hard at his art. By the time he was eighteen or so, he had returned to Suffolk and spent his days roaming about the countryside sketching. One day, as Cunningham puts it, "a young woman entered unexpectedly upon the scene and was at once admitted into the landscape and the feelings of the artist." This was the beautiful fifteen-year-old Margaret Burr, rumored to be a natural



Mansell

THE BLUE BOY
From the painting by Gainsborough



daughter of one of the exiled Stuarts. Her impromptu rôle as a model, like that of Tom Pear-tree, changed the course of Gainsborough's life, for the couple were married not long after and settled into a comfortable little house at Ipswich.

The fifteen years that the Gainsboroughs spent in this prosperous middle-sized city seem to have been fairly free from the whimsical caprices of temperament or fate that so often ruled the artist's course. They were more or less uneventful years, years of modest yet steadily increasing success and of congenial friendships. One of Gainsborough's close associates was Joshua Kirby, who later became president of the Society of Incorporated Artists. But the dominating personality of the Ipswich period was Philip Thicknesse, governor of Landguard Fort. The governor was cordial and untiring in his efforts to promote Gainsborough's worldly interests and undoubtedly cleared many obstacles from the way by commissions of his own and others secured through his influence. He it was who in the course of time persuaded Gainsborough to leave Ipswich and try his fortune in the fashionable watering place of Bath.

This was an extremely happy move. It was not merely that Gainsborough charged higher prices, secured more commissions, won greater renown almost immediately. Up to this time he had been interested in portrait painting chiefly as a means of making money and had put his real effort into landscape, hoping to be able some day to devote himself to it entirely. But at Bath he had an opportunity to study a number of the portraits of Van Dyck, and his admiration for the Flemish master caused a marked change of emphasis in his own mind. He never lost his love for landscape, but he now threw himself wholeheartedly into portrait painting, as well, and in the next few years developed the brilliant technique that made him one of England's greatest painters.

In Ipswich the Gainsboroughs had lived unpretentiously enough, but now that the artist could afford to indulge his tastes, he kept open house for a large circle of friends. Chief among the habitués of the Gainsborough residence were the Thicknesses, Abel, the celebrated player on the viol di gamba, Giardini, the famous violinist, Fischer, the hautboy player who later married Gainsborough's daughter Mary, the singer Eliza Linley, afterward the wife of Richard Sheridan, and the actors Garrick, Quin and Foote. Gainsborough had a perfect passion for the stage and to an even greater degree for music. He was always going out of his way to buy some new musical instrument and would spend weeks patiently trying to learn to play it. Though he knew well enough that his performances were amateurish, he often made his friends listen by the hour while he talked enthusiastically about the possibilities of some instrument or other and gave a lengthy demonstration. Most of all he loved the viol di gamba and he was the proud possessor of the very viol that had been used for years by the great Abel, to say nothing of four or five others.

It was a viol di gamba that finally brought about a rupture with his old friend and patron Thicknesse. According to the story told by Thicknesse, his wife had a very fine instrument, which Gainsborough had frequently offered to buy. One night after dinner Mrs. Thicknesse handed the artist this viol with the request that he play for them, and so delightfully did he entertain the little company that after he had finished, she gave him the coveted instrument as a reward. In return she asked only to have her husband's portrait to hang by the side of one of her which the artist had previously painted. The agreement was made, and the very next day Gainsborough set to work, painted in the head and a Newfoundland dog at the sitter's feet and made a rough outline of the rest of the picture. But for some reason or

other he never touched it again and finally, in a fit of temper, sent back the viol di gamba followed shortly by the unfinished portrait. Much, of course, remains untold with regard to this incident, and Cunningham even has it that Gainsborough paid Mrs. Thicknesse for her viol without her husband's knowledge. What seems more likely is that the relationship had previously been under too great strain to outlive some sudden tension. In the last few years Thicknesse had shown, perhaps, as much of self-centered officiousness as he had of the kindly concern that had endeared him to the artist in their early friendship—and there was never any love lost between Thicknesse and Mrs. Gainsborough. Nevertheless, when Gainsborough left Bath for London shortly after the quarrel, Thicknesse could not resist writing to a certain Lord Bateman asking him "for both our sakes to give him countenance and make him known, that being all which is necessary."

As a matter of fact, Gainsborough had little need of Lord Bateman's assistance, for he was now no longer an untried youth but a man of forty-seven, with both fame and fortune already within his reach. All London, more or less, had been at Bath during his years there, and by this time he had many influential London patrons. On his arrival in the metropolis, in 1774, he rented part of the huge establishment known as the Schomberg House and almost immediately was overwhelmed with orders. He was even summoned to Buckingham Palace by George III and from that time on, was on an intimate footing with the royal family, of whom he painted many portraits. His relations with Sir Joshua Reynolds and the Royal Academy were, however, most unfortunate. Sir Joshua, whatever may have been his inmost thoughts, courteously called, and later asked his rival to paint his portrait. Gainsborough never returned the call, and although he began the portrait, never finished it. From its founding five or six years previous he had been a member of the Academy and he sent his canvases to its exhibitions with some regularity. One year, however, a portrait group of the three sisters, the Princess Royal, Princess Augusta and Princess Elizabeth, was badly hung, on account of a technicality in the Academy rules. When Gainsborough wrote with some spirit to protest and demand his paintings back if the matter could not be adjusted, the Academy took him at his word, sent back the paintings and so closed the door to any further entries.

If these incidents show that Gainsborough had a capricious temper, there are others that testify to his kindliness and generosity. He frequently went to endless pains on behalf of young artists who were struggling to get a foothold. As for his paintings, he would give them away on the slightest provocation—to a friend who had pleased him with a violin solo, to a woman who wrote making a complimentary inquiry. Very pleasant is the account of his relationship with the carrier Wiltshire, who during the artist's fourteen odd years of residence at Bath would accept no money for taking paintings up to London, but asked instead that he be given "a little picture" now and then, and received some of the most charming canvases Gainsborough ever painted.

Not long after the family came to London, Gainsborough's daughter Mary became engaged to Johann Christian Fischer, one of the musicians who had been on such terms of intimacy with the family at Bath. The engagement came as a distressing surprise to Gainsborough, but he endeavored to make the best of it and told his sister in a letter written about this time that he had given his consent, not wishing to be "the cause of total unhappiness on both sides." His fears were only too well grounded; the marriage was an unhappy one, and Mary afterward returned home and spent the rest of her life with her parents. Strange rumors

hint at an unbalanced state of mind and an obsession on Mary's part that the Prince of Wales was in love with her. It was, at any rate, to a very peaceful and contented family circle that she was welcomed after her return. Gainsborough was prosperous; he worked four or five hours a day and spent the rest of his time, happily enough, with his friends and family. During these years he went often to his country lodgings at Richmond, in Surrey, and it was here that he discovered Jack Hill, a boy of fifteen whom he introduced into many of his landscapes. He even took measures to adopt the boy, but Jack was unhappy in London, ran away several times, and finally disappeared altogether.

One night in 1787, Gainsborough and his friend, Richard Sheridan, the dramatist, were dining at Sir George Beaumont's. The artist seemed unable to enter into the wit and gayety with which these three kindred spirits usually regaled themselves, and took Sheridan aside to say that he had a presentiment of an early death. Nothing would content him but a promise that his old friend would accompany the body to the grave. Naturally Sheridan tried to laugh the matter off, but he was compelled to give the promise. Not long afterward, sitting by an open window at the famous trial of Warren Hastings in Westminster Hall, Gainsborough "suddenly felt something inexpressibly cold touch his neck." He called a doctor, who found a slight swelling but pronounced it of no consequence; however, in time, cancer developed and the artist knew that his presentiment was confirmed. In spite of his suffering he worked on steadily until within a few weeks of the end. Some strange, deep-rooted impulse caused him, on one of his last days, to send for Sir Joshua Reynolds and make his peace with his rival of many years. As his caller left, Gainsborough said, "We are all going to heaven, and Van Dyck is of the company"; and Reynolds remarked later of the interview: "The impression of it upon my mind was that his regret at losing life was principally the regret of leaving his art."

Gainsborough died a few days afterward, on August 2, 1788, and was buried, in accordance with his own wish, in Kew Churchyard, near his old friend, Joshua Kirby.

EDWIN LANDSEER



ERHAPS no other artist in all the world has been so widely acclaimed as a painter of animals as the British Landseer. "His dogs," said Sir Walter Scott, "are the most magnificent things I ever saw,

leaping and bounding and grinning all over the canvas."

Edwin Landseer was born March 7, 1802, in the city of London. Had he, by any chance, wished to escape the career of artist, he might have had some difficulty, for he was both born to it and had it thrust upon him. His father was a well-known engraver and writer on art; his brother Thomas, seven years his senior, became an even more notable engraver, and another brother, Charles, won distinction both as artist and keeper of the Royal Academy. Though Edwin's father long harbored a grievance against the Academy because of its condescending attitude toward engraving, eventually he and his three sons were all connected with it, he and Thomas as associates, Charles and Edwin as full-fledged Academicians.

Indeed Edwin was just thirteen when he won his first Academy recognition. In such a household it seemed only natural that he should begin to draw systematically at four or five, and at seven be able to etch the heads of a lion and tiger from his own drawing. He used to go off to the fields quite often on sketching excursions, alone or with one of his brothers. Toward evening his father would come for him and settling into some favorite nook, they would put their heads together over the sketches the young artist had made

that day and before starting for home he would correct the faults his father pointed out.

There was never any doubt that Edwin Landseer was to be a painter of animals. He found them irresistible. One day, fascinated with a great St. Bernard dog, he followed the magnificent animal home through the city streets and begged the astonished owner to be allowed to make a drawing. Landseer's brother Thomas was so pleased with this sketch that he engraved it and published it broadcast. Perhaps this was an act of mere brotherly good will, but that same year Edwin submitted two pictures to a more impartial authority; and to his great delight his Portrait of a Mule and Portraits of a Pointer Bitch and Puppy were accepted by the Royal Academy, catalogued as the work of Master E. Landseer, "honorary exhibitor," on account of his scant thirteen years.

In the Academy schools, where young Landseer now became a pupil, Henry Fuseli would sometimes look about and ask, "Where is my curly-headed dog-boy?" The dog-boy proved a thoroughgoing student; he worked hard over the antique casts and all the rest of the Academy routine, yet found time somehow to hang about the Tower of London menagerie, making studies of his own, and even delved into anatomy by actual dissection whenever he could secure a carcass. In these years of ardent, untiring labor he acquired a mastery of technique that stood him in good stead as long as he lived.

Meantime his pictures had been winning some little praise at the annual Academy exhibits and now, when he was twenty-three, his Cat's Paw suddenly made him the talk of all London. This lively picture shows an ironing room in considerable disorder, for a crafty monkey has gathered up a mother cat, covers and all, from her basket of kittens and is making violent use of the "cat's paw" to remove some appetizing chestnuts from the top of the hot stove. Critics



KING CHARLES SPANIELS.



praised the painting for its fine, vigorous handling and the public crowded about it in quite obvious delight. On the strength of its sensational success, Landseer moved into a house of his own at No. 1, St. John's Wood Road, where he lived for the rest of his life, one sister or another keeping house for him.

Almost overnight, London society made a lion of the painter of The Cat's Paw, and on his part, young Landseer responded to their advances with such friendliness, such infectious gayety that he was soon not only fêted but genuinely beloved. We hear of him much at dinners and parties, where he was always genial, ready to put his talents at the disposal of the company, whether to mimic his friends or to draw a stag's head with one hand while he drew a horse's head with the other. For years the painter's workshop, as he liked to have it called, was a sort of rendezvous for the élite. He was on terms of friendship with men of letters like Dickens, Thackeray and Browning, but much more closely associated with Count D'Orsay, "the last of the dandies," and others of the gay world of fashion and nobility. Also, he was a great favorite with Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort. Not only did he paint frequently to their order, but he taught them both to etch and often enjoyed the hospitality of the royal family on intimate holiday excursions. This happy relationship lasted over a long period of years.

Meantime, no matter how many friends Edwin Landeer might make, there were no friends like his dogs. His old, rough-haired, white terrier Brutus was always his favorite. After Brutus died, the artist lavished his affection upon half a dozen pets and would never again center it upon any one. But dogs loved him—any dogs, all dogs. A story is cold of how his servant let three or four of them, one a fierce-looking mastiff, into his studio one day when he was entertaining a party of friends. Several of the ladies were frightened until they saw how the great creature leapt and barked about Landseer in the friendliest fashion imaginable. Then some one remarked how fond the dog was of his master. "I never saw him in my life before," said Landseer simply.

A dog's testimony has a certain eloquence, and it is not surprising that men instinctively loved and trusted this man who had so many canine friends. When an admiring visitor asked him how he managed to paint them so well, he an-

swered, "By peeping into their hearts, ma'am."

Though particularly successful with dogs, Landseer painted lions, monkeys, stags—all of the animals that are familiar to the ordinary man. His canvases ranged from lively, humorous pictures, such as The Monkey Who Has Seen the World, to pathetic scenes of canine loyalty. Suspense, which shows a dog watching patiently at the door of his wounded master, and The Old Shepherd's Chief Mourner, another picture of a faithful dog, are usually regarded as the artist's best work. Ruskin calls the latter, "one of the most perfect poems or pictures (I use the words as synonymous) which modern times have seen."

For years Landseer kept up his dual life of artist and social lion with no apparent strain. His industry as a painter was tremendous; his fund of energy and good spirits seemed inexhaustible. But at last he began to show very decided signs of breakdown. His nerves were giving way for no other reason, seemingly, than the strain of the busy life he was leading. He certainly could not complain of lack of recognition. For though critics now dismiss the pictures of these later years as sentimental in spirit and technically far inferior to those of his early period, his contemporaries greeted them with ever-increasing applause. In 1850 he was knighted; in 1855 he won the great gold medal at the Universal Exposition in Paris. Yet through these years he was

increasingly subject to spells of nerves and depression. "I have got trouble enough; ten or twelve pictures about which I am tortured and a large national monument to complete," he writes in a spirit of anything but his old exuberance, and in this same letter, only too characteristic of others, says fretfully, "If I am bothered about anything and everything, no matter what, I know my head will not stand it much longer."

Landseer's last years were a pathetic struggle against ill health and the supersensitiveness that ill health brought in its wake. There is more than a hint that his unaffected cordiality of former days had suffered from the years of fashionable life, that he sometimes assumed superior airs with old friends who were not of the élite and, on the other hand, was unhappy when he was not constantly the object of attention from those who were. When the Queen ceased to invite him on holiday excursions, though he had no reason to doubt her friendship, he felt greatly aggrieved. But he was painting steadily, often with much of his old skill, and was held in such esteem by his fellow artists that in 1865 he was urged to accept the presidency of the Royal Academy. He declined the honor, but struggled on, combating ill health and depression as best he could and painting until almost his last day. At last he died, October 1, 1873, of the cerebral disease that had caused him so much suffering. He was buried in state in St. Paul's Cathedral.

JOSEPH MALLORD WILLIAM TURNER



LONELY, secretive, misunderstood old man, who had hoarded away an immense fortune and was wandering about painting, seldom troubling to let any one know of his whereabouts-such was the

Turner in defense of whom young John Ruskin wrote the five-volume Modern Painters that won him his own reputation as author and critic. When the first volume appeared, even Turner himself hardly knew what to make of the eloquence of this self-appointed interpreter, this twenty-fourvear-old "Graduate of Oxford." Ruskin's able prose won a new fame for the work of the discredited old artist-but Turner painted no more masterpieces and long before that fame had reached its full proportions, he was dead.

Turner-Joseph Mallord William Turner-was born in London, April 23, 1775. His boyhood was not a happy one. Indelibly imprinted on his childish mind were the spells of temper with which his mother frequently disturbed the household routine. At last she was pronounced insane and taken away. But his father-who can think of Turner and not be grateful for the thrifty, hard-working, affectionate, old barber? One day when he went to a private home to dress the hair of one of his wealthy customers, this barber allowed his small son of six or seven to come along. The boy could not take his eyes off a resplendent coat of arms, and no sooner had he returned home than he sat down and made a drawing of rampant lions. The sketch was hailed with delight by William Turner senior, who from then on bent every effort toward making his son an artist.



VENICE. Turner.



After some rather hit-or-miss schooling and drawing lessons from lesser lights, Turner became a pupil of Sir Joshua Reynolds, and as a boy of fourteen was with the venerable old man on that pathetic day when his eyes failed him and he gave up painting forever. Young Turner then entered the Royal Academy schools. The men who came to have their hair powdered and their chins shaved in William Turner's little shop were apt, now, to hear much of his prowess and often bought the drawings that were conspicuously placed in the shop window marked at two or three shillings each. The boy worked quickly and untiringly; he colored prints for engravers, washed in backgrounds for architects, and sometimes, of an evening, with his friend Tom Girtin, made drawings for "half a crown and his supper." He never fretted at this vast amount of hack work. "Well, and what could be better practice?" he used to say in after days.

Already Turner liked the feeling of being his own master and had a tendency to be secretive about his work. A characteristic anecdote relates how he was once unexpectedly interrupted at work, in his back bedroom above the shop, with the remark "I've come to see the drawings for . . ."

"You shan't see them," he answered angrily, and put

them out of sight.

He was always given to habits of solitude. Before he was twenty he had tramped over much of England and Wales on a series of magazine assignments, carrying his simple baggage on the end of a stick. Turner, however, was none of your happy-go-lucky Bohemian vagabonds sketching when and where the spirit moves them, but a hard-working young man who got up with the sun and covered his twenty or twenty-five miles a day with no mind for anything but his work. In later years he used to enjoy asking his fellow artists

sarcastically if they ever did see the sun rise. If he was anything of the dreamer in those early days, there is little trace of it in his sketches, which are almost as accurate as photographs.

When he was nineteen, Turner fell in love with the sister of an old school friend, she returned his love and they began to talk of marriage. He may have dreamed enough then, as he sat writing to her from some crude little inn after a long day's tramp. But a maneuvering stepmother intercepted his letters and diverted the girl's interest to a more prosperous suitor. Turner came back from one of his tours to find her engaged to another man, and as the wedding was only a week off, all his pleas were in vain. Who knows how much of the morbidness and eccentricity of Turner's later life had its source in this early affair? It would have brought chagrin and suffering to the most normal young man in the world, and Turner, with his mother's blood in his veins, was far from that. But its importance is now thought to have been greatly overrated by the most prominent of his early biographers. Turner was no weakling. The years that followed found him throwing all his energies into a life that was far from morbid.

Never, at this period or any other, did Turner know the bitter struggle to make ends meet that has harassed so many artists. He turned his hand to a variety of things, worked quickly, was never badly paid. Besides, he had caught from the thrifty old barber a certain satisfaction in letting money accumulate. All this meant that the path of least resistance was to continue painting the passable pictures of a good workman—but it meant, also, that when he turned his back on that path, he was free to paint as he chose. Nor did he lack for generous recognition. The Academy was at low ebb in Turner's lifetime; perhaps, as Ruskin says, "it taught him nothing." But his connection with it proved im-

mensely stimulating to his genius. He was made an associate when he was twenty-four, a full Academician four years later. Each advance that he made in his art met with applause that was an incentive to further effort.

These next few years saw a steady and amazing development. Instead of the low-toned greens and grays and browns in which his early work was keyed, Turner now began to revel in gorgeous hues of red and vellow. Instead of painstakingly exact transcriptions of actual scenes, he began to paint an idealized nature. "He thought nothing of lifting the tower of a village church two or even three stories if he thought it would improve the picture," said a fellow traveler in some annovance. Once his friend and fellow Academician George Jones, learning from a close observer that Turner's Bay of Baia was half imagination, wrote on the frame "Splendide Mendax" (a magnificent lie). The artist laughed but allowed the inscription to stand. Both in oils and in his many water colors he gave full rein to his imagination. He was painting poetry, not prose, and expected to be allowed poetic license. The titles he gave some of his pictures testify that he deliberately set himself to rival the great French landscapist Claude Lorraine; indeed two of his paintings in the National Gallery in London today invite comparison with their wall companions, the Claudes, by express provision of his will. But most of all he loved to paint the sea in the glory of sunset, as in his famous Fighting Téméraire Tugged to Her Last Berth to be Broken Up. Another theme that fascinated him was the splendid doomed city of Carthage, which he painted some twenty times. His imagination saw in her a symbol of the England of his day whose pride and luxury might so easily prove her undoing.

Turner loved his paintings with a strange passion and often resented letting them go out of his own hands. The "Turner Gallery" kept for years in his London house, gives evidence that fairly early in his career he must have conceived the idea of willing them to the nation. Many are the tales told of his suspicious, mercenary attitude in business dealings with rich customers. Frequently a patron who had tried in vain to dicker with the artist, would return the following day having made up his mind to pay the price asked, but only to find that it had gone up several degrees in the meantime. Turner was never in any immediate need of money and could afford to be independent.

But however niggardly he might seem in his dealings with wealthy patrons, there is plenty of testimony that at heart Turner was generous. There is something appealing in the abrupt, almost shame-faced manner in which he gave in to the promptings of sympathy in his own lonely heart. "Keep it and send your children to church and school," he told a poor drawing master's widow brusquely when she came to pay back a loan of considerable size. On another occasion he repulsed a penniless woman who was asking for help, and then ran half a block after her to press money into her hand. There was never anything pompous or self-important about his charity; it was not paraded before the eyes of the world, as was his stinginess.

At the Academy Turner was twice known to give up his place in the exhibit to unknown artists whose pictures had been assigned unfortunate positions. His fellow Academicians saw him but seldom, but on annual "varnishing days" he would emerge from his seclusion, an untidy figure in none too presentable garb, to mingle with the rest in genial humor. At one exhibit where his brilliant Cologne was hung between two dark portraits by Sir Thomas Lawrence, the sympathetic Turner passed a wash of lampblack over his own painting, explaining to a protesting friend, "It will wash off afterward and poor Lawrence was so unhappy."

On another occasion it was his own marine that was dulled by Constable's Opening of Waterloo Bridge, with its

red splashes of paint. "Turner has been here and fired a gun," said Constable later, when he found a daub of red lead in the midst of his fellow artist's ocean, and a witty bystander added, with reference to a painting of the Biblical fiery furnace on the other side of the gallery, "A coal has jumped out of Jones' picture and set fire to Turner's sea." It was not until two days later, just before the opening of the exhibit, that Turner returned and shaped the red daub into a buoy.

Now and then one of Turner's fellow painters accompanied him on a sketching trip. Their testimony combines to picture him as a hardy companion, indifferent to physical comfort, incredibly secretive about his own work, but about that of his fellows often remarkably helpful in his own brusque fashion. But Turner never made a close friend of any other artist. His warmest friendship was with Walter Fawkes, squire of Farnley Hall. For years he spent much of his time at Farnley and left many paintings there. Fawkes once made a caricature of the artist, "thought by old friends to be very like," which shows him as "a little Jewish-nosed man in an ill-cut, brown tail-coat, striped waistcoat and enormous frilled shirt, with feet and hands notably small, sketching on a small piece of paper held down almost level with his waist." So devoted was Turner to his friend that after Fawkes' death he never could bring himself to return to Farnley, though time and again urged to do so by young Fawkes.

In the early years of his success Turner had taken a London house of his own, and here his barber father, whose trade had been in a bad way since the powder tax of 1779, busied himself about his son's concerns, though continuing for some years to manage his little shop. Turner often said his father "used to begin and finish his pictures for him." The old man stretched canvases, varnished the completed paintings, and showed visitors about the rooms hung with

pictures that were already dignified by the name of the "Turner Gallery." In course of time Turner took over the adjoining house and one in the rear on Queen Anne Street. All three he kept until he died.

During his middle life Turner took a country house at Twickenham, largely for the sake of "Poor Daddy," as he affectionately called the ex-barber. Here the old man pottered about happily, busy with the cares of house and garden. Turner himself, with the help of some boys, sons of his friend Trimmer, dug a little pond, stocked it with fish and planted willow trees all about. A boat on the river and a pony and gig added to the peaceful attraction of Turner's "Solus Lodge." Here he did some of his best work. It was when he was at Twickenham that the artist began to think again of the possibility of matrimony, and had Miss Trimmer only cared enough "to make instead of expecting an offer," the course of his later life might have been quite different. Her marriage to a rival did much to confirm him in his solitary ways, and a few years afterward, when his feeble old father died, he was left quite alone and desolate.

He was then fifty-five and at the height of his power as an artist. But he made no new friends and neglected the old ones. Throwing himself as untiringly as ever into his work, he began to allow his love of color and poetic effect to lead him into bizarre experiments that became more and more incomprehensible to the public. His powers gradually failed; his eye and hand became less sure; his drawing slovenly. Critics exercised their most caustic wit at his expense.

After his art began to suffer, the old man was much given to dissipation. He roamed about the country, still incessantly at work, but often no one, not even old Hannah Danby, the housekeeper who still kept up his Queen Anne Street house, had any idea of his whereabouts for months at a time. The house was in a frightful condition. Water had leaked in, and in the rooms where Hannah dared not

interfere, neglected paintings and huge piles of engravings were dumped together, covered with dust and débris. At last one day, by accident, the housekeeper discovered an address in a worn-out coat, and there Turner was found, ill and on the point of death. He had settled as a lodger with a certain Mrs. Booth who lived in a little Chelsea house overlooking the river, had even bought the house, and was known by the children of the neighborhood as "Admiral Booth." When his hiding-place was discovered, the old artist was sinking rapidly and he died the following day, December 18, 1851.

He left behind him a fortune of about a hundred and forty thousand pounds. Though his will plainly indicated that he wished practically all of it to be used to found a charity for "the maintenance and support of male decayed artists," the confused wording of the document threw the matter into the courts. After four years of expensive litigation, his next-of-kin, whom he had not intended to have a penny, succeeded in winning the right to the greater part of the property. Twenty thousand pounds went to the Royal Academy which had meant so much in his career, and his pictures and drawings to the English nation, forming the so-called "Turner Gallery" in the National Gallery in London.

Ruskin, who had so ably championed Turner as an artist, said of him as a man:

Turner had a heart as intensely kind and as truly noble as ever God gave to one of his creatures. During that period of his life when the brightest qualities of his mind were in many respects diminished, and when he was suffering most from the evil speaking of the world, I never heard him say one depreciating word of living man or man's work; I never saw him look an unkind or blameful look; I never knew him let pass without some sorrowful remonstrance or endeavor at mitigation a blameful word spoken by another.

The nobleness of his life consisted in his devotion to landscape art, and this should cover many sins. He found it sunk very low; he left it raised to a height which it had never attained before.

JOHN CONSTABLE

OREVER associated with the name of John Constable are the pleasant, typically English scenes of his birthplace on the River Stour. "I love every stile and stump and every lane in the village," he wrote in mature years, "so deeply rooted are early impressions." Landscape painting had no great vogue in the England of Constable's day. But that fact did

in the England of Constable's day. But that fact did not deter the man who once, when asked if the picture on his easel were being painted for any particular person, replied, "Yes sir, it is painted for a very particular person—the per-

son for whom I have all my life painted."

No smiling fortune, however, made it easy for Constable to devote serene days to painting the Suffolk countryside regardless of whether his canvases were in demand or not. He was born July 11, 1776, at East Bergholt, where his father, a miller by trade, owned some little property. When the boy left school at seventeen, his practical-minded parents. who had no sympathy with his desire to become an artist. set him instead to learn the family milling business, and with the strange, calm, outward compliance that was characteristic of him he made an effort to fall in with their plans. But all that he learned of windmills and water mills, wind and sky, only filled him with a greater longing to make pictures of the world about him. He found a kindred spirit in an older man, the village plumber and glazier, and the two friends set up a small studio and sketched whenever they could snatch a moment from their respective trades. Great was their excitement when young Sir George Beaumont, who was visiting in the neighborhood, met Constable, praised his pictures and showed him a painting by the great French master Claude Lorraine. This was an experience Constable never forgot. "The Claudes, the Claudes, are all, all I can think of here," he wrote in ecstasy years later when he visited Beaumont at his country estate.

When Constable had been at work about a year, his father, without making any promises for the future, allowed him to go to London to consult two or three artists about his work. But his time was divided between London and Suffolk; he had not yet done with the mills, and upon the loss of an old and valued employé, his mother wrote anxiously to "Antiquity" Smith, who was teaching Constable engraving, that they hoped their son would now "attend to business, by which he will please his father and ensure his own respectability and comfort." Little enough Constable cared for respectability or comfort just then, but he was fond of his parents. Once again he returned to Suffolk. At last, when he was twenty-three, the family gave in and allowed him to become a regular student in the Academy schools in London.

Years passed, years filled with work, but Constable made little stir in the world of art—and very little money. He had accepted the conventional training of the Academy of that period as he did so many other things; there was no violent rebellion but he remained strangely immune from its influence. "For the last two years I have been running after pictures and seeking the truth at second-hand," he wrote a friend concerning his Academy study. "I have not endeavored to represent Nature with the same elevation of mind with which I set out, but have rather tried to make my performances look like the work of other men. I am come to a determination to make no idle visits his summer, nor to

give up my time to commonplace people. I shall return to Bergholt, when I shall endeavor to get a pure and unaffected manner of representing the scenes that may employ me. There is little or nothing in the exhibition worth looking up to. There is room enough for a natural painter. The great vice of the present day is bravura, an attempt to do something beyond the truth."

So Constable turned away from the beaten paths of his fellow artists. The quiet rural scenes he loved so well absorbed him almost to the exclusion of everything else. Distressed at his apparent failure, his family kept urging him to apply himself to portrait painting, which would at least bring him some income, but though he listened willingly enough and seemed ready to take their advice, he never followed it for long. "You know," he wrote, "I have always succeeded best with my native scenes. They have always charmed me and I hope they always will. I have now a path marked out very distinctly for myself and I am desirous of pursuing it uninterruptedly." It was this stubborn fidelity to his own purposes, perhaps, that made Ruskin say of him, "Unteachableness seems to have been a main feature of his character." Though he loved the old masters and gained much technically from the copying that he undertook from time to time to earn a little money, he was never really happy except at painting his own Suffolk landscapes. "Don't be disheartened, young man," Benjamin West, the venerable president of the Academy, had said to him on seeing one of his earlier pictures of Flatford Mill. "We shall hear of you again; you must have loved nature very much before you could have painted this." So he followed West's advice, refused the security of a salaried position as drawingmaster and devoted himself to art in his own way.

Then at thirty-five, with no money, no reputation to speak of, no worldly prospects, Constable fell very deeply



SALISBURY CATHEDRAL
From the painting by Constable



in love. No longer could he maintain his philosophic indifference to ways and means. Although Maria Bickell loved him in return, she was unwilling to marry against the wishes of her family. "We should both of us," she writes, "be bad subjects for poverty, should we not? Even painting would go badly; it could hardly survive in domestic worry." And again, "Indeed, my dear John, people cannot live now upon four hundred a year—it is a bad subject; therefore, adieu to it."

Maria's parents might, perhaps, have been won over, had it not been for the violent opposition of her grandfather, the rector of Constable's native parish of Bergholt, who had a considerable fortune to dispose of. For five years the lovers waited—five long years of uncertainty and strain and hope deferred. Constable was ill and wretched, eager enough to prove himself worthy, feverish with plans for portrait painting, yet at heart still inevitably the Suffolk landscape painter, unable to make more than a few futile compromises with his ideals. The correspondence between the lovers, given in full in Leslie's Life, makes charming reading for those who care for simple, old-fashioned romance. Finally Constable's father died, and though his artist son's share of the estate was neither very large nor immediately available, its existence brought the courage to persuade Maria to defy her family. The couple were married by Constable's closest friend, Rev. John Fisher. Happily Mr. Bickell soon became reconciled to the match, and even the irate old grandfather, though he gave no sign of his forgiveness, left Maria a small legacy on his death three years later. After so many trials the two lovers settled down to what proved to be an unusually happy married life.

But England gave Constable little recognition, even with the passing of the years. The fresh sparkle of his landscapes —"Constable's snow," critics nicknamed the glitter of white lights upon his foliage—seemed as unnatural in his day as Sir George Beaumont's now famous "brown tree" does in ours.

"Don't you have some trouble deciding in which part of the composition to place your brown tree?" asked Beaumont, who was himself a painter of sorts.

"Not at all," replied Constable indignantly, "for I never

put such a thing into a picture in my life."

On another occasion when Beaumont insisted that the color of an old Cremona violin was the proper tone for a landscape, Constable answered simply enough, by placing the violin on the green grass in front of the house. But long years of reverence for dim old masterpieces had made England suspicious of any painting that did not imitate their effects.

In France, however, where classic formalism had been even more firmly entrenched, the times were ripe for revolt. Constable's Hay Wain and two other paintings exhibited in Paris in 1824 created a genuine sensation. The young Frenchman Eugène Delacroix, soon to be recognized as leader of the romantic school, after seeing these paintings, withdrew his Massacre of Scio, and in a fever of inspiration completely repainted it before allowing it to be exhibited at the Salon. Constable was awarded a gold medal at Paris amid much acclaim and another gold medal the following year at Lille. In time this generous recognition abroad began to make even the tardy English critics more appreciative of their countryman's work.

But it did not please the critics, or the public either, that Constable more and more confined himself to painting one type of scene, one season of the year, even one period of the day—a hot summer noon, more often than not a stormy one, with the countryside a-glitter under strangely marvelous skies. Then, it seemed to him, he could best try to paint

his "light—dew—breezes—bloom—and freshness—not one of which has yet been perfected on the canvas of any painter in the world." Even his sympathetic friend Fisher once protested, "I hope you will diversify your subject this year as to time of day. Thomson, you know, wrote not four Summers but four Seasons. People get tired of mutton at top, mutton at bottom and mutton at the side, though of the best flavor." But the artist, in a reply too long to quote, justified himself, concluding, "No man who can do any one thing well will be able to do any other different thing equally well; and this is true even of Shakespeare, the greatest master of variety."

Meantime, except for the worry occasioned by the responsibilities of a growing family, the Constables were very happy in their home at Hampstead Heath. But Constable was never able to make the business of landscape painting profitable, even when he had as many commissions as he could manage. In 1828, the year in which their seventh and last child was born, old Mr. Bickell died and left them a fortune of twenty thousand pounds. "Now," wrote the artist to his friend Fisher, "I shall stand before a six-foot canvas with a mind at ease, thank God." A pathetic remark, for within the year his wife lay dead of tuberculosis. Three months after her death Constable received the long-coveted, long-deserved honor of election to full membership in the Academy, bringing with it now no feeling but an ironic bitterness. "It has been delayed until I am solitary and cannot impart it," he said, and in a letter in regard to a painting he was sending for exhibit at the Academy, "I am genuinely nervous about it, as I am still smarting under my election."

Constable never really recovered from his wife's death. A year or so afterward he began to prepare for publication his *English Landscape*, a series of engravings of his work, issued in parts, which occupied him from time to time during the remaining years of his life. Although a great worry and

a financial failure, the series did much to make his work known. His position as a landscape painter was in a modest sense assured during these last few years, but he died, on March 31, 1837, at the age of sixty-one, without in the least entering into the full measure of fame that was to be his.

SIR JOHN EVERETT MILLAIS

ATURE has provided for the boy's success." This was the verdict of Sir Martin Archer Shee, president of the Royal Academy of England on the drawings of nine-year-old John Everett Millais, which John's parents had brought for his inspection. Shee was certainly not prejudiced in the young artist's favor, for when he first learned the purpose of his callers, he advised them, on general principles, to make their son a chimneysweep and not a painter. He next expressed a cynical doubt as to whether the sketches had been made without help. But young Millais, then and there, sat down and drew a picture of The Flight of Hector and Achilles that won the great Academician over completely. Thus happily was Millais launched upon a career that was to prove almost uniformly successful. Perhaps it is well some Fairy Blackstick provided him with one little misfortune to test his powers, though that, too, was to turn to triumph in the end.

Millais had been born in Southampton, June 8, 1829. His forbears were Jersey landholders, his father an officer in the Jersey militia. After the all-important interview with Shee that determined his future career, the boy entered the London art academy known as "Sass's" and the following year won a silver medal. When the Duke of Sussex, who was making the award, had called "Mr. Millais," he sat for a time in silence and then asked where Mr. Millais might be, not seeing the little boy of ten who stood waiting expectantly on the other side of the high desk.

Millais had two years of training at this school and then entered the schools of the Royal Academy—the youngest student ever admitted for instruction. W. P. Frith tells of "the amusement of the students, some of whom were almost middle-aged men, when a little, handsome boy, dressed in a long blue coat confined at the waist by a black band, walked into the Antique School and gravely took his place among us." But the little boy was soon holding his own in the class and carrying off some of the prizes.

At the Academy Millais and another young student, Holman Hunt, became the warmest of friends. Hunt, whose own family had little sympathy with his desire to be an artist, gives many a pleasant picture of his visits to the Millais home, where his friend painted while his mother sat at her work table. In the course of time Millais had a room of his own as a studio and later, at his suggestion, he and Hunt set up their easels side by side and sometimes even worked on each other's canvases. The two friends often sat up half the night talking in the friendly quiet, after the day's work was done. On one exciting occasion they worked like mad until the last minute on their paintings for the annual Academy exhibit, sent them in at eleven o'clock of the final night, and the next day, in carefree relief, followed along for hours on the edge of a Chartist procession that turned into a deal of a riot.

And now, when he was not yet twenty, Millais with Hunt and Dante Gabriel Rossetti, organized the little club that in a short time was to set all England by its ears. It is hard to realize that the famous Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, which carries with its mere name all the cumbersome dignity and renown of a historic movement, was started by three young artists of college-boy age and lasted for five years at most. But Millais, Rossetti and Hunt, the moving spirits, were each to achieve a lasting fame. The Brotherhood grew very



THE YEOMAN OF THE GUARD

From the painting by Millais, in the Tate Gallery, London



naturally out of their endless talk as to the principles of their art. The painting that they were asked to regard as the best of their day seemed to them unutterably dull and formalas indeed it was. Never before had British art reached such a low ebb. The young students, after the manner of young students everywhere, ascribed all the blame to a too slavish adherence to tradition. One night in Millais' studio, in the fall of 1848, Millais brought out a set of engravings of the Campo Santo at Pisa that set the little group almost beside themselves with enthusiasm. With their heads bent over the reproductions of the quaint old frescoes of Gozzoli and Orcagna they marveled at their childlike sincerity and spirit, and vowed that they, too, would keep their work free of artificiality. They would seek their inspiration in the Italian primitives who painted before the days of Raphael. They, too, would paint naturally, or as Millais expressed it, they would "paint on canvas what they saw in nature." Always, even after the movement was elaborated upon to complexity by Ruskin's theoretical eloquence, this seemed to Millais the one vital principle of Pre-Raphaelitism.

The three boys recruited into their ranks two other painters, a sculptor, and William Michael Rossetti, Gabriel's brother, who served as secretary. They started a little magazine, *The Germ*, and took themselves quite seriously as a "movement," although they had probably not the faintest notion in the world that England would trouble to treat them as such for some time to come. But the times were

ripe for conflict and change in British art.

Thus far young Millais had received nothing but praise for his painting, but his Lorenzo and Isabella of 1849 met with criticism, and The Carpenter's Shop, exhibited at the Academy in 1850 with the entwined initials "P. R. B." in its corner, outraged English tradition and brought down upon him a torrent of abuse. "Mean, odious, revolting, repulsive,"

wrote no less a person than Charles Dickens, "a pictorial blasphemy." Said the Times, England's most influential paper, "Mr. Millais' picture is plainly revolting. The attempt to associate the Holy Family with the meanest details of a carpenter's shop with no conceivable omission of misery, of dirt, of even disease, all furnished with the same loathesome minuteness, is disgusting." The quarrel waxed so furious that Queen Victoria, who was ill, had the painting brought from the Academy to her bedside that she might form an opinion of it for herself. Not this particular painting alone but the whole Pre-Raphaelite movement was a target for sneers and vituperation. Who were these young upstarts that they should set themselves up against Raphael?

Even after Ruskin had come to their defense in a letter to the Times in which he declared that the Pre-Raphaelites were laying "the foundations of a school of art nobler than the world has seen for three hundred years," the conflict still raged. It was an upsetting period and one that brought with it innumerable practical difficulties, for there were no commissions to be had by artists so unpopular as the Brothers in those first few months. But though he suffered from the feeling of being treated unjustly, Millais had enough of the combative spirit in him to be immensely stimulated by the whole affair. He worked harder and better, determined to subdue his critics by his painting. At the very height of the clamor against him, the Academy showed its faith in him by making him an associate, though after the election it was discovered that he was too young to qualify, being only twenty-one.

Three years later, when Millais was again given this honor, Rossetti wrote to his sister, "Millais, I just hear, was last night elected an associate, so the whole Round Table is dissolved." Though the Brothers were still bound by ties of friendship, Rossetti was in a sense right, for the society had

long since ceased to meet. Hunt was leaving for Palestine; Millais had been traveling in Scotland with Ruskin and his wife; the three original Brothers, all of them by this time men of mark, were inevitably growing apart in methods of work. As for Millais, who had been a prodigy at nine and a rebel at twenty, he was now at not quite twenty-five an Academy associate, in steadily increasing favor with critics and public alike.

For some years Millais adhered strictly to his Pre-Raphaelite methods. One of the primary rules was that everything that went into a composition should be copied very exactly from nature or a living model. In his famous painting of the drowned Ophelia Millais followed this canon so carefully that a London professor of botany once took his class to see the weeds and plants of the picture, saving they were as instructive as nature itself. The artist's model for Ophelia was that beautiful Miss Siddal who afterward became the wife of Dante Gabriel Rossetti. Here again, everything must be painted exactly as it appeared, and to make possible the effect Millais was so anxious to secure, Miss Siddal lay half-submerged in water, which was kept at even temperature by oil lamps hidden from view. The artist lost himself in his task and painted so long that the lamps went out and the water became cold, but Miss Siddal, eager for the success of the picture, endured her discomfort as best she could. Unfortunately a severe illness was the result, and her incensed father threatened to bring suit against the artist, and was pacified only at his agreeing to pay the doctor bills. These trivial stories of the botany professor and the chilly but heroic Miss Siddal do not, one suspects, add greatly to any real art lover's appreciation of Millais' Ophelia, but they give some hint of Pre-Raphaelite methods and of the painstaking care which the painter lavished upon the problems of his art. All through his life Millais worked at a canvas with much this same absorption, though during his later years he had a habit of putting down his brushes when he struck some difficulty and absent-mindedly getting out the cards for a game of "Patience." Finally, his son tells us, "perhaps after an hour's play, he would suddenly jump up, seize his palette and brushes and dash in a few broad touches that set everything right. Thus was achieved in one hour more and better work than he could have accomplished in three hours of the old Pre-Raphaelite methods."

Millais did not definitely break with Pre-Raphaelitism until he was in his late thirties, but in the meantime he was gradually working toward a freer, more vigorous style. Though his paintings still occasionally met with adverse criticism, they were usually in high favor. When finally he frankly abandoned the old method of representing nature so minutely that it could serve as a botany lesson and substituted in its place a broad, suggestive treatment of subjects with popular appeal, he perhaps lost some old friends but he won a host of new ones.

Charles Dickens, for instance, mindful of his former tirade, wrote to say that although he was still of the same opinion concerning the much-mooted Carpenter's Shop, he wished Millais would put out of his mind "uncongenial associations" and accept him as a warm admirer of more recent work. This frank letter opened the way to an intimacy that ended only with Dickens' death. Himself a man of wider, more objective, if perhaps more superficial interests than the average artist, Millais made many other warm friends in the period of his prime, both in his profession and out of it. He had something of Sir Joshua Reynolds' delight in literary friendships. As a young man he had had the opportunity of an acquaintance with Wordsworth; Tennyson he had known since the days when he and his Pre-Raphaelite Brothers had seized upon the early poems with such enthusiasm; and he also numbered among his personal friends Thackeray and Wilkie Collins. He was now leading the many-sided life of a prosperous English gentleman. He took an interest in affairs of the day; was a good companion at social functions and frequently found relaxation from the strain of long continued work in hunting, fishing and all manner of sports. Family cares and pleasures naturally absorbed much of his interest. In 1856 he had married Euphemia Gray, whom he had first known as Mrs. Ruskin on his trip with the Ruskins through Scotland three years earlier, but whose marriage to that noted critic had since been annulled. Millais painted striking portraits of his wife, and the happy, winsome faces of his children look out from many a canvas.

It was his little grandson whom he painted in the wellknown Bubbles, so widely used as an advertisement of Pear's Soap. That he was constantly criticized on this point occasioned the artist untold annoyance. When Marie Corelli made a character in her novel, The Sorrows of Satan, say, "I am one of those who think the fame of Millais as an artist was marred when he degraded himself to the level of painting the little green boy blowing bubbles of Pear's Soap," the artist wrote asking, "What in the name of your Satan do you mean by saying what is not true?" As a matter of fact he had sold the picture, copyright and all, to the Illustrated London News for a colored magazine supplement, with no notion that any other use would be made of it. That journal was quite within its rights to dispose of Bubbles to a commercial concern, although it had never before sold any of the pictures bought on the same terms. But Millais was not a penny the richer, and even if he did firmly believe that it was the function of the artist to seize upon and give expression to popular sentiments within the understanding of the man in the street, he preferred to have it said that he did so as a matter of principle and not from mercenary motives.

Typical of Millais' best work in this field of popular sentiment are his so-called "patriotic" pictures—pictures that at once stirred and satisfied some widespread, deeprooted, inarticulate feeling held in common by the people of the British Empire. The Boyhood of Sir Walter Raleigh is one of the most striking of these canvases. But by far the best known is The Northwest Passage, usually spoken of as the artist's masterpiece. This painting took all England by storm. It shows an old sea captain, with telescope and charts at his elbow, in a room overlooking the sea, listening intently while his daughter reads some thrilling tale of exploration in the Far North. Many stories are told of the old sea-dog, Captain Edward John Trelawny, who sat for the picture. He was with great difficulty persuaded by Lady Millais to sit, but only in return for her solemn promise to patronize a Turkish bath establishment in which he happened to be interested. After the sessions were over, Millais painted into the picture a glass of toddy, and it is said that the captain, who was a strict teetotaller, was so angry that he thought of resorting to a duel. Old Trelawny had memories of a friendship with Byron as well as of many an exciting adventure at sea. A man of outstanding integrity and vigor, he is easily enough imagined as uttering the stirring words that gave significance to the picture, "It might be done and England ought to do it."

Such paintings as these, reproduced in inexpensive prints, took Millais' fame all over the civilized world. Meantime he was painting portraits of men like Gladstone, Tennyson and Lord Beaconsfield, and during his later life gave much of his interest to Scottish landscapes. His last years were crowded with honors, among them the baronetcy that made him Sir John Everett Millais. But the honor that brought him greatest happiness was his connection with the Royal Academy. At one of the annual Academy banquets, stirred

by an emotion that deeply touched those who listened, Millais said: "I entered the antique school as a probationer when I was eleven years of age, then became a student in the life school, and I have risen from stage to stage until I reached the position I now hold of Royal Academician, so that, man and boy, I have been intimately connected with this Academy for more than half a century. I have received here a free education as an artist—an advantage any lad may enjoy who can pass a qualifying examination—and I owe the Academy a debt of gratitude I can never repay. . . . I love everything belonging to it—the casts I have drawn from as a boy, the books I have consulted in our library, the very benches I have sat on, not forgetting my dear, good brother-members who surround me at this table."

After the death of his close friend, Lord Leighton, Millais was unanimously elected president by his fellow Academicians and filled the office with dignity during the few remaining months of his life. But a malignant tumor in his throat was already causing him distress, and after a brave struggle with disease he died, on August 13, 1896, at the age of sixty-seven. He was buried in the Painter's Corner of St. Paul's Churchyard, where lie so many of England's famous artists.

WILLIAM HOLMAN HUNT

OST of the great religious painters of Christendom have worked under the patronage of the Catholic Church. Holman Hunt, on the contrary, never received a single ecclesiastical commission. His

Light of the World was bought by a printer, The Finding of the Savior in the Temple by a brewer. Yet it is as a painter of Biblical subjects that he won and holds his fame.

Hunt's boyhood days were colored with the unhappy struggle to persuade his father to allow him to study art. He was born April 2, 1827, in Cheapside, London. Very delightful is the account which he gives in his reminiscences of the ecstasy of a little four year old with his first box of paints, and the agony of losing that first precious paint-brush. After a deal of feverish effort, a new one was constructed from tufts of his own hair, in the hope of deceiving his father, but alas his own uneasiness gave the secret away. His relief was tremendous when the amused Mr. Hunt tossed him in the air and hugged away his tears.

When he was twelve his father, who was the manager of a London warehouse, made arrangements to take him out of school and asked him what he would like to be. His ready answer, "A painter," met with no response, and he soon saw that the question had been merely a formal one. Mr. Hunt was preparing to find him work carrying about invoices for goods from nine in the morning until eight at night. Dismayed at the prospect, Holman hastily hired himself out as office boy in a place a friend of his was leaving. His em-

ployer painted a little himself in his leisure hours, and far from discouraging the boy gave him his own box of oil colors and advised him to spend his little salary on weekly lessons in painting. Mr. Hunt consented to this scheme readily enough, but later, when this employer went out of business and Holman took to haunting the National Gallery instead, he was intensely annoyed. To keep the peace Hunt found another position, where he sat in a little room by himself and made dull entries in a ledger that seemed to him the epitome of dullness. Then one day when he could stand things no longer, he painted the portrait of a picturesque old Jewish orange-woman named Hannah, who had made her way into the office and urged him to buy, "if only for a handsel to break her ill luck of the morning." His employer laughed and spread the fame of Hannah's portrait far and wide until finally who but Holman's father should come home and tell the boy of this amusing picture that he certainly must see. But great was his wrath when he discovered that it was Hunt's own painting. Matters came to a crisis; Hunt, who was now sixteen, declared that he intended to study art, whether or no, and that he would support himself while he did so.

But a trying period lay just ahead. The would-be artist spent three days out of the six on portraits and copy work that paid just enough to make him independent, and the rest of the time worked in the British Museum to prepare for entrance to the Royal Academy schools. Twice he took the entrance examinations and failed—a bitter experience for a boy whose father kept urging him to give up his impractical dreams. Sick with discouragement, he promised that he would go back to business if he failed again. Then, like a miracle, came his friendship with John Millais, who though two years his junior was already a student and prize winner at the Academy. What Millais' companionship meant to

Hunt just then may well be imagined; the cordial "I told you so; I knew you'd soon be in," gave even the coveted admission to the Academy a new and richer meaning.

In time the two friends shared Millais' studio and worked together on their paintings for the yearly Academy exhibit. Hunt's was a scene from Keats' poem, The Eve of St. Agnes, about which he was wildly enthusiastic. Almost no one read Keats in those days—Hunt had bought his copy from the discard shelf of a second-hand book store. But Dante Gabriel Rossetti, who was a no less ardent admirer of Keats than Hunt, stood before the painting and exclaimed in an enthusiastic voice, "The best picture here!" Rossetti, who had thrown over the routine of the Academy schools and was just now weary of drawing pickle pots and other still life under the tutelage of Ford Madox Brown, declared that he had much to learn from Hunt. Nothing would do but that they should share a studio. Hunt found it considerably more difficult to work with this temperamental Italian cursing or humming at his easel, eating and sleeping and making merry with his friends whenever the spirit moved him, but was none the less strongly drawn to Rossetti.

Not long after, the three young artists—Hunt, Millais and Rossetti—founded the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, as has been related in the chapter on Millais. Hunt's first painting on which the mysterious initials "P.R.B." appeared was his Rienzi. Before it was sold the landlord, who thought that the young artist was "shamming poverty" when he said he could not pay his studio rent, seized his furniture, books and sketches, and he was compelled to go back in ignominy to his father's house. Then came the public discovery of the meaning of the strange insignia "P.R.B." and the outbreak of fury and spite against the Brotherhood in all the newspapers of England. Hunt found it impossible to sell his work; orders were countermanded. He was almost beside himself

with the thought of debt and failure. He even talked seriously of emigrating to one of the colonies and trying farming—so black did his future seem in the world of art.

He and Millais, however, went to board for a time in the little country town of Kingston, where they managed to shut out some of the nerve-racking turmoil they had created. In time came the astonishingly good news that a painting of Hunt's had won a prize in Liverpool. By this time he was hard at work on the first two of his famous Biblical paintings; by day on The Hireling Shepherd, by night on The Light of the World. When the moon was full he painted out of doors on this second picture almost all night, even in winter weather,—to the great amazement of the local policeman! Hunt worked on The Light of the World for three or four years, and in London as well as Kingston his midnight labors excited considerable curiosity. He tells how on his way home to Chelsea on a bus one night he himself listened to the driver's entertaining account of queer folk who lived in Chelsea, among them Carlyle, "and I've been told as how he gets his living by teaching people to write. But I'll show you another queer cove if you're coming round the corner. He's a cove, in the first place, as has a something standing all night at one winder, while he sits down at the other, or stands, and seemingly is a-drawing of it. He doesn't go to bed like other Christians, but stays long after the last bus has come in; and as the perlice tells us, when the clock strikes four, out goes the gas, down comes the gemman, opens the street door, runs down Cheyne Walk as hard as he can pelt, and when he gets to the end he turns and runs back again, opens his door, goes in, and nobody sees no more of him."

By the time *The Light of the World* was finished, the worst of the storm against the Pre-Raphaelites had subsided. A purchaser was found who was willing to pay a generous

price. Hunt felt fairly sure now of being able to support himself by his art, sure enough to risk carrying out his long-dreamed-of plan of a trip to Palestine. Always, since first the stories of the Bible had thrilled him in childhood, he had longed to paint a picture in the land of the Christ. Rossetti and Ruskin both tried to dissuade the young artist from what they considered a foolish scheme and no one seems to have encouraged him. But he went steadily ahead. He was twenty-seven; the period of stress and strain lay behind, and from this time on he worked serenely, for he had found the type of thing he felt he could do best and was satisfied to keep at it patiently through the years that followed.

Of the three original Brothers, Hunt remained most consistently a Pre-Raphaelite. It was the literary emphasis of Pre-Raphaelitism that whetted his own desire to illustrate the Bible; it was the Pre-Raphaelite principle of transcribing exactly from nature that led him to paint his Biblical scenes in Palestine instead of in his native land. He never changed greatly, either as to the method or the spirit of his work. Hereafter the chief dramatic interest in his life centers in the various adventures he met with in his effort to reproduce the old Bible scenes as realistically as possible.

When Hunt first went to Palestine, he already had it in mind to paint The Finding of the Savior in the Temple, but not until some six years later was he able to bring this well-known picture to completion. Innumerable difficulties arose, difficulties such as must have given him a keen insight into the religious life of Jerusalem. He had, perhaps too confidently, set about securing modern rabbis as models for the old doctors in the group gathered about the boy Jesus. His motives were regarded with the greatest suspicion by the Jewish authorities, who feared this was some ingenious scheme of the Christians to proselyte in the heart of Jerusalem itself. As for the few rabbis who had consented to sit,

they were given a sentence that amounted to excommunication and of course refused to hold out against the decision of authority. The young Englishman was completely baffled. There was nothing to do but to let the matter rest until he could succeed in making his unassuming intentions understood.

Meantime, he set about painting The Scapegoat from the text in Leviticus, "And the goat shall bear upon him all their iniquities into a land not inhabited." To find the "land not inhabited," he made more than one trip through the desert before he settled upon a spot so desolate and pestilence-ridden that even the nomadic Arabs avoided it, saying that it was under the spell of an evil spirit. The country was in an unsettled state, acts of lawlessness were numerous, and Hunt had to do a good deal of negotiating before the civil authorities would agree to let him risk his life painting a lone goat in the desert by the Dead Sea. It seemed a foolish, foolhardy scheme. Nevertheless, he finally hired a little group of Arabs for protection, pitched his tent, set up his easel and worked for months in that solitary region.

Adventures were not lacking to vary the monotony. Once when there was a heavy dew, the artist felt a chill coming on, and to warm himself up, took to waltzing about with his gun as a partner. The single Arab in camp went wild with excitement; indeed so awe-struck was this loyal son of the Prophet that he vowed eternal friendship for the foreign "dancing dervish," and was voluble with plans for marrying him to the daughter of his uncle, who was a sheik. After that, the best of good fellowship pervaded the camp. But later, when a group of robbers were seen advancing in the distance, this same Arab went off into hiding with the donkey, after trying in vain to persuade his "brother" to go along. Hunt painted on and soon had a strange group of spectators about his easel discussing their suspicions of the

"magic" in which he was engaged. So ominous was their appearance that, though he succeeded in making his peace with them for the time being, he decided it was wise to break

up camp.

Of this desolate country in which he painted The Scape-goat Hunt wrote: "Every minute the mountains became more gorgeous and solemn, the whole scene more unlike anything ever portrayed. Afar all seemed of the brilliancy and preciousness of jewels, while near, it proved to be only salt and burnt lime, with decayed trees and broken branches brought down by the rivers feeding the lake. Skeletons of animals which had perished for the most part in crossing the Jordan and the Jabbok, had been swept here, and lay salt-covered, so that birds and beasts of prey left them untouched. It was a most appropriate scene for my subject, and each minute I rejoiced more in my work."

On its completion, The Scapegoat went to England for exhibition at the Academy and subsequent sale. Other, smaller pictures followed, and at last, through the kindly offices of a friend, Hunt was able to take up work again on The Finding of the Savior in the Temple. Just as he had planned, the old doctors were painted from Jewish rabbis and the entire scene was as near what it must have been as the artist could make it. Hunt sold this canvas for fifty-five hundred pounds, which was the largest sum ever yet paid for a single English picture. But it had cost him endless work and worry. "Art is too tedious an employment for any not infatuated with it," he once wrote and spoke elsewhere of the "deep sense of the utter uselessness of grappling with the difficulties besetting the happy issue of each contest except at close and unflinching quarters." He took no short cuts to turning out pictures for which he had, now, a ready public, but gave himself with the most painstaking devotion to each new subject he painted.



GIRL AT THE FOUNTAIN

From the painting by Hunt, in the Metropolitan Museum of Art



The years that followed were spent, many of them, in England but with frequent trips to Palestine. Hunt married twice, had children, lived a peaceful, serene life. The paintings that issued at long intervals from his studio were sure of a welcome from the critics and as for the common people they had long since learned to know and love his Biblical scenes through engraved reproductions.

In the solitude of the Palestine desert Hunt had thought often of his London friends. "My dreams kept me with the Brotherhood," he says of those early days. It was a changed London to which he returned at intervals. Pre-Raphaelitism had been so bandied about by friends and enemies, so elaborated upon by Ruskin, that the members of the Brotherhood themselves could hardly speak of it without bias and argument and misunderstanding. After a long lapse of years Hunt drew upon the potent memories of his early life to write his *Pre-Raphaelitism and the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood*, which gives many an interesting reminiscence of his youth. Hunt died on September 7, 1910, at the age of eighty-two.

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI

F Dante Gabriel Rossetti had never painted a single picture, his fame as a poet would keep his memory fresh. His was the fatal gift of an imagination so profuse that, for all it found out-

let in poetry and in art and like a magnet drew to him friend after friend, turned inward at the last to torment him.

Rossetti grew up in a home that was a little world in itself—a world strangely different from the busy London in which it actually existed. His father was an Italian scholar and patriot who had incurred the anger of King Ferdinand, the Bourbon monarch, on account of his republican activities and had been forced to flee the country. In London he found a welcome and a post as professor of Italian at King's College. But the wife he married not long after his arrival in England was part Italian and their home had much of the atmosphere of his native Italy. Of four children born to this couple in as many years, three were to become famous—Christina as poet, Gabriel as poet and painter, William Michael as literary critic and chronicler of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, of which both he and Gabriel were members.

Dante Gabriel Rossetti was born in London, May 12, 1828. His brother "could not remember any date at which it was not an understood thing in the family that Gabriel was to be a painter." But the young Rossettis, all of them, lived in a world of books, and Gabriel was soon composing blank verse dramas, as well as drawing pictures to illustrate

his own and other great literary works. These productions were greeted with enthusiasm but without the slightest awe by the rest of that remarkable family.

In time, after some preliminary study here and there, Gabriel enrolled as a student at the Royal Academy. But he hated the Academy from the start. According to regular procedure he went into the antique school to spend months drawing from casts before he would be so much as allowed to handle a brush. He never worked hard enough to secure promotion into the life and painting classes, for he could not bring himself to see any good in such deadening routine. He was already too much the individual. Before he was twenty this headstrong boy, afire with his own dreams, had found time in the midst of his desultory studies and impatient railings at the Academy for much of the work by which he holds his place in English letters. Nothing had as yet been published, but he had completed his prose translation of Dante's Vita Nuova and most of the verse translations of early Italian poets later published under the title Dante and His Circle, and had also written poems of his own, among them the one now most famous of all:

The Blessed Damozel leaned out
From the gold bar of heaven,
Her blue, grave eyes were deeper far
Than a deep water, even,
She had three lilies in her hand
And the stars in her robe were seven.

But keen as were Rossetti's literary interests, he had no hope of being able to make a living at poetry. All his plans were centered on learning to paint. Finally, after fretting and fuming at the Academy for months, he took matters into his own hands and dispatched a letter to Ford Madox Brown to ask if he might not become the pupil of a painter whose work he so greatly admired. Madox Brown, who was

only a few years Rossetti's senior, had never heard of his correspondent, nor was he accustomed, at that stage of his career, to such flattering compliments as the enthusiastic young student heaped upon him. The story is that when he went to call at the street number given, he took a stick in his hand for fear of some practical joke. But Rossetti's sincerity quite won him over, and in this unusual fashion began a lifelong friendship.

For a time Rossetti did actually work as a pupil under his new friend—a welcome pupil, but an obstreperous one, sometimes even "lying howling on his belly in my studio." His admiration for Madox Brown's work did not appreciably lessen, but he was soon reduced to despair because he was kept at work copying pickle jars. This was not much more inspiring than the Academy! It was only a few months before he was telling Holman Hunt at the Academy exhibit, with such effusiveness as to embarrass that young artist, that Hunt's Eve of St. Agnes was "the best painting there." Nothing would satisfy him, it seemed, but to be permitted to share Hunt's studio. Irresistibly drawn to Rossetti, as who was not in those days of his youthful exuberance, Hunt extended a cordial welcome and accommodated himself as best he could to the incidental disturbances that followed always in Rossetti's wake.

Through Hunt, Rossetti became intimate with Millais, and in 1848, as has been related elsewhere, these three young enthusiasts organized the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood. Millais and Hunt had already begun to talk of what might be done to instill a new spirit into British art. But of the three original Brothers, it was Rossetti whose wits were keenest, whose spirits went soaring highest, who assured the others in their moments of depression, that England had "hundreds of young aristocrats and millionaires growing up who would be only too glad to get direction how to make the country

glorious as Greece and Italy had been." He had his own moods of black despair when he was certain he would never be able to paint as he longed to. But he worked very hard, now, at his painting, and after the three friends had recruited other members into their ranks, it was Rossetti who was the moving spirit behind the *Germ*, the short-lived little magazine published in the interests of the Pre-Raphaelite movement. Everything that was in him was devoted to the Brotherhood cause.

In the spring of 1849 were exhibited the first three pictures marked with the mysterious "P.R.B."—those by Millais and Hunt at the Academy, Rossetti's for some reason or other, usually said to be last-minute delay, at the Free Exhibition. Rossetti had chosen to paint The Girlhood of Mary Virgin, a subject that made a strong appeal to his poetic imagination. When the meaning of the insignia "P.R.B." was inadvertently discovered, and the storm of protest broke out in all the newspapers of England, he had his full share of abuse. By many he was said to be the leader of the obnoxious movement that had dared to set itself up against Raphael. It was a terrible ordeal for these young rebels, the more so when they discovered inevitably, in the course of the next two or three years, that they were no longer of a single mind and must go each his separate way. Gradually they drifted apart in their theories and methods of work, and the ties of friendship, though not broken, were put to a severe strain. But in Rossetti's case the abusive clamor of the critics had a particularly unfortunate result. Millais and Hunt continued to send their pictures to the Academy and gradually won their way to general favor, but Rossetti, after two or three attempts, never exhibited in public again. In consequence his work was much less widely known than theirs and for years he had a severe struggle to make even a living.

But though in this decision the young artist had yielded to a certain morbid sensitiveness that was always a part of him, the years that followed found him the same highspirited, headstrong, lovable Rossetti. He settled at once into a life devoted to painting. But friendships always bulked large in Rossetti's life—he himself was the most generous of friends and would drop whatever he was doing and put himself to endless trouble if he could be of service to a friend or often a mere acquaintance. Though usually in debt himself, he could always find money somewhere if any one he knew were in financial straits. His financial caprices were the despair of John Ruskin, who had constituted himself Rossetti's friend, patron and mentor as a result of the Pre-Raphaelite tempest in which he had so ably come to the defense of the Brotherhood. During these years of struggle Ruskin bought Rossetti's work as fast as it was produced, according to a pre-arranged plan, thus giving the artist a much surer income than he would otherwise have had. But the improvident Rossetti invariably spent his money before he had earned it and because he was generous himself, took Ruskin's generosity quite as a matter of course. Once, when his fiancée was stranded in Paris on her way to Nice for a much-needed rest, Rossetti painted a picture of three sections in a week, working night and day, for her relief. The everwilling Ruskin bought the picture and wrote: "You are such absurd creatures, both of you. I don't say you do wrong, because you don't seem to know what is wrong, but just do whatever you like as far as possible—as puppies and tomtits do."

In spite of its gay, irresponsible moments, the romance of Rossetti and Eleanor Siddal was a touching one from beginning to end, with a note of tragedy that was never quite silent. Miss Siddal had been "discovered" at her work in a milliner's shop by Walter Deverell, one of the Pre-Raphael-



Walker Art Gallery, Liverpool

DANTE'S DREAM
BY DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI



ite Brothers, who had immediately asked her if she would pose as a model; for she was very lovely to look at, with her coppery hair, her rich coloring and fragile physique. Not once but many times she posed for the Brothers and though she came from the most wretched, poverty-stricken home with almost no advantages, and had in addition a constant struggle with ill health, she entered into their life with a spirit that charmed all the members of that little group. Under friendly encouragement she herself began to show considerable talent at sketching and painting. But she was never very strong. Rossetti once wrote to a friend:

It seems hard to me when I look at her sometimes, working or too ill to work, and think how many without one tithe of her genius or greatness of spirit have granted to them abundant health and opportunity to labor through the little they can or will do, while perhaps her soul is never to bloom nor her bright hair to fade, but after hardly escaping from degradation and corruption, all she might have been must sink out again unprofitably in the dark house where she was born. How truly she may say "No man cared for my soul." I do not mean to make myself an exception, for how long I have known her, and not thought of this until so late—perhaps too late.

The lovers did not marry for a number of years—probably because Rossetti's affairs never seemed sufficiently settled to warrant such a move, and Miss Siddal's ill health necessitated many changes of plans. After the wedding did at last take place, they settled into a happy, more or less Bohemian routine, not so very different from the life they had long been sharing. They were part and parcel of a congenial circle of friends that had been gathered into the friendly quarters of William Morris and Burne-Jones at 17 Red Lion Square. Meantime, Rossetti was working steadily and patiently at his painting, devoting himself more and more to the subjects from Dante for which he is best known, and now and then, almost in spite of himself, he was writing poetry.

His married life was destined to be only the briefest of intervals. After less than two years, his wife died very suddenly one night, from an overdose of the laudanum she had been taking. Rossetti was teaching a class at the Working Men's College and did not even reach her until she was quite dead. He was utterly prostrated by the blow, and some strange, moving impulse of self-accusation made him bury the manuscript of his poems with her in the grave.

After this tragedy, Rossetti settled with Swinburne in a Chelsea establishment known as Tudor House. He painted steadily, entertained old friends and a few new ones and in time regained a good deal of his old spirit. Many tales are told of the hospitality of Tudor House and of its furnishings, which Rossetti had been at much pains to collect. He was a rival of Whistler in this field and the two used, sometimes, to send prices at auctions sky high trying to outdo each other. Behind Tudor House, in the overgrown mass of flowers and brush that went by the name of garden, was kept a strange assortment of animals—hedgehogs, white mice, Virginia owls, a Japanese salamander and choicest pet of all, a wombat. This small, sluggish creature even came to table sometimes to be enjoyed by the company.

In time Rossetti's friends began to urge him to have his poems dug up and published and at last, reluctantly, he consented. But this venture, which had already been fraught with so much painful emotion, brought still more in its wake. Critics in general greeted the book with enthusiasm and it was widely read, but a single, very violent attack was leveled against it. Writing under a pseudonym in an article entitled The Fleshly School of Poetry, Walter Buchanan expressed himself about the book in a way that cut the painter poet to the quick. The attack was very unfair; Buchanan himself said in print years later: "Mr. Rossetti, I freely admit now, was never a Fleshly Poet at all." But the damage had been

done. Rossetti's brother writes, "It is a simple fact that from the time when the pamphlet had begun to work into the inner tissue of his feelings, Dante Rossetti was a changed man." What a saner, healthier temperament would have been able to ignore or rise above, proved the poison that was his undoing.

After the publication of his poems, Rossetti lived for twelve more years, years painful in the telling, colored by morbid suspicion and the unhappiness of one broken friendship after another. He became estranged from Ruskin, from Hunt, from William Morris; he deluded himself into thinking that Browning had made some covert attack upon him in Fifine at the Fair and was even more certain that Lewis Carroll had been ridiculing him in that famous bit of utter nonsense, The Hunting of the Snark. Ill and depressed, suffering much from sleeplessness and perhaps more from the chloral he took to ward it off, he fought a bitter losing fight. In his last years he saw fewer and fewer of his friends and almost never went out of his own house.

But it is easy to exaggerate these distressing features to give a distorted picture of the man. Rossetti was still on occasion a gay, brilliant, lovable companion; Edmund Gosse, who did not know him until after 1870, says no account of him would be complete without mention of his infectious laughter; young Hall Caine was drawn into close friendship with him during this period, as was Swinburne's friend, Watts-Dunton. His family remained very close to him; he was always tenderly considerate of his mother, his brother was with him frequently and to Christina he wrote: "It makes life less bleak as it advances to find the old care and love still prompt to hand." He died on April 10, 1882, in a little cottage at Birchington-on-Sea, where he had gone in search of health.

SIR EDWARD BURNE-JONES

HEN Edward Burne-Jones went up to Exeter College, Oxford, at the age of nineteen, he had never entertained a serious thought of becoming an artist. Dreamy, idealistic, eager to devote himself to some great cause, he was preparing to enter the Church and it is barely possible that had he not become the boon companion of another would-be clergyman, he might never have painted a single canvas. As he often said, he found himself at twenty-five where he should have been at fifteen.

Burne-Jones, whose name is a hyphenated variant of his family name of plain Jones, was born in Birmingham, August 28, 1833. As a child he seems to have been quite without the usual feverish desire of the young artist to make pictures of the external world about him. The truth is that, all his life long, he was never very acutely conscious of that world. In boyhood he was thoroughly the student, living in a land inhabited by the gods and monsters of classic literature and whatever else his imagination might admit there. He won a scholarship in course of time, went up to Oxford with the intent of becoming a clergyman, and there found a kindred spirit in the talented William Morris. The two boys were members of a little group that named itself "the Brotherhood" and delved into byways of study in art and literature. The Church had appealed to the same idealistic strain in both, but now gradually this very idealism led them to the conclusion that they could serve humanity best outside the Church. More and more they talked of a sort of gospel of beauty which, it seemed to them, might prove England's salvation. On the practical side Morris planned to enter an architect's office and Burne-Jones thought much of becoming a painter.

Among all the influences that were awakening this young student to the world of beauty and luring him on to try to learn its language, perhaps the chief was the work of Dante Gabriel Rossetti. Rossetti, though only five years older than Burne-Jones, was already known far and wide as one of the Pre-Raphaelites who, according to the bewildered and angry English public, had set themselves up in opposition to all the traditions of art. But Rossetti's woodcuts and paintings did not bewilder the young Oxford student; instead he was almost beside himself with marveling at them. He discovered that Rossetti conducted an evening class in drawing at the College for Working Men in London, and finally, one winter night in the Christmas vacation of his last year in Oxford, made his way to the class to see his hero. Arriving early, he sat for some time, excited and ill at ease, scanning the faces of all who came in and wondering what to expect. A kindly member of the class offered to be of service, but when Rossetti entered the room, there was not the slightest need of pointing him out. After the class, since Burne-Jones was too shy to consent to an introduction that night, the friendly stranger invited him to a bachelor gathering the following evening, and there presented him to Rossetti.

The meeting was to have a profound effect on the younger man's career, for Rossetti, won over at once, threw himself with his customary energy into helping to solve his new friend's problems. Perhaps it was on his advice, certainly with his approval, that Burne-Jones left the University, in all the ardor of his new purpose, without waiting for graduation. On his advice, also, the young man decided

against any formal training in art. This was a heroic measure, but when Rossetti advised him to learn to paint by painting, Burne-Jones had all the faith in the world in the counsel, since nothing his hero said could possibly be wrong. For his part, Rossetti went to no end of trouble to clear such practical difficulties as he could out of the way. He made Burne-Jones at home in his studio, introduced him to the friends who gathered there, hunted up some commissions and himself supervised Burne-Jones' work, until he declared he had little more to teach this promising student. The friendship between the two men was a close one for years to come.

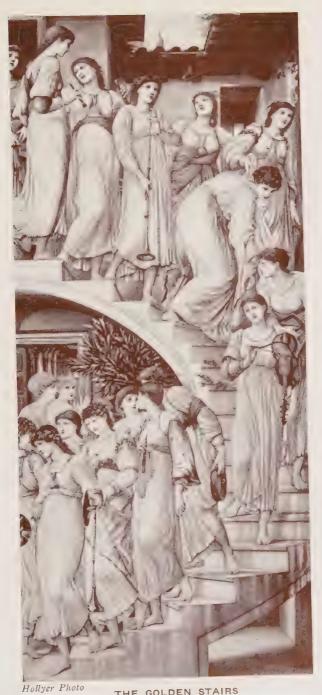
Very happy at the way in which life was opening up before him, Burne-Jones worked untiringly to prove himself worthy. The next few years were not easy, but they were rich in companionship and in the faith and enthusiasm of youth. He and William Morris had taken lodgings at 17 Red Lion Square, where Rossetti had lived for a time. Here, after work was over, they kept continual open house for their friends. They had thrown themselves with a kind of high-spirited fervor into the decoration of their rooms. which were, as Burne-Jones wrote, "the quaintest in all London, hung with brasses of old knights and drawings of Albert Dürer." "Intensely medieval," said Rossetti of the furnishings of 17 Red Lion Square, where he was much in evidence. To the two friends who lived there and the others whom they drew into their enthusiastic schemes, the use of beautiful things in ordinary life was almost a religion. They were equally ready to worship at the altar of beauty or to sally forth on a vigorous crusade under its banner. But they were too young and full of high spirits to take their mission always seriously. When Morris built for himself the famous Red House that was to embody all his ideals of the "house beautiful," Rossetti, in light-hearted vein, wrote to a friend: I wish you were in town, to see you sometimes, for I literally see no one now except Madox Brown pretty often, and even he is gone to join Morris, who is out of reach at Upton, and with them is married Jones painting the inner walls of the house that Top [Morris] built. But as for the neighbors, when they see men portrayed by Jones upon the walls, the images of the Chaldeans portrayed (by him) in Extract Vermilion, exceeding in all probability in dyed attire upon their heads, after the manner of no Babylonians of any Chaldea, the land of anyone's nativity—as soon as they see them with their eyes, shall they not account him doting and send messengers into Chetney Hatch.

Burne-Jones had become "married Jones," for in 1860 he had been united in marriage to Miss Georgiana Macdonald. He now settled into a quiet, serene way of life, working steadily against the handicap of his lost years and of only too frequent ill health. He did not find it possible to make a great deal of money by his painting, in these first years, but fortunately his work as a designer and decorator kept him free from financial worry. Nor was this work mere pot-boiling by any means. Morris, after completing the Red House, had turned his superabundant energies into a commercial venture in the decorative arts—a practical experiment in spreading his gospel of beauty. Associated with him in this unique concern, which was run at first on a cooperative basis, were Burne-Jones, Rossetti and a number of others. Burne-Jones soon made a name for himself as a designer of tapestries, carvings and the like, and, more particularly, of stained glass windows. In this latter field he achieved a reputation second to none in the England of his day. His beautiful windows are to be found in churches and public buildings throughout all England.

In his painting Burne-Jones had turned naturally to legendary subjects, prompted both by his own early love for classic lore and by the influence of the literary Rossetti. In this fairyland remote from the disagreeable world of facts,

his imagination held full sway. "I mean by a picture," he once wrote to a friend, "a beautiful, romantic dream of something that never was, never will be-in a light better than any light that ever shone—in a land no one can define or remember, only desire—and the forms divinely beautiful and then I wake up with the waking of Brynhild." This characteristic comment does much to explain the spirit of Burne-Jones' work. He had begun to paint under the influence of Pre-Raphaelitism, but he never would have agreed with Millais' practical definition of its aim—"to paint on canvas what one saw in nature." In his pictures he was irretrievably the idealist, the dreamer, just as much so as he had been in his college days. Herein lay his weakness, perhaps, and certainly his strength. He painted not the actual workaday things of the external world but what appeared to him as a far lovelier dream world that might, however imperfectly glimpsed, give all life a richer meaning.

For years he exhibited very little. Finally, in 1877, when he was forty-four, the opening of the new Grosyenor Gallery gave him opportunity to send a number of canvases. This representative group of paintings focused upon him the attention of critics and public alike. Certain critics, who meant by a picture something quite different from "a beautiful romantic dream," declared that his drawing was faulty, that his paintings gave a false representation of life, were effeminate and unwholesome. But though there was much adverse comment, there was also much warm praise. The next year his entry won a more general favor and from then on his prestige was steadily on the increase. True, the Royal Academy ignored him until 1885, when he was made an associate. He was then fifty-five, well into his prime, and as this preliminary step was not followed by the full honors of an Academician, he felt it wise to resign eight years later. The great custodian of the traditions of English art could



THE GOLDEN STAIRS
From the painting by Burne-Jones



not be generous to this painter who had found formal training unnecessary. By this time, however, Burne-Jones' position was well assured; his paintings were bringing high prices; he had won innumerable honors, especially in France; and the following year Queen Victoria conferred upon him a baronetcy in recognition of his achievements. He died June 16, 1898, at the age of sixty-four.







INTRODUCTION

OR the first hundred years and more of life in the American colonies, settlers were too absorbed in hewing down forests, building log huts, fighting Indians, holding town meetings and other strenu-

ous tasks to think much of beautiful pictures. Like other luxuries, art had to wait on prosperity. But American art began with a spectacular flourish in the career of Benjamin West, a backwoods Quaker boy who went to England and became, in course of time, painter to His Majesty George III and founder of the Royal Academy. West derived little of the inspiration for his grandiose, historical paintings from his native land, but his success focused the thought of the new world on art, and he was friend and patron to an oncoming generation of American artists who gravitated naturally, from time to time, to his studio in London.

Chief of these was Stuart, a portrait painter of genuine insight and power, whose fame has not, like West's, collapsed with the passing of time. After a brilliant career abroad, Stuart came back to America to paint George Washington, his five successors to the presidency and many other notable Americans. Copley, Peale, Trumbull and Allston were other American painters who returned from contact with West's studio to win fame by portrait painting and by pictures in the "grand style." But in time came a reaction from the influence of eighteenth-century England, and with the rise of the so-called "Hudson River School," a native American art was confidently proclaimed.

Doughty and Cole, both almost entirely self-taught, were perhaps the chief exponents of this school of landscape painters who sought their inspiration in the scenic beauties of their own land. Cole, in particular, by investing his spectacular landscapes with the allegorical interest indicated by such titles as The Voyage of Life, won a wide popularity. After the first Hudson River scenes, the tendency of the school was more and more to exploit the grandeurs of the Americas, in pictures like Bierstadt's of the great undeveloped West, or like F. E. Church's of Latin America. Most of these pictures were "views" showing a great expanse of country, with every detail painstakingly recorded.

In time came an inevitable reaction. Such men as Inness and Martin began to devote themselves to painting their own poetic impressions of nature in her more intimate moods. Through them, and through the teacher painter Hunt, who had studied for some little time at Barbizon, the tendencies represented by the French Barbizon school found their way into American painting. The versatile La Farge, in his stained glass windows and murals, as in his easel pictures, showed himself an artist with a student's thoroughgoing respect for the past coupled with a genuinely creative imagination. His influence did much to enrich the slowly crystallizing traditions of the official American art world, in which he was long a prominent figure. Meantime, independent of traditional influence, yet in a sense equally significant of the new spirit, was Homer, painting in the little seacoast studio where he had buried himself, marines that were to make a deep impress on the world of art.

Since 1825 America had had her Academy. Now with the prosperity following upon the Civil War, when these men and others were entering upon their prime, came a new impetus, culminating in the keen public interest awakened by the display of art at the Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia in 1876. Here attention was focused, to a somewhat startling degree, upon the work of younger men who were beginning to come back from abroad with a technique acquired in Paris or Munich. In Academy circles there was much talk of slavish catering to European influence, and as a result, a group of these younger painters, feeling that they were being discriminated against, organized the Society of American Artists in rivalry to the long-established Academy. For many years there was a battle royal, but at last, early in the new century, the Society was received bodily into the Academy fold. This period had served to bring into prominence a great number of able men, of whom Chase, president of the insurgent society and for many years the outstanding teacher painter in New York, was perhaps best known.

Meantime America had come to take great pride in a number of her artists who were living and working abroad, more or less aloof from the trend of American art, yet exerting a decided influence. Whistler, who left America to enter a Paris studio before the Civil War, settled in London and waged his battles with the English and not the American Academy, until at last he won a sympathetic public for his decorative arrangements that emphasized the poetry of line and color above any realistic likeness to the external world. Vedder, working at symbolic paintings in Rome, and Abbey at colorful historical paintings in England, gained their renown as American artists. Sargent, a cosmopolitan, born in Florence of American parentage and from boyhood equally at home in almost every part of Europe, was first of all a painter of brilliant portraits, painting now in his London studio, now in Paris or New York. But he devoted much time and effort to the murals for the Boston Public Library which were perhaps his most notable contribution to the country that claims him as her own.

BENJAMIN WEST

HE first American-born artist to win fame for himself and his country worked and died and is buried in English soil. In the history of art he will live chiefly as the founder and president of England's

Royal Academy. Yet his renown and his generous hospitality to American artists of a younger generation were beacon lights along the way to the development of art in his native country. In one sense, at least, Benjamin West deserves his title of "the father of American art."

Very typical of the sturdy pioneer life of America were West's boyhood days. He was born on October 10, 1738, near the little backwoods Quaker town of Springfield, not many miles from Philadelphia. In this crude frontier settlement his father kept a general store. One day, so the story goes, six-year-old Benjamin, who was the youngest of a large family, was left for a few moments to watch his sister's sleeping baby. When the mother and sister returned, what was their amazement to find that the boy had taken pen and ink and was earnestly drawing a picture of the child asleep in its cradle. There was probably not a picture in this simple Quaker home, and his elders could not remember that Benjamin had ever so much as seen any one in the act of drawing.

After that, young Benjamin was always making pictures. One day he got to talking with some Indians who now and then came to the settlement to trade, showed them a number of his sketches and to his great delight was given, in return, bits of the red and yellow pigments used by them to paint



QUEEN CHARLOTTE AND FAMILY

From the portrait by West



their bodies. When he excitedly showed these pigments to his mother, she added a piece of indigo from her wash-tub, thus supplying him with the third of the primary colors. But now he must have a brush. He had heard that paint-brushes were made of camel's hair, but as the next best thing he secretly made use of the fur of his father's pet cat, until after several shearings poor Puss was so dismal-looking that good John West was certain she must be troubled with mange. To save her from being made way with, Benjamin had to confess his crime and, happily, was forgiven.

From the day the Indians gave him his first pigments, West's whole life is a record of kindnesses received and appreciated and put to good advantage. A certain Mr. Pennington, a well-to-do Philadelphia relative who had happened in on a visit and seen his drawings, sent him his first painting outfit and with it a set of six engravings by Grevling. Benjamin, beside himself with joy, stayed home from school and was found in the attic combining two of the Grevling compositions into a painting of his own. Sixty-seven years later, says his biographer Galt, he remarked of it that "there were inventive touches of art in his first and juvenile essay which, with all his subsequent knowledge and experience, he had not been able to surpass."

The friendly Mr. Pennington next took Benjamin to Philadelphia and introduced him to a professional painter. Little wonder if he were a bit cocky over that exciting experience! Legend relates that on his return to Springfield one of his friends invited the boy to ride behind him on a jaunt, but Benjamin replied with dignity that he would ride behind nobody, for he was going to be a painter, "a companion for kings and emperors." When his friend upon request supplied the prosaic information that, for his part, he intended to be a tailor, Benjamin, with little ceremony, left him to ride quite alone.

By and by Benjamin sold some of his drawings and a few orders for portraits began to come in. One of his sitters suggested that he try his skill with historical subjects, such as The Death of Socrates. This was an ambitious undertaking for a boy who knew little about history, but Benjamin, nothing loth, set to work and produced a painting at least remarkable enough to attract the interest of one Dr. Smith, provost of the College at Philadelphia. Of his own accord, Dr. Smith offered to supervise young West's education. Luckily there was a married sister in Philadelphia at whose house Benjamin might live, so off to Philadelphia he went. Dr. Smith proved a lenient supervisor, for he allowed his young protegé to browse almost at will through history and literature and to give his time to painting portraits whenever he could secure orders. Both West and his generous patron already took it for granted that he was to be a painter.

Not so the Quakers in the little backwoods settlement. To the Friends of those days, books and pictures and ornaments were worldly vanities to be severely frowned upon. Benjamin's parents were genuinely worried, for all their natural sympathy with their son and their pride in his attainments, and friends and neighbors doubtless gave every appearance of being more so. In his seventeenth year his fate actually came up for open discussion in the little Springfield meeting-house, but after weighing the matter in the balance long and carefully, the assembly at last set its seal of approval on his intentions.

Then followed five more years of work, first in Philadelphia and later in New York, where he boldly doubled his prices. He had set his heart on going abroad and was saving what money he could. Again fate was kind to him. A certain Mr. Allen connected with prominent shipping interests was about to send his son to Italy and the ever-thoughtful

Provost Smith put in a word for West, who shortly received an invitation to make the trip as companion to young Allen. Thus, although at the time he did not know it, West left America forever.

He carried with him influential letters of introduction, and on the very day of his arrival in Rome, was taken to a fashionable gathering. The young stranger in his severe Quaker costume made a striking impression. When he was presented to a certain venerable art critic, Cardinal Albani, who was blind, with the simple statement that he was an American, the Cardinal, thinking he must be an Indian, asked, "Is he black or white?" and then, "What! is he as fair as I am?" As West was very fair and the Italian very dark, the remark was caught up and repeated all over Rome, and on its wings went the report of the likable and talented young artist. Shortly afterward, a group of fellow artists, curious to see what impression the age-old art of Rome was making on this stranger from the uncivilized colonies, went with him to the Vatican and then to the Belvidere Palace. "How like a Mohawk warrior!" was his comment as he stood spellbound before the grace and strength of the Apollo Belvidere.

The news of West's favorable reception in Rome delighted his patrons across the seas. Mr. Allen and Governor Hamilton of Pennsylvania wrote offering to finance, between them, a prolonged stay in Italy, so West had three full years there, studying, traveling and occasionally painting on commission. Then in the summer of 1763, when he was not quite twenty-five, he left Rome for England. As his usual good fortune would have it, Provost Smith, Mr. Allen and Governor Hamilton all three happened to be in London when he arrived, and with their help and the momentum of the reputation he had made in Rome, he soon found himself swamped with orders.

West had not intended to stay in England. But the thirteen colonies were too newly settled and too engrossed in their quarrels with George III to offer much in the way of opportunity for an ambitious artist. His prospects in London seemed too good to be renounced. After a couple of years he sent to America for his father and for his fiancée. And thereby hangs a tale. He had become engaged to Elizabeth Shewell in his student days in Philadelphia, very much against the wishes of her brother and guardian, who was a prosperous merchant with little use for struggling young artists. This brother, as it happened, now intercepted West's letter and with no more ado, locked Miss Shewell in her room until the vessel on which West's father was to sail should be gone. But three of the artist's friends—one of them Benjamin Franklin—came to the rescue with a rope ladder which they induced the young lady's maid to smuggle in under her petticoat. The vessel set sail but by agreement anchored down the river, and after a series of exciting adventures Miss Shewell was finally got aboard long after midnight. She arrived in London without further mishap and was soon Mrs. Benjamin West.

In the years that followed, West's proverbial good fortune did not desert him. He had a great longing to work at historical paintings rather than portraits. Although many another artist of that day shared his wish, almost no one could afford to indulge it, for the Anglican Church considered pretentious decorations "popish," and few patrons cared to pay for such large canvases as were thought necessary for any great historic scene. But West won the good will of a prominent archbishop and through his friendly offices was presented to George III. His Majesty himself read aloud a passage from Livy describing *The Departure of Regulus*, which he expressed a keen desire to have the artist illustrate. So successful was the undertaking that West

was later made court painter at a princely salary, and commissioned to decorate the royal chapel at Windsor.

He now opened a great salon where he could display his historical paintings, and here he worked and here, too, gave a simple and cordial welcome to younger painters, particularly those from America. Stuart, Copley, Trumbull, Washington Allston and many another young American artist found a haven in West's studio. Of money and sympathetic counsel he seems to have given as freely as ever he had received; he spared no effort to introduce his protegés to those who could be of most help to them and indeed had a kind of genius as a mentor and friend of younger men. Though he knew all the notables of the day, he never cared much for social life and had few intimate associates. But make no mistake; the man who could say of a trip to Paris, "I was walking with Mr. Fox in the Louvre and I remarked how many people turned to look at me; this shows the respect of the French for the Fine Arts," when his companion was no less than the famous British statesman, Charles James Fox, was sufficiently assured of his own importance. Life had always been kind to him; and it was only natural that he should take the world's homage for granted. Although he never returned to America, he was doubtless not unmindful of his influence on American art.

Critics today scoff at West's work, with such a universal agreement as to its mediocre quality that it is strange to think of him as holding the stage so grandly in the days of Gainsborough, Romney and Sir Joshua Reynolds. Probably his best-known canvas is The Death of Wolfe, that famous battle-scene which created widespread consternation when it became known that the artist was painting British soldiers in their regimental uniforms and not in Greek draperies. Archbishop Drummond, in distress, brought Sir Joshua Reynolds himself to remonstrate with West. The King was so

violently opposed to the idea that he refused to purchase the painting. Reynolds, horrified at first, after studying it was frank enough to withdraw his protests and prophesy that it would not only become popular but would bring about a revolution in artistic practice.

Perhaps this "revolution" was West's greatest achievement in the world of art. But a close second was his founding of the Royal Academy in 1769. An earlier society that had come into being to arrange for annual exhibitions had become a breeding-place of jealousy and friction. After West, Reynolds and a number of others had resigned, West began to think of organizing a new and broader institution for the promotion of art. He had, of course, the advantage of his influence with the King. Patiently he set about gaining support for the new venture and at last, when the plans were completed, by a wise and happy tact persuaded Reynolds to accept the presidency. At the time appointed for the organization meeting, neither Reynolds nor West appeared and pessimism was rampant, but at the last moment the two men arrived to turn apparent failure into success. Twenty-four years afterward, on the death of Reynolds, West was unanimously elected president of the Academy and filled the office, with the exception of one year, until his death

Toward the end of his career West found himself harassed by financial difficulties. His reputation was secure; he was held in the highest honor, but his work in Windsor Chapel had been stopped because of the mental derangement of the King, and with it went his salary as court painter. His huge historical canvases proved difficult of sale to private patrons. But the monumental *Christ Healing the Sick*, containing over one hundred figures and painted, despite his poverty, as a contribution to the Pennsylvania Hospital at Philadelphia, was solicited by the British Institution at a

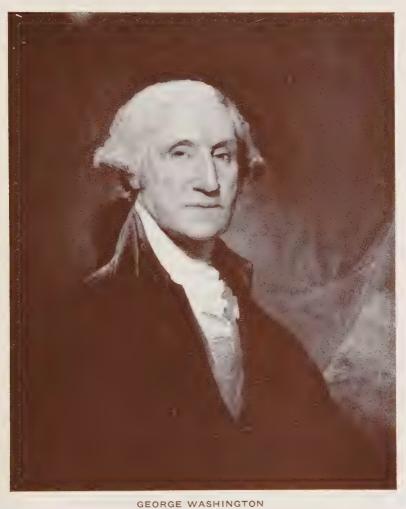
good price. He agreed to sell, and later sent the hospital a replica which earned four thousand pounds for that institution the first year from sightseers' admissions. In these last years the artist gave his chief interest to religious paintings. He died on March 10, 1820, and was buried in state in St. Paul's Cathedral, by the side of Sir Joshua Reynolds and Sir Christopher Wren.

GILBERT STUART

F George Washington should arise from the dead and should not resemble the Stuart portrait, he would be denounced as an impostor," Mark Twain once said. This well-known portrait was the

third that Stuart painted of Washington. His first attempt he considered an utter failure. Stuart had on his own initiative broken off a successful career abroad and returned to America with the express desire of painting Washington's portrait. Yet, as he afterward confessed, when he and the President were alone in the studio he lost his presence of mind for the first time in his life. His usual easy method of chatting and telling anecdotes until he caught his sitter off his guard seemed an impertinence with the self-possessed, impassive Washington. In spite of Washington's courtesy, the real man eluded him. Two men more diverse than the Father of His Country and happy-go-lucky, impudent, improvident Gilbert Stuart it would be difficult to find. Yet some strange impulse made Stuart persevere. His second portrait of Washington was a success; the third even more so. By this time, doubtless, he had recovered his accustomed spirits, for of Washington's eyes, which he had painted a deeper blue than nature, he is reported to have said, "In a hundred years they will have faded to the right color."

Stuart had been born at Middletown, near Newport, Rhode Island, December 3, 1755, and named Gilbert Charles Stewart, in honor of Bonnie Prince Charlie, for his father was a Jacobite refugee with many a tale to tell of



From a portrait by Stuart, in the Metropolitan Museum of Art



adventure in Scotland in the ranks of the Pretender. Later when the artist changed the spelling of his name to Stuart, he dropped the Charles. At Middletown, the elder Gilbert Stewart was occupied with the first snuff mill in America during the years in which the younger, who was an only son, was growing up, handsome, talented and spoiled. The boy's early sketches were made much of by a doting family. At fifteen he became a pupil of Cosmo Alexander, a Scotch artist who was spending some time in Newport, and when Alexander resumed his wanderings, went with him, first to South Carolina and then to Scotland. There his master died, and Gilbert, left with neither friends nor money, was forced to work his way back in a collier by way of Nova Scotia, finally arriving at home in rags and tatters.

The boy had gone with Alexander largely on adventure bent, but he was now fully determined to be a painter. He and his good friend Waterhouse hired a "strong-muscled blacksmith" as a model at fifty cents an evening, and he set to work in earnest. He won his family over completely by painting from boyhood memories a portrait of his grandmother that brought tears to their eyes. Soon he was busy with a number of local commissions. But one order, for a portrait of a worthy donor to a library in that vicinity, he refused to undertake for no reason in the world but his own whim-at least so said the aggrieved committee who had the matter in hand and who spread their indignation far and wide. Business languished after this episode. At any rate Stuart, whose family were Tories, was finding the atmosphere of the seventeen-seventies unfavorable to the pursuit of art. In 1775, after the Battle of Lexington and ten days before the Battle of Bunker Hill, he set sail for England.

He had no money, no friends, only his wits to keep him from starving. Those were precarious days. In after years he used to tell with great relish how he once happened into

a church, learned that the post of organist was open at thirty guineas and that the music which had lured him from the street was being played by applicants—and forthwith secured the position for himself! How long he played the organ we are not told, but steady application was never his forte. He presented his single letter of introduction, received an order for a family group, with payment in advance since it was surmised he was in need of money, and did not complete the picture for months, if indeed he ever did. His friend Waterhouse, who came to London about this time, was eager to be of assistance and among other schemes for his relief, got up a list of subscriptions for a portrait of a well-known physician and lecturer. Stuart pocketed the money but for all his friend's pleas, could never get to the point of beginning the painting. Says Waterhouse: "This was a source of inexpressible unhappiness and mortification. which at length brought on a fever, the only dangerous disease I ever encountered. After my recovery I had to refund the money, when I had not a farthing of my own but what came from the thoughtful bounty of my most excellent kinsman, Dr. Fothergill, who would never after see Charles Gilbert Stuart." But in spite of this trying episode Waterhouse remained loyal and again and again found himself lending Stuart the greater part of his allowance to tide over some emgency. "With it all," said Isham, in his History of American Painting, speaking of these irresponsible traits of Stuart's, "he was so gay, so brilliant, so talented, with a so ingratiating personal charm that he was loved like a child, and those who suffered most by his faults strove hardest to find some excuse for them."

Strange as it may seem, Stuart's pride kept him for two or three years from approaching Benjamin West, the influential Academician who was known to keep open house for his fellow Americans. Then West took the young painter into his studio and for a time even into his home. Trumbull, another American painter, who was received by West a little later, tells amusingly of his first sight of Stuart in the studio "dressed in an old black coat with one-half torn off the hip and pinned up, looking more like a poor beggar than a painter." But whatever his garb, Stuart was soon very much at home, and there are lively tales of his master's coming on him and young Rafe West sparring with maul sticks in the midst of the studio paintings, or again of West's overhearing a mock-serious lecture on one of his own portraits that illustrated, according to the flippant Stuart, the masterly process of painting curly hair with a stroke like a figure three, each three representing so many guineas of the price to be received.

Once the lordly Dr. Johnson, who was calling on West, remarked on the surprisingly pure English spoken by this young American and demanded, "Where did you learn it, sir?"

Not the least bit taken aback, Stuart answered, "Sir, I can better tell you where I did not learn it—it was not from

your dictionary."

Though Stuart always spoke of his master with gratitude and affection, he was too independent to be much influenced by West's style of painting. After a time, on West's advice, he opened his own studio and had no difficulty in securing the six sittings a day to which he limited himself. His keen interest in human nature enabled him to catch with uncanny insight the personality of the sitter. Character was what he cared for, not unessential ornament; "I copy the works of God and leave clothes to tailors and mantua makers," he once said. Among others of note he painted George III, the Prince of Wales who became George IV, Louis XVI, Benjamin West and Sir Joshua Reynolds. During this period of prosperity Stuart became a deal of the man about town,

hired a French cook and, so the story goes, hung up seven pegs in his hallway. He then issued a general invitation to some forty congenial friends to come and dine with him whenever the spirit moved them. Only, he explained, if any one came and found the seven pegs already adorned with hats, he must go away and return another evening. Thus the whimsical artist assured himself of a pleasant dinner

party with plenty of variety and sociability.

After three or four years of this sort of life, he married and decided to settle down. But deciding and carrying out the decision were two quite different matters. Stuart's wife can hardly be said to have been deserted, for she bore him thirteen children. But her temperamental husband, though fond enough of his family, was often away from home and almost never there to pay the bills. After two years of married life, he moved to Dublin to escape his creditors. There is a story of his painting Irish aristocrats while confined in a Dublin jail that sounds not incredible. At any rate he soon established himself and remained in Ireland four years. Long before the end of that time he was enjoying an assured position and was highly fêted.

Then, suddenly, he returned to America to paint the Washington portrait. This long-cherished desire that had become a passion with Stuart is perhaps the most incomprehensible thing in his entire life. He was not moved by patriotic fervor—he had been too long away from America for that, and besides he had never had any particular sympathy for republican ideals. Neither could it have been Washington's prominent position that lured this artist who had painted kings and notables a-plenty in his day. Something in the character of the man made a fundamental appeal—excited and held Stuart's profound admiration. The frequently quoted remark of Leslie's that it was fortunate an artist existed in the time of Washington who could send him

down to posterity looking like a gentleman gives only a meager hint of what Stuart saw in the First Great American. More may be gathered from something he himself says: "All his features were indicative of strong passion, yet like Socrates his judgment and great self command made him appear a man of different class in the eyes of the world."

At first, however, Stuart could make nothing of Washington. His first portrait, a side view, he considered a failure pure and simple. Self-consciousness had thrown him into such a panic as he had not known was possible. Seeing that his easy assumption of friendliness, his chatter and jests were falling flat, he had painted in nervous haste, knowing well enough that the courteous-looking, impassive figure taking shape on his canvas was only a mask. This first portrait would have handed Washington down to posterity looking like a rather stupid gentleman. Stuart declared in disgust that he had destroyed it, but it somehow reappeared and one of the many copies he made, known as the "Gibbs-Channing" portrait, may be seen in the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

But Stuart's self-assurance could not be daunted for long. His next Washington portrait was done in his usual skillful manner and was considered very good. He insisted, however, on painting a third! Even the first one had been undertaken on Stuart's own initiative; and Washington is said to have rebelled at the prospect of sitting a third time and consented, at last, merely to please his wife. Be that as it may, the final portrait was a great success. Even Stuart seems to have thought so, for he busied himself with painting fifty replicas, which he disposed of at great profit. Certain unscrupulous painters took advantage of this fact to make and sell still other replicas under false pretenses. For years Stuart was annoyed by their maneuvers; indeed one of these pirated copies actually found its way into the White House.

Meantime the capricious artist had never finished painting the coat on the original canvas. He is said to have promised to give the portrait to the family, but was reluctant to part with it. "You see, it is not finished," he declared,—and it never was. After his death it was sold to the Boston Athenaeum, whence it is called the "Athenaeum" portrait.

Stuart's success with Washington gave him a high standing in his native country. He was called upon to paint portraits of five other presidents—John Adams, Thomas Jefferson, James Madison, James Monroe and John Quincy Adams, to say nothing of other notable Americans of the period. In Boston, where he set up his studio for the last twenty years of his life, he became something of a character—conspicuous for his huge snuff box and his genial, ready wit. Though he managed to support his family after a fashion, he never displayed much worldly prudence and when he died, July 27, 1828, left them in dire straits. At the news of his death the press of the day paid high tribute to his fame—a fame that, unlike that of his compatriot Benjamin West, was destined to endure.

GEORGE INNESS

OME one once asked George Inness, the American landscape painter, whether he had many pupils. His characteristic answer was, "I have had one for a very long time and he is more than enough

for me. The more I teach him, the less he knows, and the older he grows the farther he is from what he ought to be."

Inness was born in Newburg, New York, a little town on the Hudson, on May 1, 1825, but his boyhood days were spent in a roomy old farmhouse in what was then the country town of Newark. He was one of a family of thirteen children. His father, a thrifty, hard-working Scotchman, was a retired grocer who had taken to farming on account of ill health. As a child George was very high-strung and delicate, even, for a year or so, it is said, subject to epileptic fits. His vivid imagination kept him constantly on a nervous tension. At night he would wake up suddenly from horrible dreams and sometimes go breathlessly about the house in the darkness until sheer fatigue relaxed his nerves enough to enable him to sleep. He devoured many books but in school was dreamy and inattentive, given to drawing pictures rather than to carrying out his appointed tasks. When he was fourteen, the principal of the Newark Academy expressed the opinion that further education would be a waste of time.

The boy's father wanted him to be a grocer, so he was put to clerking in a little store opened for him in Newark, but at this he soon proved a very obvious failure, and little wonder, for the grocer kept his painting materials behind the counter and when the mood was on, would duck down out of sight if he heard a customer coming. A few months of apprenticeship at engraving in New York was also a blind alley, this time because his delicate health could not stand the strain of office life. "Fresh air," a physician said

glibly, was all that he needed.

In view of this dictum and his desire to do nothing but paint, young Inness was allowed to roam the salt marshes of northern Jersey for the next few years with no master but his own love of nature. He had already had a few lessons from a local drawing teacher, but he evidently thought them not worth mentioning, for he once said: "When almost twenty I had a month with Régis Gignoux [a French painter in New York], my health not permitting me to take advantage of study at the Academy in the evening, and this is all the instruction I ever had from any artist." Those were lonely years, years of doubt and perplexity. He was always half sick and there was little resource on which he could count other than his own groping purposes and the inspiration of nature herself. But a boy might have had worse masters: Inness went to school to them for the rest of his life without ever feeling that he had learned all they had to teach him.

After he had been working away by himself for a long time, help came very simply and unexpectedly. "One afternoon," he himself tells the story, "when I was completely dispirited and disgusted, I gave over work and went out for a walk. In a printshop window I noticed an engraving after one of the old masters, I do not remember what picture it was. I could not then analyze that which attracted me to it, but it fascinated me. The print-seller showed me others, and they repeated the same sensation in me. There was a power of motive, a bigness of grasp in them. They were nature rendered grand instead of being belittled by trifling detail



EVENING, MEDFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS

From the painting by Inness, in the Metropolitan Museum of Art



and puny execution. I commenced to take them out to nature with me, to compare them with her as she really appeared, and the light began to dawn."

One day when the young artist had set up his easel in the public park and was lost in work, a man singled himself out of the crowd of curious bystanders, came up to him and said, "If you will bring that picture to my house when you finish, I will give you a hundred dollars for it." This was Ogden Haggerty, a prominent Newark auctioneer. In time Haggerty offered to advance the money for his protegé's first trip to Europe and on this and subsequent journeys Inness was able to study at leisure both the old masters and the contemporary French school, with great gain to his own technique.

A brief out pitiful episode in the artist's early life was that of his first marriage, for his bride took cold on her wedding day, developed tuberculosis and died within six months. Sitting in church one day a year or so later, Inness was attracted by a girl he had never seen before, so overwhelmingly attracted that after the service he followed her home, impetuously rang her doorbell with some trivial inquiry—and in course of time married her. She proved to be both friend and comforter for the rest of his life. George Inness Jr. says of his mother that she was very beautiful, gentle and wise and that his father "depended on her for everything from the arranging of his necktie to the solving of his deep, metaphysical problems," and with regard to the latter adds, "Whether she understood them or not, she made him feel that she did." In later years, if Inness were upset and nervous and found work in his New York studio difficult, he sometimes sent home for her and she would come and sit quietly with her sewing for hours at a time. She it was who struggled heroically with the problem of ways and means, for her artist husband was nothing if not oblivious

to the value of money, and more often than not, for many a year to come, was in serious financial straits. Characteristically, once, to celebrate some stroke of good luck, Inness brought her a diamond necklace. Quite as characteristically she accepted it, gave free rein to her pleasure—and a few days later, saying nothing, took it back and used the money to pay their bills.

During these early years of his career, Inness had the greatest difficulty to make a living by his art. Often his family had to come to his rescue. Three of his brothers made it possible for him to meet expenses one year by buying all his pictures and selling them later at whatever prices they could get. In the early sixties he settled at Eagleswood, New Jersey, where for a time he had a patron who kept him in funds and automatically took over his canvases as fast as they were finished. To Inness, who was putting his whole energy into his art, it seemed only right and proper that he should always be provided with money enough for his wants, nor did it often occur to him that he might adapt those wants to the actual possibilities of his bank account. If he felt that his work would be the better for the inspiration of a trip abroad, then abroad he must go and heaven would provide. If a friend or a foe or a scamp or a beggar told him a hard luck story, he emptied his pockets at once. As for selling paintings, he was the last man in the world to scheme and barter; indeed he took little pains to conceal his scorn of everything commercial. One of his favorite theories, on which he would argue with convincing fervor, was that industry was under the distinct obligation of supporting art and that, as a matter of fact, the tradesmen really existed in order to make possible the artists!

This man was full of theories. He once said that if his health had allowed it, he would have devoted his entire career to metaphysics. During the years he spent at Eagles-

wood he grew more and more absorbed in theological and philosophical studies that were, as his brother says, "taken up more as a relaxation after excessive efforts in the field of his art than as a regular pursuit." He became a disciple of Henry George and a devout Swedenborgian; he believed in the mystic significance of numbers and would talk for hours at a stretch on such topics. "Art, Religion and the Single Tax theory were his chief themes," says Elliott Daingerfield, a younger painter who knew him well, "and by a curiously interesting weaving, his logic could make all three one and the same thing. His moods were so well known to me that I could readily tell from his very knock on my door whether I was to be taken off across the hall to his studio to view some great advance in his picture or whether he was to drop into a chair in silence for a while, worn, tired, and with the depression of spirit which only the artistic nature can understand. At such a time one word upon some abstract theme, no matter what, if really serious, would stir him into life and intense speech. It would not be argument, as between two, for when Inness talked, the flame needed no draught."

Characteristic as were these outbursts of eloquence, Inness was at heart something of the recluse, silent and selfabsorbed, pursuing his own course quite alone a good deal of the time. He had to an amazing degree the power to lose himself in his work. For years his painting brought him little recognition, but he was as indifferent to honors as he was to money. The one thing that mattered was that he should succeed in expressing on canvas the moods that gripped him so strongly when he looked at nature. He never did succeed; he was never once known to be satisfied with anything he had painted. His son tells more than one story of how he dismayed, or sometimes infuriated, a patron by giving a canvas "a few finishing touches" that made of it an entirely different

picture. The idea that a prospective customer had any right to express a preference always seemed to him utter non-sense and in such a case, he "could never be polite even when the rent was due." In quieter moods Inness admitted that he did sometimes ruin his own best efforts, but when the next picture on the easel fell short of his own dreams, he forgot all his resolutions. So the struggle for perfection went on. There were usually a dozen or more pictures standing about in his studio in various stages, for if he was temporarily too disheartened to go on with one, he turned to another. When the spell was on him, he painted happily enough with complete absorption in his task.

What concerned him more and more, as the years passed, was the portrayal not merely of objective fields and trees such as the camera would show, but of the various moods of nature. Much of himself, much of the mysticism, the abstract philosophic interests that enriched his life found inevitable expression in his painting. "Rivers, streams, the rippling brook, the hillside, the sky, clouds—all things that we see—can convey sentiment if we are in the love of God and the desire of truth," he writes. "Some persons suppose that landscape has no power of conveying human sentiment. But this is a great mistake. The civilized landscape peculiarly can; and therefore I love it more and think it more worthy of reproduction than that which is savage and untamed. It is more significant."

Aside from his art, the painter's life was uneventful. Its chief breaks were his journeys to Europe, after each of which he would return on fire with what he had seen and eager to try out new experiments in technique. Medals and honors came in due season. Fairly early in his career, Inness had been made an Academy associate, in course of time was elected an Academician and was a member, also, of the Academy's rival, the Society of American Artists. But ex-

cept for sending his pictures to their exhibits, he took little interest in these organizations. During the last years of his life he lived in the town of Montclair, in New Jersey, where he had a roomy frame house, connected by a long wooden gallery with that of his son-in-law, Jonathan Scott Hartley, the sculptor. He maintained a New York studio to which he went regularly, for Inness could paint nature best in the city within four walls. In his last years he had the satisfaction of seeing his son, George Inness Jr., whom he had taught to paint, win a place for himself in American art. Inness died while traveling abroad, August 3, 1894, at the Bridge of Allan, Scotland.

JAMES A. McNEILL WHISTLER

N the year 1878 a curious libel suit was the talk of all England. James A. McNeill Whistler, an American-born artist of forty odd, of whose paintings few had ever heard anything good, had

brought suit against the nation's most distinguished art critic, John Ruskin. Of Whistler's painting entitled Nocturne, Black and Gold, The Falling Rocket, Ruskin had written from his chair at Oxford University, "For Mr. Whistler's own sake, no less than for the protection of the purchaser, Sir Coutts Lindsay ought not to have admitted work into the gallery in which the ill-educated conceit of the artist so nearly approached the aspect of willful imposture. I have seen and heard much of cockney impudence before now, but never expected to hear a coxcomb ask two hundred guineas for flinging a pot of paint in the public's face."

Ruskin guarded his dignity by refusing to appear in court, but alas for the dignity of his opponent-at-law! In the course of the farcical trial, the Attorney General of England said that he "did not know when so much amusement had been afforded the British public as by Mr. Whistler's pictures." Nevertheless, Whistler won his verdict of damages to the extent of one farthing and costs, and ever afterward flaunted the farthing on his watch chain. And though he continued to paint pictures that were just as serious and sincere as his *Nocturne* and the now celebrated *Portrait of the Artist's Mother* had been, from that time on he accepted

the rôle of amusing the British public, elevated it into a high calling, as it were, and proceeded to play the changes on it with infinite gusto.

Whistler had been born in 1834, in Lowell, Massachusetts, though his birthplace was frequently said to be Baltimore and he himself took a strange satisfaction in keeping both date and city a mystery. His father was a West Point man, a major in the United States Army and an engineer of unusual attainments. When Jamie was nine, Major Whistler was called to Russia by the Imperial Government to superintend the building of the St. Petersburg-Moscow Railway and the entire Whistler family went with him to make their home in St. Petersburg for the next six years. Mrs. Whistler's diary gives many a pleasant little picture of her Jamie —slipping a poem under her plate at the breakfast table on his tenth birthday, manfully guiding her through a St. Petersburg mob with much merriment over her timidity, and once, on a visit to Peterhof Palace, being "so saucy as to laugh" at Peter the Great's attempts at painting. But she saw her son clearly, this mother of Whistler's, for all her affectionate pride, and after the return to America the diary records that Jamie was still "an excitable spirit with little perseverance" and displayed "habits of indolence."

In course of time, Whistler, like his father, became a cadet at West Point Military Academy. He remained there for three years but was finally dismissed as deficient in chemistry. In after years when asked why he left West Point, he once said dryly, "If silicon had been a gas, madam, I should have been a soldier."

This failure was a keen disappointment to him, for he had been brought up on the traditions of his military forbears and took great pride in the achievements of the army. He remained a loyal West Pointer to the end of his days. Very much at sea as to what to do next, he accepted now, for

want of something better, a position in Washington drawing government maps in the Coast Survey. But he found the work a bore, and his unpunctual habits, which had already caused him some little trouble at West Point, were enough

to horrify any office force in Washington.

Whistler never had any regard for the clock. Years later, when a prominent and fussy official demanded his presence somewhere at "four-thirty precisely," he answered, "I have never been able and never shall be able to be anywhere at 'four-thirty precisely.'" And once he told his fellow artist Chase, who was urging him to leave the canvas that absorbed him and dress for an important dinner engagement, "Besides, they won't do anything until I get there—they never do."

But these bon mots belong to a later period. The boy of twenty who was so averse to office drudgery was gay and witty and irresponsible, but he had not yet begun to adopt any conscious pose. He was poor in those days and lived in a bare old attic, where he once entertained the distinguished Russian chargé d'affaires, concocting the simple meal himself with perfect ease, to that diplomat's great amazement.

The Washington experience, as might have been expected, lasted only a few months, and in 1855 young Whistler, who had always showed talent for drawing, was on his way abroad to study art. He was never to return to America, though of that prospect he had then no notion. He entered the Paris atelier of Charles Gabriel Gleyre, made friends, plunged enthusiastically into the work and play of the Latin Quarter. Among his fellow students in Gleyre's workshop were the afterward famous artists Degas and Fantin-Latour and a brilliant young chap named Du Maurier, who was to turn this picturesque Bohemian life into copy for his novel, Trilby. When the novel appeared in serial form, it contained a caricature of Whistler which



Courtesy of Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York
CONNIE GILCHRIST DANCING WITH A SKIPPING-ROPE
By James A. McNeill Whistler



aroused his ire to such an extent that he wrote the publishers and insisted on its being edited out of the next edition. But that, too, was later on, when the artist had become adept in his "gentle art of making enemies."

For the first few years of his career Whistler's work caused no great stir. His etchings made friends for him from the first; his paintings, not yet so very different from the paintings of other men, gradually won a meager amount of recognition. But the young painter was studying Velasquez, and what was even more significant, he was collecting Japanese color prints. Under the spell of the decorative traditions of oriental art he came to think of a painting as a pattern of line and color that made its appeal almost independent of subject matter—not because it told a story or seemed almost as lifelike as something actually seen, but because it was a thing of sheer beauty. In this frame of mind he began to see and paint a Chelsea twilight as a Nocturne, Gray and Silver and a portrait as an Arrangement in Gray and Black or a Harmony in Gray and Green.

These extraordinary titles and no less extraordinary pictures seemed mere foolishness to London critics, but at least such foolishness as afforded them a welcome diversion. No one so dull that he could not bethink him of crushing remarks concerning "nocturnes" and "arrangements." Even Whistler's famous portrait of his mother, which now hangs in a place of honor in half the homes of England and America, was the occasion of much venom when first exhibited under the title Arrangement in Gray and Black. It would never have got so far as the Academy walls if a prominent member of the jury had not threatened to resign unless it were hung. The portrait of Carlyle was similarly berated. Everything Whistler painted was an occasion for rancor. Matters came to a head with Ruskin's stinging phrases—"ill-educated conceit," "willful imposture," "cockney impudence," and "cox-

comb . . . flinging a pot of paint in the public's face." Whistler's fighting blood was up—he could endure no more!

He entered suit for libel against Ruskin and in the face of England's laughter won his precious farthing. He threw himself into the game of outwitting his enemies, of returning blow for blow, with sometimes as much venom but always more finesse. About this time he was engaged in decorating what was known as the "peacock room" for a friend of wealth and influence who had bought a number of his paintings. The two men unfortunately came to some disagreement about the price of the work, begun in a spirit of friendly enthusiasm without so much as mentioning the matter of money. After the room had been thrown open to friends, gossip began to be busy about a conspicuous panel on which were painted two rampant peacocks. On inspection, one was seen to be a caricature of Whistler himself with his far-famed white forelock, the other of Whistler's patron clutching goldpieces in his talons.

A year or two after these first maneuvers at his "gentle art," Whistler went into bankruptcy, and like everything else that he did in those days, carried it off in quite the grand manner, with an eye to dramatic effect. He was just in process of moving into a fine new residence that the architect E. W. Godwin had built for him-"the White House," it was called. The work of finishing and decorating went slowly, but newly purchased draperies, silver, linens, elaborate furnishings of all sorts were standing about in bundles and more being sent in daily. Then one day a bailiff arrived and took possession. This honest citizen wore his hat in the White House drawing-room, but Whistler, so the story goes, "soon settled that. He went out into the hall and fetched a stick and daintily knocked the man's hat off." The artist and the bailiff indulged in a number of astonishing conversations that sound as though they had been invented for a

Broadway audience. But Whistler had no money to pay his creditors and at last he submitted to his fate and sent out invitations to a farewell luncheon, characteristically explaining to his guests that they would know the house by the bill of sale stuck up outside. There shortly appeared beside the offending placard a notice stating in bold letters, "Except the Lord build the house, they labor in vain that build it. E. W. Godwin F. S. A. built this one."

After the crash, Whistler went jauntily off to Venice, where he lived in dilapidated quarters on almost nothing, but was the center of an admiring little group, who had afterward many a tale to tell of his high spirits and his ready wit. In Venice he did many of his best etchings, and these he exhibited on his return to London with a catalogue of the true Whistlerian flavor—instead of the usual complimentary notices, it contained some of the worst things that critics had ever said about his work. This was a Whistler defiantly carrying the war into the enemy's camp. He had discovered his skill with the weapon of words.

Ten O'Clock, a lecture on art given in London in the eighties and repeated by request at Oxford and Cambridge, fairly scintillated with wit of the brilliant, caustic variety that people were beginning to expect of him. Ironically enough, now when he delivered himself of such fiats as "There never was an artistic period, there never was an art-loving nation," "There are too many trees in the country," or "Nature is very rarely right, to such an extent even, that it might almost be said that nature is usually wrong," England applauded; for the same England that had found his Nocturnes ridiculous pronounced Ten O'Clock both brilliant and profound. About this same time appeared The Gentle Art of Making Enemies, in which were collected Whistler's many causes for grievance, with brief and witty comment on each—a unique volume decorated with the dainty butterfly with which

the artist invariably signed his work. The Gentle Art of Making Enemies took all London by storm—indeed Whistler soon had new quarrels on his hands and was rushing over to Belgium to sue the publisher of a pirated edition.

Meantime, though one wonders how there happened to be any meantime in the midst of all this tumult, Whistler continued to paint. The antic disposition that he may have put on to suit his purposes but that was now second nature, found no outlet in his paintings. They are never spoken of as clever or self-assertive; it is doubtful whether any one constructing the man's personality, centuries hence, from intensive criticism of his work, would find any hint of his skill at the gentle art of making enemies. In the clamor of voices recounting Whistler stories is heard, now and then, one in a quieter vein that speaks even of humility and self-dissatisfaction. "Oh my dear Fantin, what an education I have given myself! Or rather what a fearful want of education I am conscious of," he himself wrote in his prime, adding soberly that he was hard at work trying to remedy his faults.

Decorative beauty, poetic imagination, spiritual insight—these are the qualities that critics praise in the Whistler paintings. Something of the spirit of his art may perhaps be caught if one forgets the chatter about him and listens to him writing seriously of the London afterglow he loved:

And when the evening mist clothes the riverside with poetry, as with a veil, and the poor buildings lose themselves in the dim sky, and the tall chimneys become campanili, and the warehouses are palaces in the night, and the whole city hangs in the heavens, and fairyland is before us—then the wayfarer hastens home; the working man and the cultured one, the wise man and the one of pleasure cease to understand as they have ceased to see; and Nature, who for once has sung in tune, sings her exquisite song to the artist alone, her son and her master—her son in that he loves her, her master in that he knows her. To him her secrets are unfolded; to him her lessons have become gradually clear. He looks at her flower, not with the

enlarging lens, that he may gather facts for the botanist, but with the light of the one who sees in her choice selection of brilliant tones and delicate tints, suggestion of future harmonies.

Gradually now, in his later years, Whistler began to win the recognition that had so long been denied him. First came the presidency of the minor Society of British Artists, then a gold medal at Paris, a membership in the Munich Academy, the Cross of the Order of St. Michael, an LL.D. from Glasgow University, the Legion of Honor. He had married, in 1888, the widow of E. W. Godwin, the architect of the ill-fated White House, and the ten years of his married life were the most serene and productive of his entire career. Most of them were spent in Paris, where he and his wife were the center of a coterie of interesting friends.

During all these years Whistler was as witty as ever, if we can believe even half the tales that are told of him. He loved to startle any one and every one with his self-important poses. When an express company solicitously inquired as to whether some blank canvases that had been lost were of very great value, he replied, "Not yet, not yet."

Some one once complimented him on a painting, saying it was the finest work of the sort since Velasquez.

"But why drag in Velasquez?" 'drawled the unabashed Whistler.

After his wife died, he was never again quite so jaunty. But near the end of his life, when a London newspaper was moved by his illness to publish a summary of his career, he was enough his old self to write the editor: "May I acknowledge the tender little glow of health induced by reading, as I sat here in the morning sun, the flattering attention paid me by your gentleman of ready wreath and quick biography?"

A year or so later he died, on July 16, 1903, at the age of sixty-nine.

WINSLOW HOMER

N an isolated bit of rocky coast called Prout's Neck, near Scarborough, Maine, in a little studio cottage, Winslow Homer spent the last twenty-six years of his life, a recluse from society. Like

Thoreau, he did his own gardening and cooking, but unlike Thoreau he kept no journals to admit the sympathetic reader into the secret thoughts and occupations of his hermit life. Only his paintings, sent out at intervals, spoke of that life to the world outside. Says Kenyon Cox of their vigorous realism: "You might almost as well let the sea itself into your house as one of Homer's transcripts of it." Elsewhere Cox makes the statement that had Homer died at forty, before he began to paint the coast of Maine, he would not now be considered a painter of any importance.

The blood of hardy, sea-faring ancestors coursing through Homer's veins may possibly have had something to do with his love for the sea. He was, however, the son of a city hardware merchant and was born in Boston, February 24, 1836. No doubt as a child he sometimes watched with fascinated eyes while his mother worked at the flower painting that was a fashionable accomplishment for gentlewomen just then, and one in which she excelled. But his chief delight was in the outdoor world. Even as a boy Homer hated to be "cooped up." In the nearby town of Cambridge where the family moved when he was six, he led the active life of a small-town boy, making a fair enough record in school but happy when he was free for more en-

grossing matters. His habit of drawing pictures often brought him to grief in the schoolroom where, like many another child, he loved to decorate the margins of his books. But at home he was encouraged to sketch as much as he liked. The boyish drawings that accumulated in great piles were all of animals, birds, trees, woods, fields—the out-of-doors in which his keenest interest was already centered.

At eighteen Homer went to the city, since it was the city that seemed to promise most in the way of a future. He and his parents had agreed upon what seemed to them the sensible plan of his learning the trade of engraving. So he went into the plant of a Boston lithographer and during his two or three years of apprenticeship did such good work that the usual three-hundred-dollar bonus was remitted. He was entrusted with a good deal of designing, notably of title-pages for sheet music, and in time this work of his attracted the attention of the publishing house of Harper and Brothers, with the flattering result that he was urged to accept a New York position similar to that he held in Boston.

Homer refused the offer. He hated engraving, hated even more the routine and confinement of working under superiors. He was anxious to be done with his quondam trade forever. When he came of age he resigned his Boston position and set up as a free-lance artist. But the friendly interest of Harper and Brothers proved none the less to be the knock of opportunity on the door. Harper's Weekly bought a few of the drawings submitted by the young artist whom the house regarded with such favor, and thus began a connection that was to last for almost twenty years. During all that time Homer was to make his pictures chiefly for magazine readers—he was to be first the illustrator and afterward the artist. Would he, one wonders, have come sooner to the powerful canvases of Prout's Neck if he had been left alone to struggle with his art, or did the house of

Harper send him on the longest way round that proved to be

the shortest way home?

The first of his journeys afield was to New York, where he came to open a studio and also to make his only attempt, and that a brief one, at studying under instruction. He attended a night class at the Academy and also studied long enough under a French painter then in the city to be catalogued in after years as a "pupil of Rondel," though he seems to have had only four lessons. Homer was always more or less a law unto himself. While he was still an engraver's apprentice, he is reported to have said, "If a man wants to be an artist, he must never look at pictures."

When the Civil War broke out, Harper's Weekly sent him to the front. Soon thousands of subscribers were watching eagerly for his sketches of army life. Homer had a sort of flair for pictorial reporting; he was quick to see and record just those incidents of life behind the lines that appealed to the American public. Exciting years were these, years crowded with activity. Somehow in the midst of his duties as an illustrator, he found time for a number of more ambitious war pictures, which were exhibited at the National Academy. His painting Prisoners from the Front created a veritable sensation. "The picture fitted the hour," says Caffin, "but it would not have enlisted such an enthusiastic reception if it had not approximated in intensity to the pitch of the people's feeling. It has, in fact, the elements of a great picture quite apart from its association with the circumstances of the time." Two or three years later Prisoners from the Front and others of Homer's paintings were exhibited at the Paris Salon and brought much enthusiastic comment concerning their "national flavor." At home the young artist had been made an Academy associate and almost immediately afterward an Academician. In both popular and official circles his reputation was made.



THE NORTHEASTER
From the painting by Homer, in the Metropolitan Museum of Art



Success set Homer free to go abroad in search of "copy" and he was to roam about in many a picturesque corner of the world before he came at last to the lonely little cottage on the Massachusetts coast. In 1867 he made his first trip to Europe. John C. Van Dyke says he "spent ten months in Paris but what he did there can only be guessed at. He evidently attended no schools, haunted no galleries, made no friends among painters. He did some drawings of people copying in the Louvre and dancing in the Students' Quarter—that is about all. The inclination of the illustrator was with him rather than the groping instincts of an art student."

"Never was any painter more rurally-minded," writes Mrs. Van Renssalaer of the illustrator artist of this period. J. Alden Weir tells of a day when he found Homer in his New York studio wrapping up a pack of about a hundred sketches for which an art dealer had offered him five hundred dollars. "I'm going to chuck it all," Homer explained, meaning by "all" the hateful city. Soon after his return from Paris he went south in search of more of the scenes of negro life that had begun to interest him during the war period-Eating the Watermelon, The Cotton Pickers and the like; then he roamed the New England countryside painting barefoot school boys, little girls peeping out of huge sunbonnets, farmers at work in the hayfield; he did a few scenes in the fisherman's village of Gloucester that marked his first active interest in the sea; he visited the Adirondacks to paint hardy forest guides; he went to the picturesque English sea coast and the colorful West Indies. For years many of his pictures still appeared in Harper's Weekly and other magazines.

At last, in 1884, when he was forty-eight, Homer built his little studio cottage on the Massachusetts coast. He still went, now and then, to the tropics but for the greater part of the year he lived alone at Prout's Neck. Here he devoted

himself to painting the sea-at first, dramatic incidents of coast life and then, by slow degrees, pictures with less emphasis on human kind, more on the ocean itself. Such titles as Life Line, Undertow, Herring Net, Fog Warning, Eight Bells, Cannon Rock, The Northeaster, The Maine Coast, High Cliff, The Great Gale give a hint of the spirit of his work. He painted slowly, burying himself in his task with little regard for the demands of the outside world of exhibits and commissions. Concerning one picture that was being done to order for a dealer he wrote, in explanation of his long delay, "After waiting a full year, looking out every day for it-I got the light and the sea that I wanted, but as it was very cold I had to paint out of my window, and I was a little too far away—it is not good enough yet, and I must have another painting from nature on it." The picture—The Early Morning after Storm at Sea-did not reach the dealer until some seven or eight months later. Meantime the paintings that found their way to exhibits in this same tardy fashion during all these years were making a tremendous impress on the world of art. Critics were agreed that Homer was expressing something new and powerful, something that could not be ignored. In 1893 he was awarded a gold medal at the Columbian Exposition in Chicago, in 1900 another at Paris. Speaking of the fame of Homer's later work, his biographer, Mr. Downes, even goes so far as to say that "his pure marines are universally accepted as the greatest ever painted."

But fame apparently meant little to this man who had shut himself away from his fellows. No friends disturbed his labors long or often at Prout's Neck and little is known of the man himself. Perhaps after the death of his old father, only his two brothers could have told much of him, for he held consistently aloof from all other human ties. He had the reputation of being brusque to the point of un-

friendliness. A group of New York artists who happened to be in the vicinity of Scarborough on a summer jaunt, once made their way to the little cottage and told Homer's old servant they had come to call. But Homer refused even to see them, saying he had no time to waste on "a lot of enthusiastic art students."

He was equally unresponsive with writers who wanted to make copy of him. "My dear Mister or Madam Leila Mechlin," he wrote in 1907 at seventy-one—"I thank you sincerely for your interest in proposing an article on my work. Perhaps you think I am still interested in art. That is a mistake. I care nothing for art. I no longer paint. I do not wish to see my name in print again." To W. H. Downes, who has since Homer's death published a detailed and sympathetic biography, he wrote: "It may seem ungrateful to you that after your twenty-five years of hard work in booming my pictures I should not agree with you in regard to that proposed sketch of my life. But I think that it would probable kill me to have such [a] thing appear, and, as the most interesting part of my life is of no concern to the public, I must decline to give you any particulars in regard to it."

Once Homer himself, roaming about the shore in unpretentious garb, was taken for a fisherman and offered a quarter to tell where Winslow Homer, the artist, could be found. He solemnly demanded the quarter before he gave himself away. Figuratively, during those last years at Prout's Neck, he never did give himself away to the people who sought him out, and even his few friends found him difficult of approach.

But though he detested "publicity" and was impatient of intrusions from the outside world, Homer was never the misanthrope he was rumored to be. The man who could not waste time on his fellow artists, frequently entertained the local butcher in his studio and encouraged him to talk

about the picture on his easel; he had for his chore man an old down-and-outer whom nobody else would trust; he used to go to his brother's house daily with his bouquet of flowers during the prolonged illness of his sister-in-law; he somehow found out the facts and an address when a nephew was concealing hard luck from his family, and sent him a note reading, "Dear ——. No thanks for the enclosed." These things give a fairer idea of the real Winslow Homer than the many stories of his offishness, though undoubtedly he would have preferred not to have them heralded abroad.

Two years before his death Homer became quite ill. He was cared for in his brother's house for some weeks, but one day back he went to his own little studio, leaving the laconic note, "I am well and have quit—Winslow." He died there, September 29, 1910, in the cottage where he had lived and worked.

HOMER MARTIN

HEN Homer Martin was barely past his prime, his eyesight, which had never been good, began to fail to a terrifying degree. Speaking of the canvas then on his easel, his wife said that if he never painted another picture he would go down in a flame of glory. "I have learned to paint at last," was Martin's extraordinary reply. "If I were quite blind and knew just where the colors were on my palette, I could express myself."

Martin had been born in Albany, October 28, 1836. Like many another artist he is reported to have made some remarkable drawings as a small boy, and he himself said he spent his schooldays looking out of the windows at the Greenbush Hills and wishing for the time to come when he could go and sketch them. But a hasty series of failures in other fields, more than anything else, led him to the career of artist. At school he was inattentive and when he went into his father's carpenter shop at thirteen, found it no more to his liking than the classroom. Then he proved good for little or nothing at clerking in a store and was dismissed from an architect's office because of defective vision. His eyesight was so bad that he could hardly so much as see or draw a vertical correctly; and on this account he was later eliminated from the Civil War draft.

Even in his own chosen field of painting Martin was to have little worldly success, but such as he had came early in his career. As a boy of sixteen he had managed somehow to get into the good graces of a little group of artists who were at work in Albany and he fairly haunted their studios. One of these men, a sculptor well known in the city, took enough interest to go to young Martin's father and persuade him that his son had a future in art; another, a painter, gave the boy lessons for two weeks. There his formal training as an artist began and stopped. But these Albany painters belonged to the so-called "Hudson River School," which was said to be producing, at last, a truly American art. Launching out under their influence just when the movement was at its greatest vogue, Martin won his laurels as a landscape painter with surprising ease. His early paintings were, like theirs, panoramic "views" with every detail painted with the utmost care; for, as he said later, he hardly dared to trust his own defective eyesight and paint nature as he really saw it. But his ardent love of the wilds redeemed these early paintings. "Martin's landscapes look as if no one but God and himself had seen the places," some one once said of them: and in her reminiscences of her husband Mrs. Martin writes: "There is an austerity, a remoteness, a certain savagery in even the sunniest and most peaceful of his landscapes which were also in him, and an instinctive perception of which had made me say to him in the early days of our acquaintance that he reminded me of Ishmael."

It was in Martin's early twenties in Albany that he met and married Elizabeth Gilbert Davis. She gives a vivid picture of her first visit to his studio and Martin himself hastily stuffing things out of sight behind a screen when she and her brother arrived. In their long married life, with its friendships and Bohemian pleasures and its sometimes desperately bitter struggle to make a living, Mrs. Martin shared Martin's interests with a rare camaraderie. They were both of them freethinkers in these days, Martin very exuberant over having freed himself from the prejudices of his strictest of Methodist upbringings. His wife was a woman of talent who

in time became known for her reviews in the Nation and for general magazine writing and one or two novels as well. Shortly after their marriage the Martins moved to New York, and here, with Martin painting in one of the Tenth Street studios, or off on a sketching trip in his beloved mountains, or dropping in for a happy hour at the Century Club, and Mrs. Martin writing reviews and housekeeping after a not too systematic fashion and bringing up two boys, it was a busy life they led.

But there was no danger of Martin's being swept into any deadening external routine by the pressure of New York life. Not only did he love his solitary mountains too well to be happy long away from them, but he could never work well unless he were in the mood. For long periods, weeks and months at a time, his brush would lie idle while he was slowly absorbing new impressions. Often he was accused by impatient friends of being lazy, but his seems to have been one of those natures that found it difficult to create except through long periods of reflection. Most of his best pictures were conceived in idle moments and painted months afterward. "I cannot paint," he replied, once, to some remonstrance or other on this point. "I do not know where the impulse comes from, nor why it stays away. All I know is that when it comes I can do nothing but paint; and when it goes I can do nothing but dawdle." His wife adds, "That was absolutely true and it was also very inconvenient."

Inconvenient it must have been, indeed, for Martin was not prosperous; his pictures had won no great renown. The vogue of the Hudson River School was passing and the quarrel between Academy and Society absorbed the New York world of art. Martin held membership in both organizations, but they apparently meant little to him or he to them. Under the influence of the Barbizon painters, and more particularly of Corot, he had freed himself from the

fear of trusting his own eyes and had begun to paint landscapes in masses of line and color. But these pictures were said by some critics to fall below the promise of his early work, and even when they were well received, brought little money. Martin's chief patrons were not art dealers, but his own friends of the Century Club who knew him as a genial, big-hearted man of the world,—the best of good fellows and frequently in dire straits.

Few of these club friends ever thought of Martin as an Ishmael; he seldom talked shop, and if he had been off to paint one of the lonely places only he and God knew about, he returned brimming over with his usual witty stories and bits of droll repartee. Apparently he had as keen a hunger for companionship as for solitude. Though he held aloof from official organizations, he and Mrs. Martin made many warm friends in literary and artistic circles, both in this country and abroad. The Pennells, for instance, speak of Whistler dining at a cheap French restaurant, good of its kind, with Albert Moore and Homer Martin, "a man in whom he delighted."

Martin's sojourns in Europe were among his fallow periods when he could do little work but insisted that he was "soaking it all up." His first trip had taken him to the haunts of Corot with a marked effect upon his art; a second was to prove equally fruitful. He had gone abroad on commission to make some sketches of George Eliot's country for Century Magazine, and afterward he and Mrs. Martin were in London for a time and saw something of Henley. the Gosses, Whistler and other of their friends. Then some money, arriving unexpectedly, took them to Villerville in Normandy, and here in this picturesque little seacoast village they lived in simple yet hospitable fashion, visited from time to time by people they both enjoyed. Long before this time Mrs. Martin had become a devout Catholic, centering much



VIEW ON THE SEINE

From the painting by Martin, in the Metropolitan Museum of Art



of her life in a mystical faith which her freethinking husband could not share, but the old bond between them held and she records that this was "the most tranquil and satisfactory period of our life together." Martin made a number of beginnings of pictures to be finished later, but he did little actual work, even though the family bank account was soon in a more than ordinarily precarious state. By one expedient or another, however, the Martins managed to lengthen this happy interlude month after month until they had been abroad some four years.

By all accounts, Martin did his best work in the ten or twelve years that followed. In his New York studio he painted steadily on many canvases that had had their inspiration in the village of Normandy. Among them was his View on the Seine, a painting perhaps even better known by the poetic title The Harp of the Winds, which the Martins had used in discussing it with each other in Normandy long before it took shape on canvas. Martin changed his title from a horror of being thought literary or sentimental and even altered the shape of his trees to avoid any obvious allusion. But in addition to what Isham in another connection calls "the same deep, grave melancholy, sobering but not saddening, which is the keynote of Martin's work," the canvas was instinct with the poetry of its original conception. Not long after the artist's death this painting, in its engraved form, became immensely popular, though when it was first painted, it went begging.

Martin's eyesight now began to fail rapidly; an oculist found the optic nerve of one eye dead and the other threatened with cataract. He worked with tremendous energy during those dark days. "Such a last rally as Homer Martin made," says his biographer Mather, "enlarges one's faith in human nature, so little was it to be predicted of a man nearly blind, shattered in health and baffled through a life-

time." Finally he and Mrs. Martin, whose health had broken under the strain, went to the home of their son in St. Paul. Even here he kept on painting. The pictures finished were sent in a lot to a dealer in New York, but ironically enough, they did not sell, even at low prices. Martin was now too wretched to paint any more. But some of his old friends wrote to ask the privilege of making his last days as comfortable as possible, and at Mrs. Martin's suggestion, their gift was used to purchase the View on the Seine, which was thus presented to the Metropolitan Museum by "a group of gentlemen." Martin died of a malignant growth in the throat in St. Paul, February 12, 1897.

JOHN LA FARGE

OROT fought his way clear from becoming a draper, Romney a carpenter, Inness a grocery clerk. A strange reversal of this oft-repeated story presents itself in the career of John La

Farge. Says La Farge himself: "No one has struggled more against his destiny than I, nor did I for many years acquiesce in being a painter. Though I learned the methods and studied the problems of my art, I had hoped to find some other mode of life, some other way of satisfying the desire for a contemplation of truth, unbiased, free, and detached." Although there were no external obstacles in his path, La Farge planned to enter the law and did not definitely make up his mind that he would be an artist until he was past twenty-five. But once committed to art, he gave to it a unique devotion.

His were by right of birth all the advantages that wealth, culture and a fine old family tradition can give. By the time La Farge was born, this tradition was sending new roots deep into American soil, but it had been transplanted from France in a generation of upsetting adventure. Stirring as a romance are the exploits of the artist's French father, Jean-Frédéric de la Farge, from the day he first left his native land as one of an army sent to quell a rebellion in Santo Domingo until he settled permanently in New York some thirty years afterward. In Santo Domingo the young lieutenant and his company were captured and every man but himself was put to death by slow torture before his very eyes. He was kept alive only that he might teach the Santo

Domingan insurgent, General Guerrier, to read and write. Later, when a massacre of the whites was planned, he received warning in time to make his escape and, arriving by chance in Philadelphia, he entered upon the adventurous life of a sea trader. During the years that followed he acquired a plantation in Louisiana and large properties in New York State and in time built up a substantial fortune. Finally, tiring of his roving life, he settled in the French colony in New York, where were many families of refugees, some who had fled from the horrors of the French Revolution and others from Santo Domingo. Among the latter was an explanter, M. Binesse de St. Victor, whose daughter he married. The couple moved into a house near St. John's Church in downtown New York, then one of the most exclusive neighborhoods of the city, and here was born, on March 31. 1835, a son who was given the Americanized name John La Farge.

The boy grew up in a home where books and pictures of the best sort were both plentiful and greatly loved, a home, also, where intellectual discipline of the strictest sort prevailed. His aristocratic old grandfather and grandmother Binesse de St. Victor, who had lost practically everything in Santo Domingo, were bravely making ends meet by teaching a few pupils. At the age of six John took lessons in miniature painting from his grandfather, who was a painter of genuine ability and a very thorough teacher. "The teaching was as mechanical as it could be," La Farge remembered of it, "and was rightly based on the notion that a boy ought to be taught so as to know his trade. There was not the slightest alleviation and no suggestion of this being 'art.' " As for John's grandmother, who was conducting a successful school for young ladies, she found time to give the boy plenty of severe drill in eighteenth-century French. In boyhood he read both French and English-St. Pierre,



THE MUSE OF PAINTING
From the painting by La Farge, in the Metropolitan Museum of Art



Rousseau, Bossuet, Homer, Defoe, Voltaire, among others. He went to Columbia Grammar School and for a time to Columbia College, but graduated, finally, at Mount St. Mary's, a Catholic college in Maryland. Meantime he had, from time to time, continued to have lessons in painting as a part of his general education.

Almost any boy growing up in such an environment would have acquired the habits of the student. But La Farge had more than mere superficial scholarship; first and last he was the student at heart. To let his intellect and imagination play about a subject, approaching it patiently from a dozen different angles, always holding his mind open for some new truth, was a real joy to him. It was this fundamental trait that took him into a lawyer's office after his college days were over. He was, at the same time, keenly interested in art. But what he felt was not the usual feverish desire of the young artist to express his own ideas of the world about him so much as a need of understanding the significance of the pictures that moved him so deeply. He was making himself more and more at home in the world of the artist. Nevertheless the practical business of painting and selling pictures to make a living had little lure for him; he preferred to devote to art only his leisure time.

After a good many months of reading law, La Farge's father sent him abroad for a year of travel. He went first of all to visit his relatives in Paris. An intoxicating experience it must have been for the young American, then only twenty-one, when he was made at home in the circle of his cousin Paul de St. Victor and Paul's father, his own greatuncle. The father was an eloquent champion of the old order, the son of the new. Each had a number of brilliant volumes to his credit and between them they knew every one worth knowing in the literary and artistic world of Paris. After a time, on the advice of his own vigorous old

father, who distrusted his "desultory interest in many things" and wished him to study art seriously, La Farge had a talk with Couture and spent some two weeks in that master's studio. Afterward, he traveled about Europe from gallery to gallery, quietly, on his own initiative, copying the drawings of the old masters. But when he returned to America, it was to go back for a time to the law. He went halting between two opinions for months,-spent his leisure at work in a studio in the Tenth Street Building, then went to Newport to study with William Morris Hunt, who was just back from Europe, where he had sat at the feet of the Barbizon painters. At Newport La Farge was to live and work for the rest of his life, with frequent periods in New York, for there he met and married Margaret Perry, granddaughter of Commodore Perry and a great granddaughter of Benjamin Franklin.

When at last La Farge abandoned law for art, it was with the sense of yielding wholeheartedly to the inevitable. But he did not, like Burne-Jones, "find himself at twenty-five where he should have been at fifteen." His early years had been far from wasted. Not only had he acquired a working knowledge of technique but he had stored up inner resources that were invaluable to a man who believed that art was "never the mere representation of what we see." There was, however, nothing outwardly dramatic in La Farge's entry into the world of art, any more than there had been in the struggle that brought him to that decision. He began to paint, to exhibit, to do what he could to make a living. For years he made little headway, and he was handicapped, besides, with a very severe illness. But in the two or three years that it took him to regain his health, he did some illustrations for Browning and Tennyson, and for the Gospels, that received a good deal of praise, and meantime his landscapes and flower paintings were slowly making friends for him. One landscape, entitled Paradise Valley, was especially praised. His election to the Academy, at thirty-four, in a sense marked the end of his period of probation.

But the turning-point in La Farge's career came five years later, in 1876, when he was asked to decorate the walls of Trinity Church in Boston. This important commission was given to the artist quite suddenly, with only a few months to plan the work and carry it through to completion. Nothing of the sort had been attempted in America before except on a small scale. But La Farge had long pondered over the possibilities of American church decoration; indeed his work in Boston was the outcome of a discussion he had had with his friend H. H. Richardson, the architect, some nine or ten years previous. When the opportunity came, it found him ready.

Circumstances more trying could hardly be imagined. The ten or twelve artists working under him were inexperienced and looked to him for direction, and there was absolutely no time for experiment. When the scaffolding proved inadequate or some other emergency arose, it was necessary to improvise a remedy in short order. Not only was all the work done under terrific time pressure between early September and February, but there was the additional discomfort of working extremely long hours in the coldest winter weather, without protection-indeed with overcoats and gloves on. But the handicaps overcome only added to the fame of the achievement. The murals were hailed far and wide as opening up a new field of American art, a field in which John La Farge was inevitably the outstanding figure. From this time on he did relatively few easel pictures but many decorations for churches, public buildings and private houses. Chief among them, perhaps, is his Ascension in the Church of the Ascension in New York City, which is sometimes spoken of as the most important mural in America.

Church decoration involved the designing of stained glass windows, and here John La Farge won his greatest renown. He set up his own shop and glass furnace in New York and with the help of skilled workmen, who carried on the more mechanical processes under his supervision, executed several thousands of windows, each one, in its way, a work of art. Characteristically, La Farge had gone very thoroughly into the study of stained glass years before he had the opportunity to execute commissions. His first keen interest in the subject had come one day during his long illness when the so-called opal glass of a receptacle for tooth powder had set his mind to working out the effects that might be produced by attention to complementary colors. Technically his innovations were such that the jury conferring upon him the Legion of Honor for a window at the Paris Exposition of 1889, said of him, "He is the great innovator, the creator of opaline glass. He has created in all its details an art unknown before, an entirely new industry."

La Farge had conducted his experiments in the plating of pot-metal glass and similar researches under the shadow of the old French cathedrals, whose windows he felt had never been equaled. Henry Adams tells of going "to Chartres, where La Farge not only felt at home but felt a sort of ownership" and where, since "long habit had led La Farge to resign himself to Adams as one who meant well, though deplorably Bostonian," he shared the artist's days of patient, absorbed research. "In conversation," says Adams, "La Farge's mind was opaline with infinite shades and refractions of light, and with color toned down to the finest gradations. In glass it was insubordinate; it was renaissance; it asserted his personal force with depth and vehemence of tone never before seen. He seemed bent on crushing rivalry."

One reads this and much more of interest concerning La

Farge in The Education of Henry Adams, as one reads also of John Hay and Clarence King, the other members of a remarkable quartet of friends. Says Adams of La Farge, whom he describes elsewhere as "even-tempered to an inconceivable degree":

Of all the men who had deeply affected their friends since 1850 John La Farge was certainly the foremost, and for Henry Adams, who had sat at his feet since 1872, the question how much he owed to La Farge could be answered only by admitting that he had no standard to measure it by. Of all his friends La Farge alone owned a mind complex enough to contrast against the commonplaces of American uniformity, and in the process had vastly perplexed most Americans who came in contact with it. . . .

One was never quite sure of his whole meaning until it was too late to respond, for he had no difficulty in carrying different shades of contradiction in his mind. As he said of his friend Okakura, his thought ran as a stream runs through grass, hidden perhaps but always there, and one felt often uncertain in what direction it flowed, for even a contradiction was to him only a shade of difference, a complementary color, about which no intelligent artist would dispute. Constantly he repulsed argument; "Adams, you reason too much!" was one of his standing reproaches even in the mild discussion of rice and mangoes in the warm night of Tahiti dinners.

Twice La Farge left his workshop to go on leisurely journeys to the Orient with his friend Adams, and out of these journeys came many water color sketches and two travel books of unusual charm, An Artist's Letters from Japan and Reminiscences of the South Seas. La Farge's travel books may be read with pleasure by any one; but his volume entitled Considerations on Painting, written in this same period, makes difficult reading even for the student, for it shows, at work in its own field, the complex mind that delighted Henry Adams. This book, which has been called "the most important utterance on art in America," was originally a series of six lectures delivered

at the Metropolitan Museum of Art. La Farge had long been prominent in official art circles. Himself an Academician, he was for a time president of the Academy's rival, the Society of American Artists, lending his support to the movement not so much from a crusading spirit as from a characteristic fair-mindedness—his old tendency to see a thing from many points of view. During his later years he took only a casual and honorary part in the affairs of these two organizations. But most of La Farge's notable murals and windows and some few easel paintings were executed during the last twenty years of his life. He died November 14, 1910, at the age of seventy-five.

WILLIAM MERRITT CHASE

F William Merritt Chase it has been said that he "taught more young people to handle a brush than any other painter of any time, not even excepting Rubens." When Chase came back from his studies

abroad, the times were ripe in America for just such a man. His career coincided with a vigorous development in American art, and as teacher painter and president of the insurgent Society of American Artists, he played a leading rôle.

His was the typical boyhood of the Middle West. He was born November 1, 1849, in Williamsburg in Franklin County, Indiana, a little village that boasted only a couple of hundred inhabitants. Though he soon acquired a reputation for drawing pictures, no one took that very seriously for a long time, not even the boy himself. At sixteen he went to work in his father's shoe store in Indianapolis. At nineteen he left home—not to study art but to enlist in the navy. However, life aboard the training-ship Portsmouth proved a dreary, unromantic business, and he was very grateful when his father got him out of the scrape and back into the family shoe shop.

But something or other had happened to him, and there were no more false starts. He coaxed the members of his family into posing for their portraits—even the family calf with his head stuck through a knot hole—and worked so earnestly that in spite of his father's scorn he won permission to study with a local artist. One teacher said he had no real talent, but a second was more encouraging. After that his

course lay straight ahead. He went to New York for two years of study, then, after a period of work in St. Louis, where his parents were living by this time, was off for further training in Europe. In the seventies America had little to offer in the way of adequate technical instruction in art. Later Chase was to give the better part of his life to providing for a younger generation of American students the thorough training that he himself now felt it absolutely necessary to seek abroad.

Munich and not Paris was his choice. So strong was the lure of the art world that centered about the Munich Royal Academy that a fair-sized colony of American art students had already gathered there and others were arriving. Chase soon made a place for himself, both in the Academy school and with the congenial group of fellows who used to meet for dinner at the Max Emmanuel Café. Here, after a pleasant meal in a low, dark paneled room, they would linger a while over their pipes and huge steins of Munich beer to talk endlessly of the things of the studio. Chase was by no means the only one of this little club who was to win distinction in American art; among others were Dielman, Currier, Shirlaw and Duveneck. For all of them those were never-to-be-forgotten years, crowded with hard work and stimulating companionship. Chase made steady progress under Piloty, and before he left Munich was even urged to become one of the Academy instructors.

Meantime, in America had come an extraordinary artistic awakening. For some years before Chase's departure it had been in the air; art museums had been springing up under the auspices of wealthy business men as concrete evidence of a growing interest in art. Now, suddenly, the Centennial Exposition of 1876, held in Philadelphia, focused all that interest on the actual work of American artists, and particularly the work of the younger men who had begun

to return from study abroad. Chase sent home from Munich a picture that won a medal at this Exposition. A year or two later he was welcomed back to New York, to take charge of the first painting class of the new Art Students' League.

His arrival created some little stir in the New York world of art. For one thing, he opened a big studio on Tenth Street, furnished with tapestry, oriental rugs, screens, brass bowls, old books and the like, with even a few gay macaws and a couple of strange little dogs. All this was something new under the sun for an artist's studio in the New York of the seventies. Most of his possessions Chase had picked up in Venice, where he had spent a year after leaving Munich. He had little money that year, was once seriously ill and often had to suffer real hardships to satisfy his desire for collecting. With him it was no mere caprice but a passion that was to last a lifetime.

There were, of course, those who regarded the Tenth Street studio, Chase's black servant Daniel in his red fez, the Russian greyhound and certain other signs and symbols from abroad as mere affectation. But there was no ignoring this "Beau Brummel with the vitality of ten men," as one of his students describes him. He threw open his picturesque studio for Saturday receptions that had a great vogue in both social and artistic circles and kept open house for the vounger artists, who used to gather in his studio to talk long and earnestly about the future of American art. Soon he was giving his support, heart and soul, to the Society of American Artists that had been organized as a rival to the National Academy a year or so before his return. For a time the cleavage between the older artists and the young men who had studied in Europe was very sharp. It seemed to these younger painters the height of absurdity that they should be discriminated against, as they felt they were, simply because they had gone abroad to learn technique from men who really knew it. Chase even used to insist belligerently that mastery of technique was the one and only important thing to aim at in painting. In time he became the acknowledged leader of the new Society and for ten years served as its president. He took a great joy in battle for a cause so dear to his heart. But he was not averse to peace if it could be peace with honor. In 1890 he accepted full membership in the Academy, still serving as president of its rival but allying himself with the little group of men who belonged to both organizations, La Farge, Inness, Martin and Homer among them. Years later, the entire Society of Artists was received into the Academy fold.

Meantime the same qualities of robust leadership that Chase displayed in his relations with the Society were finding outlet, also, in his work at the Art Students' League. "They say I am conceited. I don't deny it. I believe in myself and I must," he is reported to have said once in a talk at the National Arts Club. John C. Van Dyke, who quotes this manifesto in his American Painting and Its Tradition, adds, "As philosophy that may not be very profound, but as a working faith, paint-brush in hand, it is superb." Belief in himself and in the value of what he had to contribute was as fundamental with Chase as was his belief in the importance of good workmanship or in the future of American art. He fairly radiated faith in these things. Hundreds of his pupils caught from him something of his own vigorous enthusiasm just as surely as they learned a technique of painting.

It was an extremely busy life this artist led, filled to the brim with innumerable objective interests. Almost every year he went abroad to visit fellow artists, exhibitions and museums and, in general, keep in touch with the best work that was being done in Europe. At home he seldom got



LA CARMENCITA
From the painting by Chase, in the Metropolitan Museum of Art



away from the responsibilities of classes and committee meetings. He had a large and lively family,—in course of time eight children; and there was, besides, his hobby of collecting, which absorbed much of his time. Yet in the midst of all these varied activities, he managed to do considerable painting.

It may have been partly because he had so little time for reflection that critics are apt to praise his pictures in slightly disparaging tone for their brilliant surface treatment. But it was also because his theory of art exalted good, clever technique. "Subject is not important," he is quoted as saying in one of his talks. "Anything can be made attractive. Not long ago I painted a pipe, a loaf and a bowl of milk.

. . I would not be unwilling to rest my reputation on it.

. . . Let your brush sweep freely. Better to lose it than to give way to timidity which soon becomes a habit. . . . Better by dashingly bad than uniinteresting."

In his paintings of dead fish with their wet, scaly surfaces and gleam of iridescent coloring, Chase proved time and again the truth of his contention that anything could be made attractive. So much praise was lavished on these canvases that he was wont to say he supposed posterity would think of him as a fish painter. But he could not complain of lack of recognition in other spheres. His portraits and genre pictures were always well received. Of all his paintings, those that are most often singled out as his best work are the portrait of his mother and The Woman with the White Shawl.

In 1895 came a break in the busy, successful whirl of activity. For some reason or other Chase was in financial straits and found it necessary to sell off all his pictures, of which he had at one time no less than six hundred, and his prized collections and give up the Tenth Street studio. He was no longer president of the Society of American Artists,

and after spending a few months in Spain returned not to the Art Student's League but to open a school of his own. This was known for a time as the Chase School and later became the New York School of Art.

In his new school and a new studio, however, Chase took up with the same untiring enthusiasm the old way of life. He was almost immediately as busy or busier than ever. Three or four years before, he had built a house and studio out on the sand dunes at Shinnecock, Long Island, and started a summer art school. It became a veritable Mecca for art students and absorbed much of his interest. Later he conceived the plan of taking an entire class of students abroad for the summer, settling once in Holland, other years in England, Spain and Italy. Not only were his students urged to haunt the galleries and study the old masters, but he himself took them to the studios of Sargent, Abbey, Alma Tadema and numerous other modern artists. All in all, it is difficult to overestimate the extent of his influence on the younger generation of American artists. His students paid him a fitting tribute when they asked him to sit to Sargent for the portrait that now hangs in the Metropolitan Museum. He died October 25, 1916, at the age of sixtyseven.

JOHN SINGER SARGENT

OHN SINGER SARGENT, who is called an "American" artist, was born in Italy, spoke German as his earliest tongue, was educated in Italy, France and Germany, and spent most of his

life in England. He never so much as saw America until he was twenty, and made only a brief visit at that time. But his ancestors on both sides were of pioneer American stock. Sargent's father was a well-known physician who had been surgeon to Wills Hospital in Philadelphia and upon retiring from the hospital staff had taken his family abroad to live. A year or so later, on January 12, 1856, in Florence, Italy, was born John Singer Sargent.

Young Sargent grew up quietly at home in the routine of a life, any day of which would have seemed exciting to the average American boy. He learned to speak German first, as it happened, probably because of travels through Germany and Switzerland, but he was soon equally conversant with English, Italian, French and Spanish. The Sargents traveled a good deal, when the spirit moved them, settling into quarters here and there on the Continent but returning often to the congenial American colony in Florence. In spite of the interruptions of travel, Sargent received a thorough classical education, chiefly in Florence, but partly in other Continental schools.

From the first it was understood that he was to be an artist. His childish sketches had aroused high hopes, particularly in his mother, who was a water color painter of

some talent, and in the years that followed he was given every encouragement. In Rome, we are told, his mother used to take him sketching and made a rule that "he might begin as many sketches each day as he liked, but that one of them must be finished." Once, when the family were spending the summer in the Tyrol they entertained the genial Frederick Leighton, afterward president of the Royal Academy of England. Very much against his own wishes young Sargent was induced to bring out a number of drawings for Leighton's inspection. The great man looked them over very carefully. "Go on with your art by all means," was his enthusiastic verdict. So in course of time the boy became a student at the Florentine Academy of Fine Arts.

When he was eighteen, he presented himself in Paris at the studio of Carolus Duran, the brilliant French portrait painter. Beckwith, a pupil under Duran at the time, tells of how he answered a summons at the studio door one day and found there a cultured-looking gentleman, Sargent's father, and a tall, thin, young man with a portfolio of sketches under his arm. While their master examined the visitor's work, Duran's pupils hung about in an interested half circle, greatly impressed with some of the drawings. These early sketches were painstakingly realistic—ivy vines, for instance, with every leaf and tendril perfect in its detail. "You have much to unlearn," Duran told Sargent at last. But he agreed to take the young man into the studio as a pupil.

Whether he had much or little to unlearn, Sargent already possessed a background of art such as few men acquire in a lifetime. Duran took great pride in his new pupil. "We will show them something at the Salon yet," he said. Sargent, on his part, haunted the Paris galleries as he had the Italian ones, worked hard, profited greatly by Duran's instruction and in the next few years brought to maturity the style that made him one of the half dozen outstanding painters of his

age. For years he was pupil and then assistant in Duran's studio—"a very tall, rather silent youth," says one of his associates, "who though rather shy could upon occasion express himself with astonishing decision." Duran used to like to paint Sargent's hands, which were exceptionally fine, and long after his pupil had begun to do independent work, would send for him in quite peremptory fashion to serve as a model. One day Sargent refused to go when the call came and the French painter in high dudgeon mounted a ladder and painted out the head which he had introduced, with those of other pupils, into his decorations on the ceiling at the Luxembourg. But on the whole the relations between them were very happy over a number of years.

Meantime the pictures Sargent sent from Duran's studio to the Salon did not go unnoted. The first of these—En Route pour la Pêche (The Fishing Excursion) attracted much attention, and the next year came another figure composition, Neapolitan Children Bathing. But it was quite eclipsed in interest by two portraits, one of them a striking likeness of Duran. On all sides they were hailed as the work of a born portrait painter. In the next two or three years Sargent's portraits were such extraordinary successes that he was overwhelmed with commissions and began to devote almost his entire time to this field.

But to say that Sargent's early portraits were "extraordinary successes" is not to imply that they met with universal approval. In his biography published since the artist's death W. H. Downes lays down the general principle that "it would be hard to find in the history of art criticism anything more amazing than the abundance of sheer rubbish that has been written and printed about Sargent," and has much to say of the disparaging comment of the eighties. The critics indulged in a battle royal over some of these canvases, notably over the portrait of Madame G——

now in the Metropolitan Museum and over The Misses Vickers. But even his most adverse critics counted Sargent a power to be reckoned with, and he had many friends. Of the Portrait of a Young Lady, one of the most brilliant of his early works Henry James wrote: "This magnificent work offers the 'uncanny' spectacle of a talent which on the very threshold of its career has nothing more to learn. It is not simply precocity in the guise of maturity—a phenomenon we very often meet, which deceives us only for an hour; it is the freshness of youth with the artistic experience, really felt and assimilated, of generations."

As the years passed many people other than Henry James began to associate the word "uncanny" with Sargent's painting, in a sense ranging from high praise to the most insidious disparagement. There was something about his work that baffled them, something that seems to have had more to do with personality than with technique. Sargent was, by temperament, more or less impersonal and reserved in manner, even with his close friends, and few of the anecdotes that popular fancy feeds upon were ever spread abroad about him. But this very fact made him a man of mystery. In the effort to characterize the baffling quality that lay behind his reticence people called him self-centered, brutal, phlegmatic, and who knows what else. The favorite theory was that he painted his portraits with a "cold accusing eve." More and more, these portraits came to be spoken of as marvels of characterization—it was rumored that this artist could see into a sitter's very soul.

Sargent himself regarded all such talk as mere nonsense. There is a story that when he was asked on one occasion about a portrait in which he was supposed to have "seen through the veil" of the inner man, he answered in impatient surprise, "If there were a veil I should paint the veil; I can paint only what I see." Kenyon Cox who tells the inci-



TYROLESE INTERIOR
From the painting by Sargent, in the Metropolitan Museum of Art



dent, adds, "Whether he said it or not, I am inclined to think this sentence expresses the truth." Another time, when Sargent was annoyed by this same sort of comment, he told a friend, quite simply, "I chronicle, I do not judge"; and seemed to consider the matter closed.

Whether there was anything occult about it or not, what Sargent found to chronicle was always revealing and sometimes remorseless. But the dread of having their inner natures revealed to an unsympathetic world did not prevent sitters from thronging to his studio, whether that studio happened to be in London, or set up temporarily in New York, Boston or where not. When he was twenty-eight, Sargent moved to London and from then on made his home in that city. But he executed many of his most important commissions elsewhere. He had already made a trip to America as a sightseer and one to Spain as a pilgrim student at the shrine of Velasquez. "Between 1884 and 1916," reports W. H. Downes of the years that followed, "he crossed and recrossed the Atlantic not less than a dozen times, besides making journeys to Italy, France, Spain, Norway, Switzerland, Morocco, Egypt, Palestine, Turkey, Greece, Corfu, Austria, the Tyrol, Portugal, Belgium and Holland."

As a portrait painter Sargent long held an enviable reputation with both patrons and critics. In England he received a unique honor when his series of portraits of the family of Asher Wertheimer, Esquire, a successful London art dealer, was bequeathed by Mr. Wertheimer to the National Gallery to form a special "Sargent Gallery." When the bequest took effect in 1923, the paintings of a living artist were for the first time in history admitted to that venerable museum. In America Sargent painted Ellen Terry, St. Gaudens, Theodore Roosevelt, Charles W. Eliot, Woodrow Wilson, John D. Rockefeller and many other notable

citizens; in other countries very many men and women of note. He painted the Spanish dancer Carmencita and even unbent from his habitual reserve to splotch his nose red and eat his cigar to keep that unruly dancer amused until he could finish the portrait. He painted many portraits of children, which even his harshest critics speak of as charming and sympathetic studies. In both England and America he was honored as an Academician.

Though most of his life was thus devoted to portraiture, Sargent's greatest undertaking in America—and the project that brought him, perhaps, most popular fame—was in the sphere of mural decoration. As early as 1890 he had received a commission to decorate the ends of a hall in the Boston Public Library and when the first mural was put in place, five years later, popular enthusiasm ran so high that funds were subscribed to provide for further decorations, the last of which was completed only in 1916. To this series of paintings, representing "the pageantry of religion-a mural decoration illustrating certain stages of Jewish and Christian history," Sargent gave endless thought and effort. Some parts, such as the well-known Frieze of the Prophets. were simple in design; others made use of elaborate symbolism. Sargent did an immense amount of reading and made many special studies in Palestine and other parts of the Near East before he brought the undertaking to completion.

Much of the work on the earliest of these murals was done in a joint studio with Edwin A. Abbey, like Sargent an American artist working in England and like him painting murals for the Boston Library. Here in Abbey's home Sargent spent the greater part of two years, and of those days Abbey wrote, "We have music until the house won't stand it." Sargent was a brilliant piano player and would often improvise by the hour. In his London studio when a portrait went badly and he was scraping out some part of it

with his palette knife again and again, as was his custom, he would sometimes dismiss his sitter for a few moments and seek relaxation at the piano. Many of his friends tell of their pleasure in his music and in the quiet charm and sociability that made him a welcome companion in spite of his reserve. Abbey, for instance, refers to him as "the same generous, simple-minded fellow, with all his magnificent position."

In his later years Sargent refused many important commissions for portraits—often with the greatest difficulty—and gave his time to other types of painting, particularly to landscapes. His canvases continued to be received with the greatest interest and many honors and special exhibits kept his fame at high tide. His end came suddenly, April 15, 1925, of heart failure; he did not appear at breakfast that morning and was found dead by his servants. The evening before he had dined at his sister's with a few friends, had returned home early and had evidently been reading a volume of Voltaire, which was found by his bedside.



APPENDIX

A BRIEF READING LIST

The list of books that follows is in no sense a formal bibliography, or even a record of the books consulted in the preparing of this volume, but an attempt to simplify the matter of further reading. Excellent bibliographies on the history of art and on individual artists and art schools are readily accessible; John C. Van Dyke's one-volume History of Painting, designed as a college textbook, is particularly well provided with concise bibliographies, as are the articles on individual painters in the Encyclopedia Britannica and, more fully, those in the New International Encyclopedia and Encyclopedia Americana. Most individual biographies, even the small volumes in the popular libraries mentioned below, list the important biographical and critical sources on which their work is based. This list has therefore been limited to a few books on each painter, in some cases only a single volume, in the belief that such a plan may be more serviceable to the general reader than an attempt to duplicate what may be found in better shape for the student elsewhere. Foreign biographies not available in English translation have not been cited except in two or three instances. A great many excellent biographies are not listed. The Pennells' Life of Whistler can, for instance, be unhesitatingly recommended as the authorized Life, but in a complete Whistler bibliography, which might rival this entire list in length, are to be found many books that will appeal to the lover of Whistler quite as much, perhaps even more.

Dates of publication will indicate whether the book is old or recent, but in many cases there are later editions not noted here.

ART BIOGRAPHIES IN SERIES FORM:

In the main these books are inexpensive and written to appeal to the average reader who has a genuine interest in art. Complete lists of titles are easily obtainable from bookstores or publishers.

MASTERPIECES IN COLOUR. Edited by T. Leman Hare.
Includes most of the world's great painters. One biography to each volume, about 70-90 pp., illustrated with several color-plates.

BELL'S MINIATURE SERIES OF PAINTERS. Edited by G. C. Williamson.

Includes practically all the great painters. Each volume about 70-100 pp., treating (1) life, (2) art, (3) several specific illustrations.

LITTLE BOOKS ON ART. General editor, Cyril Davenport.

THE POPULAR LIBRARY OF ART.

LANGHAM SERIES: an Illustrated Collection of Art Monographs. Edited by Selwyn Brinton.

These three series are all "little books," though usually containing more pages than Bell's. Each includes many of the great painters.

MASTER-PAINTERS OF THE WORLD.

A new series, begun in 1923. About 150-170 pp.; color-plates. Only a few volumes as yet.

MASTERS OF MODERN ART.

A fairly new series, including of our fifty, only Manet.

ILLUSTRATED BIOGRAPHIES OF THE GREAT ARTISTS.

An older series, including most of the great artists. A typical volume has 128 pp., 15 plates. The illustrations are not so satisfactory as in more recent volumes, but text is still in some cases, such as the volume on Claude, the standard English authority.

Great Masters in Painting and Sculpture. Edited by G. C. Williamson.

Full-length volumes (more exactly, half or three-quarter length).

MAKERS OF BRITISH ART. Edited by James A. Manson. Full-length volumes.

STORIES OF THE ARTISTS SERIES

Stories of the Italian Artists from Vasari.

Stories of the Italian Renaissance, translated from the Chroniclers.

Stories of the German Artists.

Stories of the Flemish and Dutch Artists.

Stories of the Spanish Artists.

Stories of the French Artists.

Stories of the British Artists.

These are full-length volumes illustrated by color-plates. Most are simply "translated and arranged" from original sources, thus making the old chroniclers accessible in attractive form; occasionally, as in the French volume, the old material is incorporated into a new narrative. All contain good bibliographies of the sources. For editors of individual volumes, see below.

ELBERT HUBBARD: Little Journeys to the Homes of Eminent Artists.

Several series, including most of the great artists.

THE PORTFOLIO; an artistic periodical, 1870–93; continued as Monographs on Artistic Subjects, No. 1-48; 1894–1907. (London.)

MASTERS IN ART, a Series of Illustrated Monographs. Vol. 1-10, 1900-09.

A periodical, containing biographies of most of the great artists, with exhaustive bibliographies. (Boston.)

THE MENTOR SERIES.

Reprints from the Mentor. (New York.)

A FEW VOLUMES OF COLLECTIVE BIOGRAPHY OR CRITICISM:

OTHERS CITED BELOW UNDER SEPARATE COUNTRIES

ARTIST-BIOGRAPHIES. Edited by M. F. Sweetser. 5 vol. 1877-78. Illustrated.

Vol. 1. Raphael, Leonardo da Vinci.

2. Titian, Guido Reni, Claude Lorraine.

Reynolds, Turner, Landseer.
 Dürer, Rembrandt, Van Dyck.
 Fra Angelico, Murillo, Allston.

WILLIAM HOWE DOWNES: Twelve Great Artists. 1900.

JOHN LA FARGE: Great Masters. 1903.

KENYON Cox: Old Masters and New; Essays in Art Criticism.

Painters and Sculptors. 1907.

ROYAL CORTISSOZ: Personalities in Art. 1925. C. H. CAFFIN: The Story of American Painting.

The Story of Dutch Painting. The Story of French Painting. The Story of Spanish Painting.

ITALY:

KÜGLER: Handbook of Painting. Italian School.

CROWE AND CAVALCASELLE: New History of Painting in Italy. GIORGIO VASARI: Lives of the Painters.

The chief source for most of the Italian artists through the Renaissance period. There are several English translations; that by Blashfield and Hopkins (1897) is considered the best.

STORIES OF THE ITALIAN ARTISTS FROM VASARI. Arranged and translated by E. L. Seeley.

ARTISTS OF THE ITALIAN RENAISSANCE. Translated from the Chroniclers and arranged by E. L. Seeley.

BERNHARD BERENSON: Florentine Painters of the Renaissance.

WALTER PATER: Studies in the History of the Renaissance.

F. P. STEARNS: Four Great Venetians.

GIOTTO:

F. Mason Perkins: Giotto. (In Great Masters in Painting and Sculpture series) 1902.

Basil de Selincourt: Giotto. 1905.

Osvald Sirén: Giotto and Some of His Followers. 2 vol. Eng. tr. from the German, 1917.

Fra Angelico:

C. M. Phillimore: Fra Angelico. (In Illustrated Biographies of the Great Artists series) 1881.

Langton Douglas: Fra Angelico. 1900.

BOTTICELLI:

Julia Cartwright (Mrs. Henry Ady): Sandro Botticelli. 1904. Herbert P. Horne: Alessandro Filipepi, commonly called Sandro Botticelli. 1908.

Wilhelm von Bode: Sandro Botticelli. Eng. tr. from the German, 1925.

LEONARDO DA VINCI:

The Literary Works of Leonardo da Vinci, edited by J. P. Richter. 1883.

J. P. Richter: Leonardo. (In Ill. Biog. series) 1880; 2nd edition, 1894.

Osvald Sirén: Leonardo da Vinci. Eng. tr. from the German, 1916.

MICHELANGELO:

Condivi: Life of Michelangelo Buonarroti. 1553. Eng. tr. from the Italian in Charles Holroyd: Michael Angelo Buonarroti. 1904.

Hermann Grimm: Life of Michelangelo. Eng. tr. from the

German, 1865; new edition, 1906.

John Addington Symonds: Sonnets of Michelangelo and Campanelli. Translated from the Italian, 1878.

Life of Michelangelo, 1892.

Romain Rolland: Michael Angelo. Eng. tr. from the French, 1912.

RAPHAEL:

Crowe and Cavalcaselle: Raphael, His Life and Works. 2 vol. 1882-85.

H. Strachey: Raphael. (In Great Masters series) 1900.

Very many others; see bibliographies in Encyclopedia Americana and New International.

ANDREA DEL SARTO:

Robert Browning: Andrea del Sarto. (In his Collected Poems.)

H. Guinness: Andrea del Sarto. (In Great Masters series) 1907.

TITIAN:

Crowe and Cavalcaselle: Titian, His Life and Times. 2 vol. 1879-81.

Georg Gronau: Titian. Eng. tr. from the German, 1904.

R. F. Heath: Titian. (In III. Biog. series) 1885. Also other editions.

TINTORETTO:

W. Roscoe Osler: Tintoretto. (In Ill. Biog. series) 1879. Also other editions.

J. B. Stoughton Holborn: Jacopo Robusti called Tintoretto. (In Great Masters series) 1903.

F. P. B. Osmaston: Art and Genius of Tintoret. 2 vol. 1915.

Correggio:

Conrado Ricci: Life and Times of Correggio. Eng. tr. from the Italian, 1896.

S. Brinton: Correggio. (In Great Masters series) 1900.

T. Sturge Moore: Correggio. 1906.

GERMANY:

GENERAL:

Kügler: Handbook of Painting. German, Flemish and Dutch Schools.

J. von Sandrart: Deutsche Academie. 1675.

Stories of the German Artists. Translated and arranged by Prof. Hans W. Singer.

From Sandrart and others: bibliography of sources.

DÜRER:

Literary Remains of Dürer, edited by Conway. 1889.

Moritz Thausing: Dürer. 2 vol. Eng. tr. from the German, 1882.

R. F. Heath: Dürer. (In Ill. Biog. series.)

HOLBEIN:

A. B. Chamberlain: Hans Holbein the Younger. 2 vol. 1913. J. Cundall: Holbein. (In Ill. Biog. series) 1882.

FLANDERS AND HOLLAND:

GENERAL:

Kügler: Handbook of Painting. German, Flemish and Dutch Schools.

Stories of the Flemish and Dutch Artists. Selected and arranged by Victor Reynolds.

From Van Mander and others; bibliography of sources. Wilhelm von Bode: Masters of Dutch and Flemish Painting.

VAN EYCK:

Francis C. Weale: John and Hubert van Eyck. 1908, 1912. Sir William Martin Conway: The Van Eycks and Their Followers. 1921.

RUBENS:

Emile Michel: Rubens, His Life and His Work. 2 vol. Eng. tr. from the French, 1899.

Max Rooses: Life of Peter Paul Rubens. 2 vol. Eng. tr., 1904. Hope Rea: Rubens. (In Great Masters series) 1905.

VAN DYCK:

P. R. Head: Van Dyck. (In Ill. Biog. series) 1879.

Lionel Cust. Anthony van Dyck; an Historical Study of His Life and Works. 1900.

HALS:

P. R. Head: Franz Hals. (In Ill. Biog. series) 1879.

Franz Hals, His Life and Work, edited by Wilhelm von Bode, with an Essay by M. J. Binder. 2 vol. Eng. tr. from the German, 1914.

REMBRANDT:

Emile Michel: Rembrandt, His Work, His Life, His Times. Eng. tr. from the French, 1894.

Rembrandt Harmensz van Rijn, a Memorial of His Tercentenary, 1907.

M. Bell: Rembrandt van Rijn. (In Great Masters series.)
The great authority is Wilhelm von Bode, Berlin, 1909, but there are many others.

SPAIN:

GENERAL:

Sir William Stirling-Maxwell: Annals of the Artists of Spain. 4 vol. 1848 and later editions.

Richard Ford: Handbook for Spain. 1855.

Stories of the Spanish Artists.

VELASQUEZ:

Carl Justi: Diego Velasquez and His Times. 2 vol. Eng. tr. from the German, 1889.

Aureliano de Beruete: Velasquez and His Times. Eng. tr. from the Spanish, 1906.

R. A. M. Stevenson: Velasquez. (In Great Masters series and other editions.)

MURILLO:

E. E. Minor: Murillo. (In Ill. Biog. series) 1882.

A. F. Calvert: Murillo, a Biography and Appreciation. (In Spanish series) 1907.

GOYA:

A. F. Calvert: Goya, an Account of His Life and Works. (In Spanish series) 1908.

Hugh Stokes: Francisco Goya, a Study of the Works and Personality of the Eighteenth Century Spanish Painter and Satirist, 1914.

FRANCE:

GENERAL:

Stranahan: History of French Painting.

Stories of the French Artists.

Arthur Hoeber: The Barbizon Painters, 1915. Charles Sprague Smith: Barbizon Days, 1902. D. C. Thomson: The Barbizon School of Painters.

Arthur Tomson: Jean François Millet and the Barbizon School. Frank Gibson: Six French Artists of the Nineteenth Century. 1925.

George Moore: Modern Painting. 1893.

Richard Muther: History of Modern Painting. 1907.

Modern French Masters, edited by John C. Van Dyke. 1896.

CLAUDE GELÉE OF LORRAINE:

Owen J. Dullea: Gelée called Claude Lorrain. (In Ill. Biog. series) 1887.

WATTEAU:

Walter Pater: A Prince of Court Painters. (In his Imaginary Portraits) 1887.

E. Staley: Watteau and His School. (In Great Masters series)

Camille Mauclaire: Antoine Watteau. Eng. tr. from French, 1905.

DAVID:

There is no detailed biography in English. See books on French painters above and for full list of monographs in French, consult encyclopedias.

INGRES:

The best authority is H. Lapauze, Paris, 1911, not yet translated.

DELACROIX:

Dargenty: Eugène Delacroix par lui-même. Paris, 1885. Paul G. Konody: Delacroix. (In Masterpieces in Colour series.)

COROT:

D. C. Thomson: Life of Corot. 1892.

Everard Meynell: Corot and His Friends. 1910.

Books on Barbizon painters listed above.

ROUSSEAU:

Sensier: Souvenir sur Théodore Rousseau. Paris, 1872.

Books on Barbizon painters listed above.

MILLET:

Sensier: Life and Works of Jean François Millet. Eng. tr. from the French, 1881.

Julia Cartwright (Mrs. Henry Ady): J. F. Millet, His Life and Letters. 2nd. edition, 1902.

Books on Barbizon painters listed above.

BONHEUR:

René Peyrol: Rosa Bonheur, Her Life and Work (in the Art

Annual for 1889).

Also Menard in the Portfolio, London, 1875. The monograph by Klampke, Paris, 1908, contains her autobiography, but has not been translated.

MANET:

Théodore Duret: Manet and the French Impressionists. Eng. tr. from the French, 1910.

Jacques-Emile Blanche: Manet. (In Masters of Modern Art series.) Eng. tr. from the French, 1925.

ENGLAND:

GENERAL:

Sir Walter Armstrong: Art in Great Britain and Ireland.

Gleeson White: The Master Painters of Britain.

Wilmot-Buxton: English Painters.

Allan Cunningham: Lives of the Most Famous British Painters, Sculptors and Architects.

Stories of the English Artists. Arranged or retold by Randall Davies and Cecil Hunt.

From Cunningham and other sources; bibliography of sources.

W. Cosmo Monkhouse: British Contemporary Artists. 1899. Sir Wyke Bayliss: Five Great Painters of the Victorian Era. 1902.

Millais, Burne-Jones, Hunt included.

HOGARTH:

William Hogarth: The Analysis of Beauty. 1753.

G. A. Sala: William Hogarth, Painter, Engraver and Philosopher. 1866.

Austin Dobson. William Hogarth. (In Ill. Biog. series) 1879 and other editions.

REYNOLDS:

Discourses delivered to the Students of the Royal Academy by Sir Joshua Reynolds, Knight. Many editions.

James Northcote, R. A.: Memoirs of Sir Joshua Reynolds, Knight. 1813, with supplement, 1815.

Joseph Farington: Memoirs of Sir Joshua Reynolds. 1819. Sir Walter Armstrong: Sir Joshua Reynolds, First President of the Royal Academy. 1900.

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Philip Thicknesse: A Sketch of the Life and Paintings of Thomas Gainsborough. 1788.

Sir Walter Armstrong: Thomas Gainsborough and His Place in English Art. 1898.

ROMNEY:

William Hayley: The Life of George Romney. 1809.

J. Romney: Memoirs of the Life and Writings of George Romney. 1830.

Humphrey Ward and W. Roberts: Romney. 1904.

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John Ruskin: Modern Painters. 5 vol. Excerpts relating to Turner published by Frederick Wedmore under title Turner and Ruskin. 2 vol. 1900.

G. W. Thornbury: Turner. 1877. P. G. Hamerton: J. M. W. Turner. 1879. W. L. Wyllie; J. M. W. Turner. 1905.

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J. G. Millais: The Life and Letters of Sir John Everett Millais. 1899.

J. E. Reid: Sir J. E. Millais. (In Makers of British Art series) 1909.

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A. C. Benson: Rossetti. (In English Men of Letters series) 1906.

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C. H. Caffin: American Masters of Painting. 1902.

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J. Galt: Life of Benjamin West. 1816.

H. E. Jackson: Benjamin West, His Life and Work. 1900.

STUART:

G. C. Mason: Life and Works of Gilbert Stuart. 1894.

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A Trumble: George Inness, a Memorial. 1895.

E. Daingerfield: George Inness, the Man and His Art. 1911. George Inness, Jr.: The Life, Art and Letters of George Inness. 1917.

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New ed. 1911.

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William Howe Downes: The Life and Works of Winslow Homer. 1911.

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MARTIN:

E. G. Martin: Homer Martin, a Reminiscence. 1904. Frank Jewett Mather, Jr. Homer Martin, Poet in Landscape. 1912.

LA FARGE:

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Reminiscences of the South Seas. 1912.

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William Howe Downes: John S. Sargent, His Life and Work. 1925.

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